BRITANNIA and EVE

JANUARY
1938

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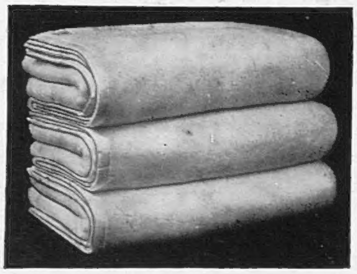

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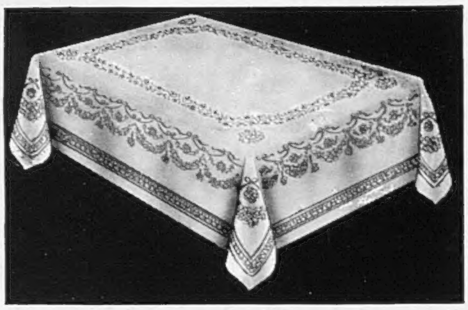

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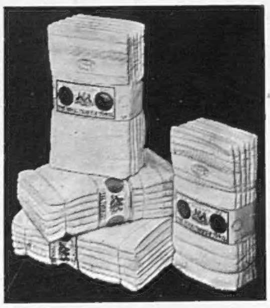

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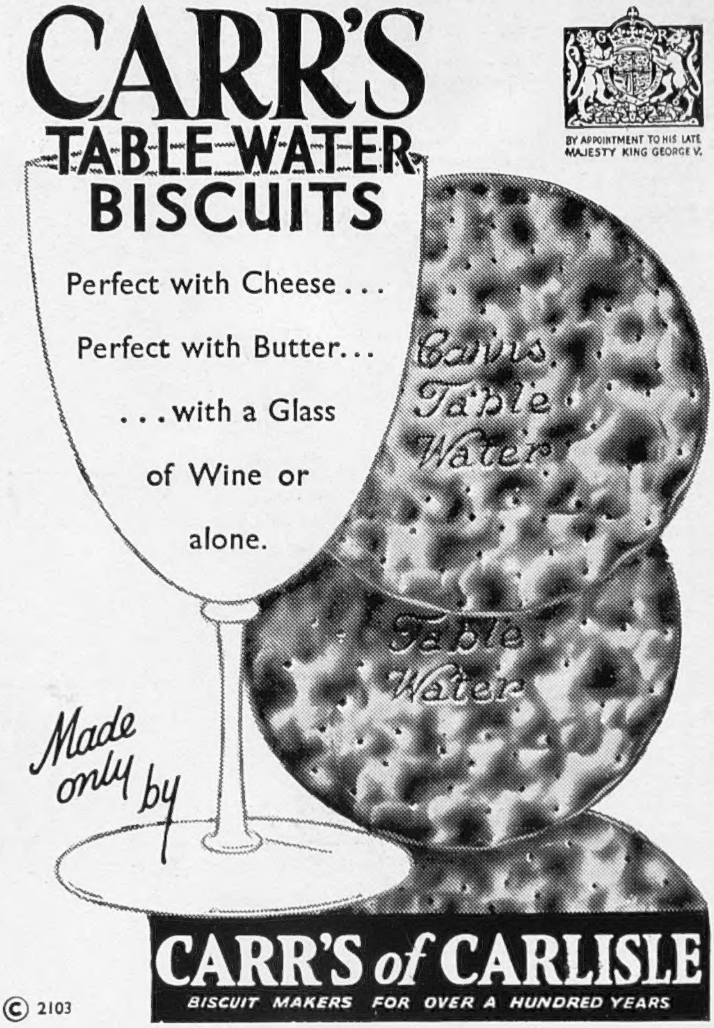

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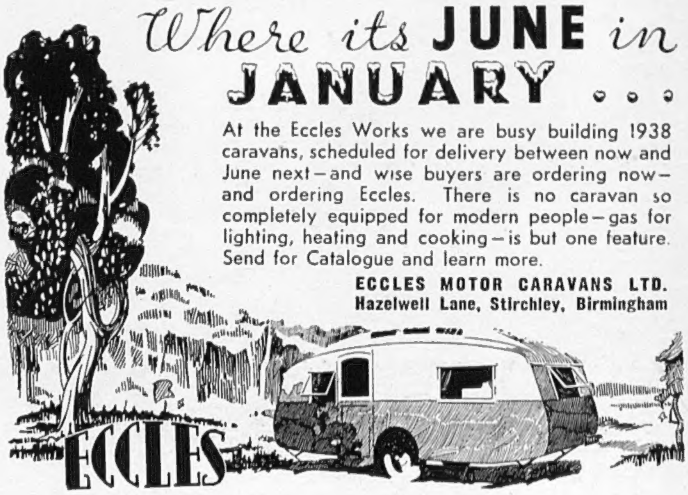

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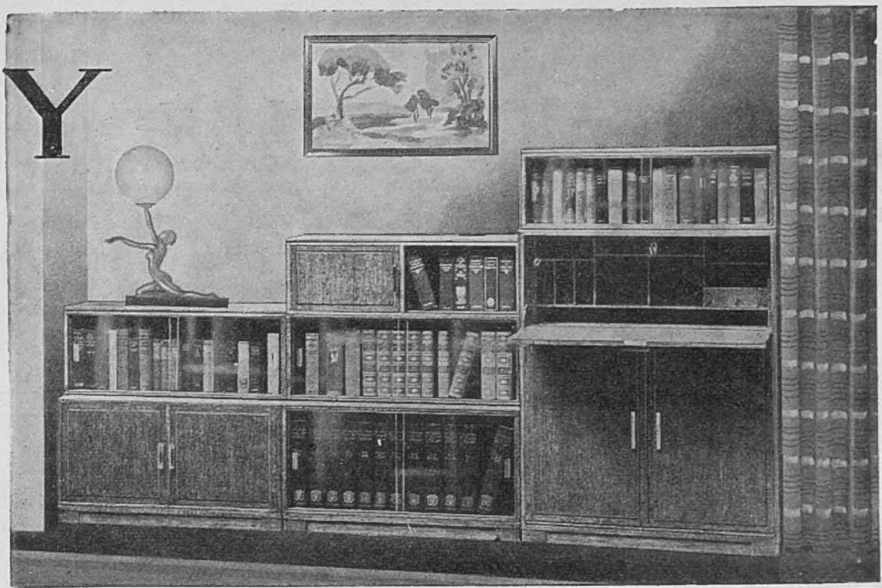

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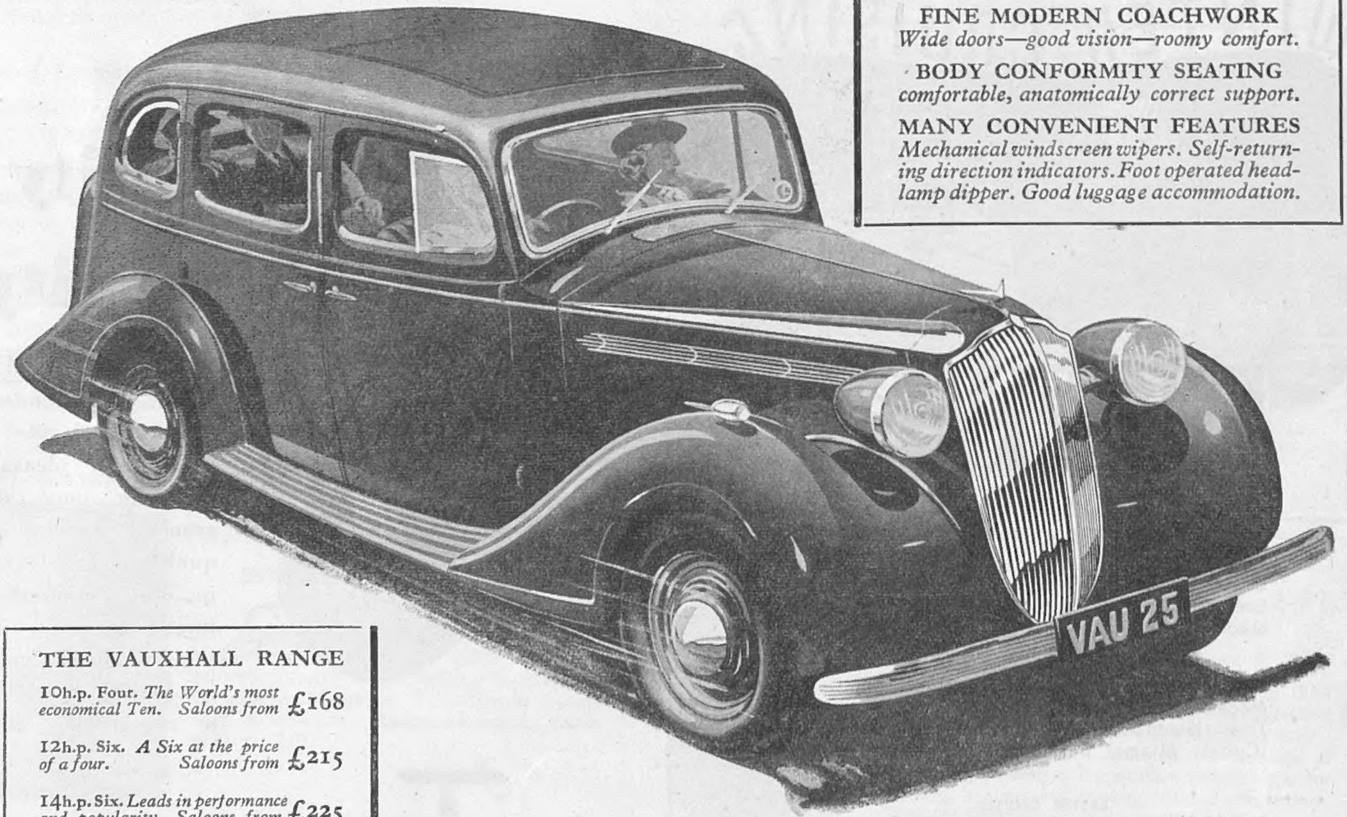

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 16, No. 1. JANUARY, 1938

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by *Kent Cotterell*

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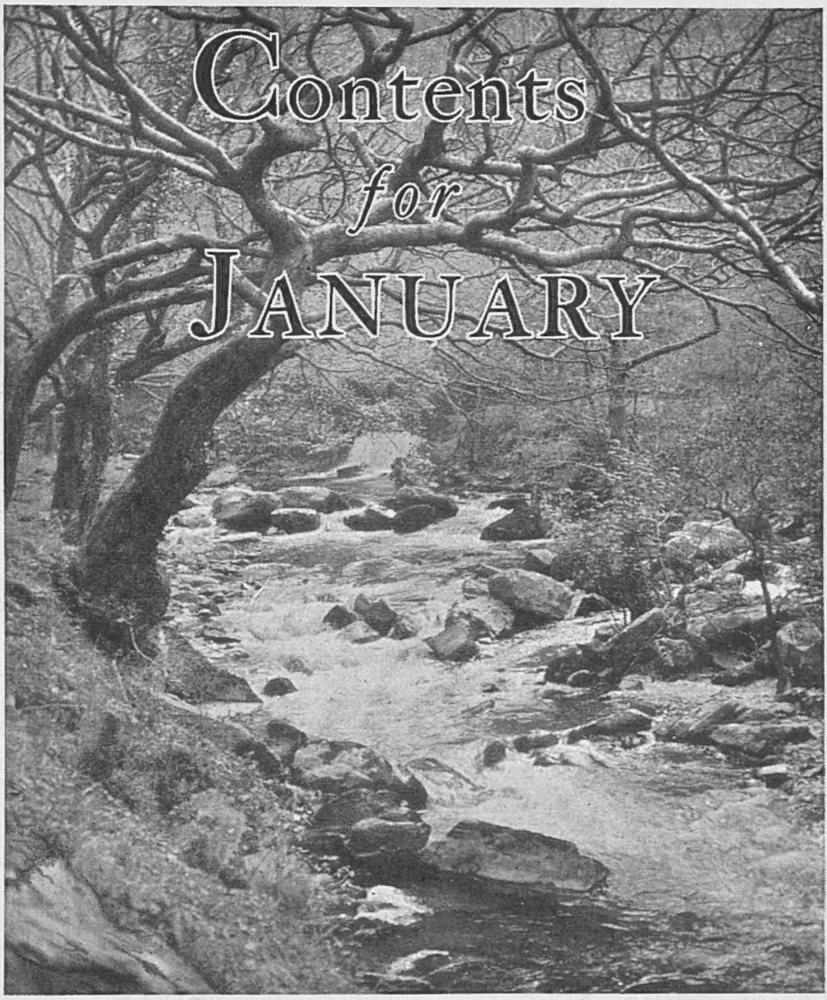

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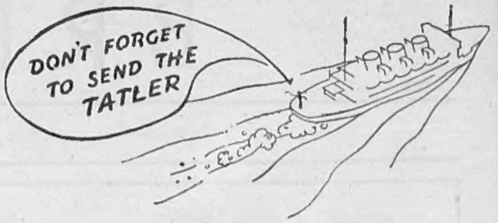
All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found in the "Index to Advertisers" on page 118. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.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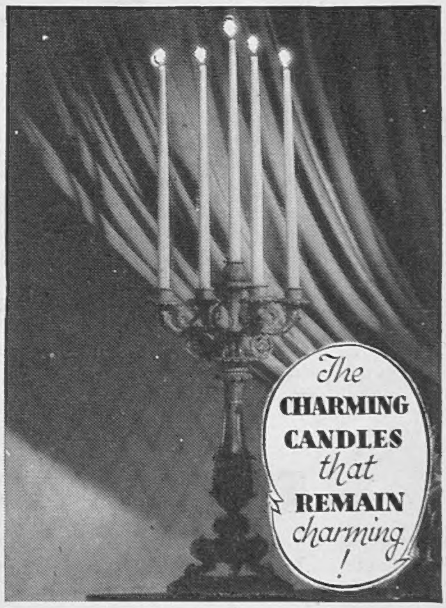

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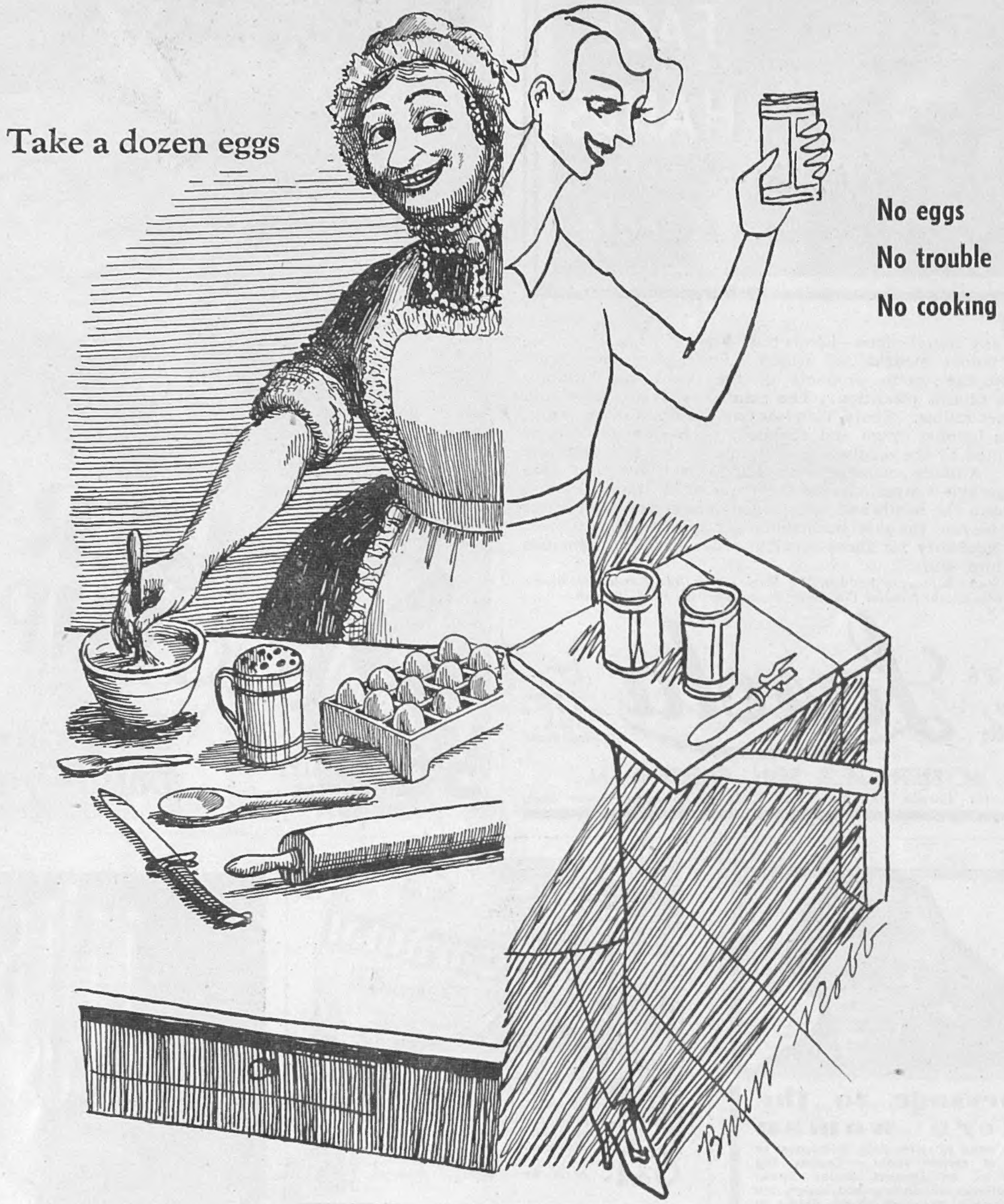
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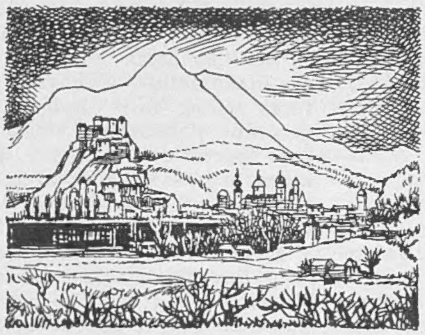
YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

A LITTLE PLAY FOR JANUARY

JANUARY 27, 1756. It is snowing in Salzburg. At the window of a small room on the third floor of a tall and narrow house, a man in a white wig is standing with a sheet of music in his hands. He puts the music down, picks up a violin, puts the violin down frettingly and picks up a book. Then he rubs the window pane and looks out at the black mass of the Archbishop's Palace set high on its great rock.



The door at the back of the room suddenly opens, and in the draught the candle on the table goes out. In the doorway the man in the white wig sees framed a bed, around which stand three figures. The silence is broken by a sharp yell.

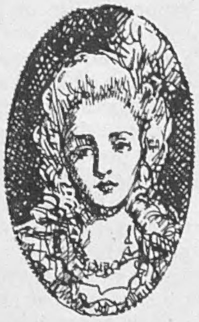
The man who has opened the door says: "*Fine, Herr Mozart! It is all over now! A beautiful little boy for you!*"

With a gasp the man in the white wig rushes into the bedroom and falls on his knees at the bedside of his wife: "*I knew you wanted a girl, my darling, but never mind. It will be a fine boy and we will give him a fine name.*"

The pale woman on the bed whispers: "*Yes, Leopold, we must call him . . . call him . . . call him after the place where we first met.*"

His mind goes back to a blue lake ten miles away, with birches and firs by the water, as he murmurs: "*We will call him Wolfgang.*"

JANUARY 10, 1762.



A thousand candles are flickering in the great golden ballroom of the Hofburg in Vienna as through the tall doors walks a small six-year-old boy with large eyes and an expressive mouth. He is in court dress and he approaches the Emperor's chair with assurance.

"*This is little 'Wolferl'*" announces a tall courtier bowing to the Emperor.

"*Come closer little man,*" smiles the Emperor.

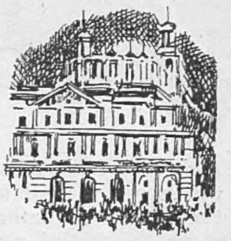
But as little "Wolferl" steps forward he slips on the polished floor and falls backwards. Before any courtier moves, a plump girl moves over, picks him up and strokes his head.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
Born 1756, Died 1791

"*Thank you,*" says Wolferl. "*What is your name?*"

"*I am Marie Antoinette.*"

"*Then I will marry you when I grow up, because you are so kind.*"



Little Wolferl seats himself at a harpsichord and for half an hour, plays minuets and pieces that he has written.

"*What is his name?*" whispers the Emperor Francis the First, leaning to his daughter Marie.

"*Mozart; he is the son of a violinist in the suite of the Archbishop.*"

Says the Emperor: "*He is a little magician.*"

JANUARY 15, 1770. There is a great crowd of gaily-dressed singers in the wings of the big Scala Theatre in Milan.

"*He is coming up now,*" says one chorister.

"*Here he comes!*" says another, and there is a confusion of applause as fourteen-year-old Wolfgang Adameus Mozart climbs up from the orchestra pit at the last performance of his opera *Mitridate Re di Ponto*. He is still small for his age, but he walks with the modesty and assurance of one who has talked with kings and emperors, who has travelled Europe and has created a record run with his new opera.

"*He has genius undoubtedly,*" says one singer to another. "*I heard to-day that when he went to Rome to see the Pope that he transcribed the whole of Allegri's 'Miserere' at one sitting in the Sistine Chapel.*"

"*Incredible! Bravo! Bravo!*"

The crowd of singers and dancers melts away, until only Mozart is left in the centre of the great darkened stage. Presently he begins to sing slowly in a slender voice and as slowly dances down stage towards the front.

JANUARY 31, 1781. The Servant's Hall of the Archbishop's house in Vienna. At a seat at one end of a long table Mozart is sitting with a bowl of food in front of him.

"*They say you have a success,*" says one high-wigged flunkey.

Mozart nods.

"*I don't care for your music as much as I do for Signor Salieri's,*" remarks a man in the costume of a valet de chambre, winking across the table.

There is much laughter. Presently Mozart turns to the violinist sitting next to him at the table and says quietly: "*It is intolerable that musicians should still be made to eat with the servants, live in the servants quarters; I, Mozart, am no better off than a flunkey. And my salary has been cut down from 500 crowns to 400 crowns.*"

"*Herr Mozart!*" calls a butler. "*The Archbishop is calling for you, and is in a bad temper. Quickly, please!*"

JANUARY, 1791. Mozart is sitting in a small wooden hut in a garden in Vienna composing *The Magic Flute* at a desk. There is a fire in a brazier and two candles on the desk; in the corner is a harpsichord. There is a knock at the door; presently the door opens and a man in a dark cloak enters.

"*You will spare me a few moments?*" he asks, seating himself in the shadow.

"*Yes,*" says Mozart wearily. "*And who are you?*"

"*I am a messenger,*" says the stranger. "*You are in need of money?*"

Mozart makes an expressive gesture with his hands.

"*I have heard, too, that your rival Salieri has again succeeded in robbing you of your just rewards. Herr Mozart, I come to commission from you a Requiem. It will be paid for in advance.*"

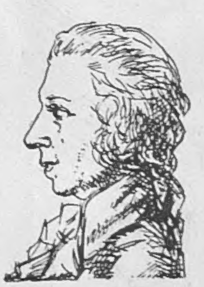
The stranger stretches out a lean hand and deposits on the desk a black bag.

"*A requiem? Yes, I will write a requiem. It will be my own requiem. . . .*"

He buries his face in his hands. When he looks up again the stranger has disappeared from the shadows.

"*That was a ghost . . .*" he murmurs, but when he lifts the black bag it clinks with the sound of crowns.

JANUARY 5, 1792.



It is snowing in Vienna. Through the storm wanders a woman dressed in black with a tall companion.

"*It is difficult to-day of all days to find the grave, Frau Mozart,*" says the woman's companion. "*Perhaps when the spring comes we may be able to do it, but with all this snow about it is not possible to say where your husband was buried.*"

"*It was only a month ago,*" says Constance Mozart.

"*Ah, yes. But there are so many funerals after this typhus that sometimes we cannot keep up with them. I daresay in the spring . . . a most talented man, your husband. And only thirty-five?*"

"*He was murdered by Salieri,*" says the widow, turning away. They are near the cemetery gates now. "*He knew he was being slowly poisoned. There is his own requiem lying on his desk now unfinished. . . .*"

The fall of snow thickens until all is white.

CURTAIN

Market *Casino*

Pay Your Money and Take Your Choice in the Craziest Gamble of All Times

By C. Patrick Thompson

"THIS circular ruin which the excavators have cleared from the débris of five thousand years, ladies and gentlemen, was one of the integral parts of the civilization of the economic empires, in the era of world capitalism which failed to survive the clash of those empires. It was called the 'stock exchange.'

"This one, in the business heart of the old British empire, a stone's throw from the white palace housing the officials, gold, paper money stocks and mechanism of the central bank, was the oldest. A bigger and more volatile one functioned in New York, the financial capital of the American empire, which, although only the second richest and fourth largest of the empires, dominated prices through sheer weight of machines and money, production and consumption—in normal times they would use half of all the industrial raw materials produced through out the world.

"Every capitalist country had its stock exchange. But this one in London was the most important, the freest, and the one through which all the currents of world capital met.

"All the paper property of the time was dealt in, in these markets, on a supply-demand basis. It sounds quaint, but it was so. There was no other measure or control of value. In the course of their warring and empire building the British had accumulated a debt of around eight thousand million pounds. This was distributed among the people through the stock exchange in the form of interest bearing IOU's. These IOU's were freely bought and sold, and their value would fluctuate as much as fifty per cent in forty years, and twenty per cent in three years.

"In the same market, at the same time, the same men, called brokers and jobbers, would be buying and selling other interest-bearing IOU's secured on buildings, theatre chains, or the plant and property of great enterprises, and also shares in ventures of all sorts—mines, factories, carriers by land, sea and air, the manufacture of moving pictures telling tales designed to generate pleasurable emotions, the spectacle of trained dogs racing in areas under flood-lights.

"Most of these securities as they were called, had a face value. But the value varied in the market from day to day and hour to hour. This astonishing state of affairs, which sounds incredible to-day, is explained by the fact that the citizens were forced to buy and sell in any quantity at any time—and also, of course, because in those unplanned times nobody knew what the morrow would bring forth, especially in business.

"As a result, mass emotions swept over the little market in gigantic tidal waves of buying and selling. As hope alternated with fear, rumours spread and were refuted, politicians intrigued, statesmen manœuvred, and business men tried to guess what materials and goods would cost to-morrow, and how many people would buy this or that, if they bought at all, prices of securities would soar or dive in the market, as the public bought in hope or sold in fear, causing demand hugely to exceed supply, or supply vastly to exceed demand.

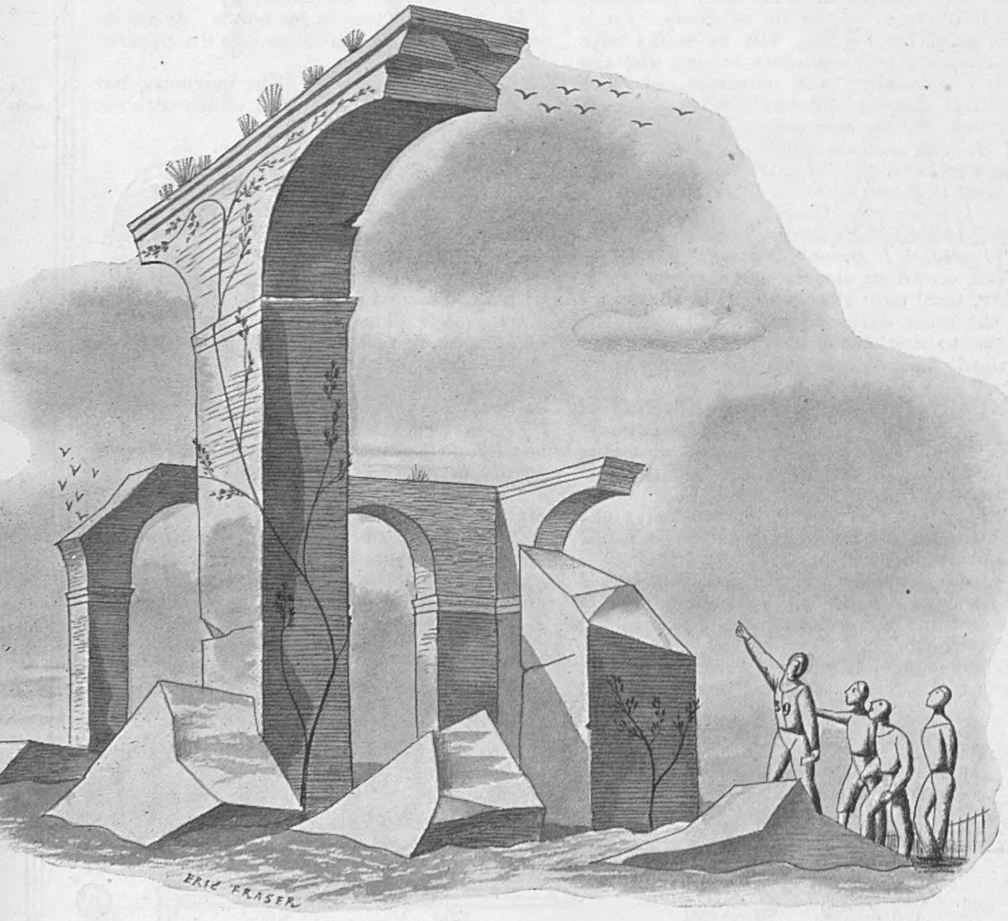
"Yes, life was a great adventure in those chaotic days. . . .

"It was not until men discovered how to iron out boom and slump, gear the economic life of sixty sovereign nations into a smooth-working mechanism, isolate great trade interests from tribal wars, or organize a world money, and plan ahead, that these markets ceased to be casinos where, either by accident or design, men could become rich or ruin themselves overnight.

"The eventual elimination of the market, its nerve-strained men, and its gambling clientèle, and the coming of our order of stable prices and values, is, of course, another story."

The foregoing passage, pulled out of the future into the present, highlights the phenomenon of the markets as I write. To-morrow or next week the scene may change. But just now a visit to these casinos is about as cheerful as a call at the mortuary. The brokers, having suffered an over-dose of optimism in the summer of 1937, are now in the despondent state of a dope victim deprived of a shot of his favourite tonic. The news is uniformly bad, and in New York brokers have taken to jumping off skyscrapers again.

But the market men are apt



to be like this. The fluctuating fortunes of our patchwork world keep them uneasily aware that their calling is as speculative as coffee-growing or copper-mining. When business is good and promises to get better, the public rush to change money into shares which they hope and expect to be able to change back into a larger amount of money at a later date; and when business drops and promises to get worse before it gets better, the public panics, sells, and shuns the market.

A stockbroker, who had debts left over from the last big slump, chanced one Sunday in 1936 to go down to the East End with a friend, to view a quaint market street. He spotted a large and prosperous-looking store across the way. "Do you happen to know the owner?" he asked his friend, who owned a warehouse in the neighbourhood. The friend did. "Will you introduce me?" "Certainly."

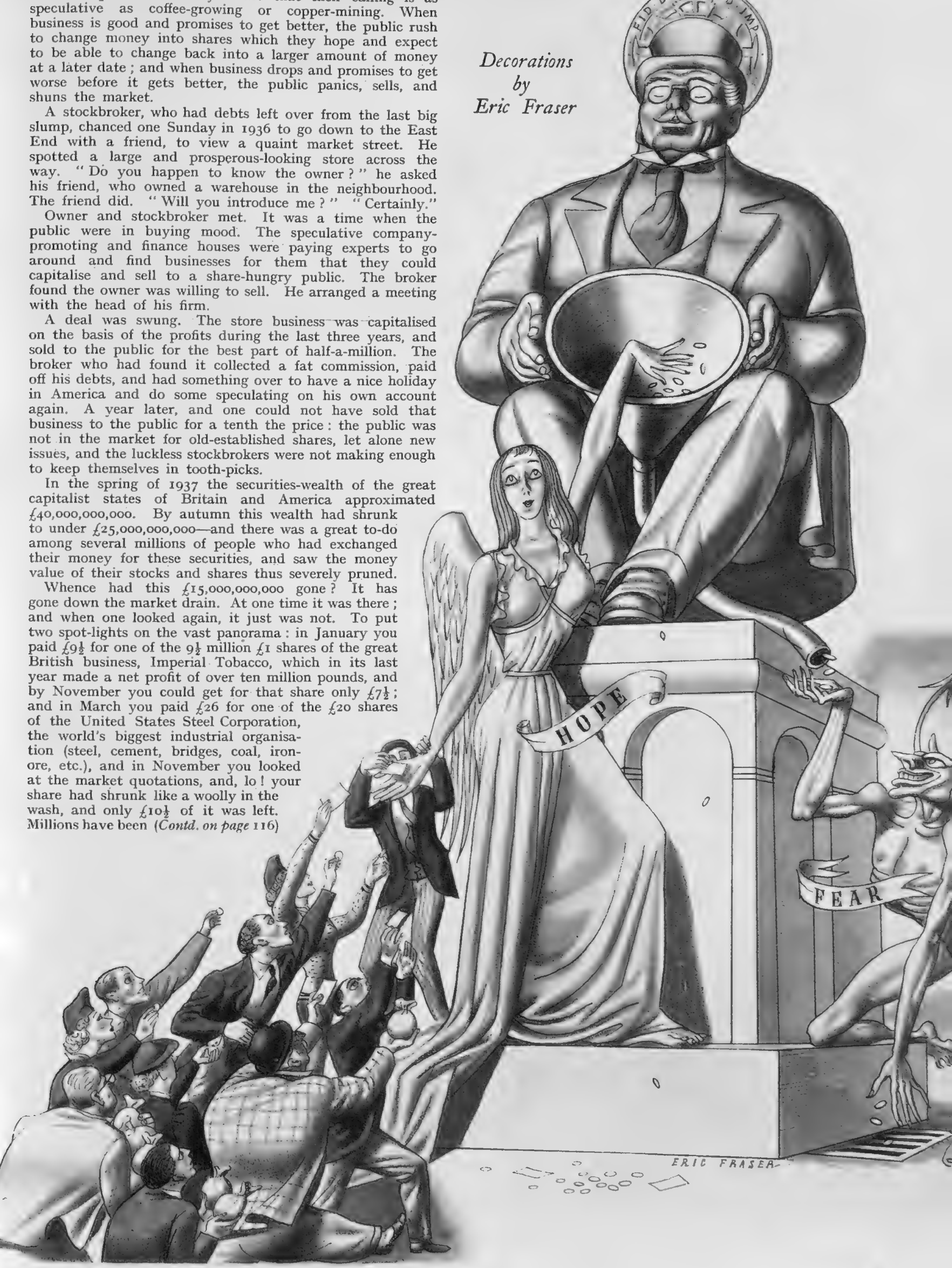
Owner and stockbroker met. It was a time when the public were in buying mood. The speculative company-promoting and finance houses were paying experts to go around and find businesses for them that they could capitalise and sell to a share-hungry public. The broker found the owner was willing to sell. He arranged a meeting with the head of his firm.

A deal was swung. The store business was capitalised on the basis of the profits during the last three years, and sold to the public for the best part of half-a-million. The broker who had found it collected a fat commission, paid off his debts, and had something over to have a nice holiday in America and do some speculating on his own account again. A year later, and one could not have sold that business to the public for a tenth the price: the public was not in the market for old-established shares, let alone new issues, and the luckless stockbrokers were not making enough to keep themselves in tooth-picks.

In the spring of 1937 the securities-wealth of the great capitalist states of Britain and America approximated £40,000,000,000. By autumn this wealth had shrunk to under £25,000,000,000—and there was a great to-do among several millions of people who had exchanged their money for these securities, and saw the money value of their stocks and shares thus severely pruned.

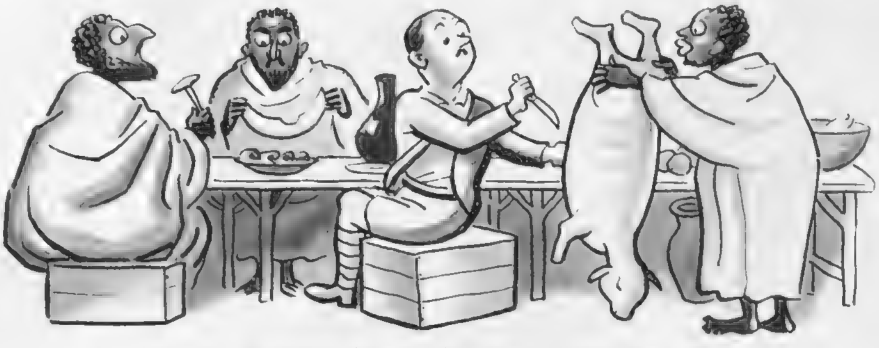
Whence had this £15,000,000,000 gone? It has gone down the market drain. At one time it was there; and when one looked again, it just was not. To put two spot-lights on the vast panorama: in January you paid £9½ for one of the 9½ million £1 shares of the great British business, Imperial Tobacco, which in its last year made a net profit of over ten million pounds, and by November you could get for that share only £7½; and in March you paid £26 for one of the £20 shares of the United States Steel Corporation, the world's biggest industrial organisation (steel, cement, bridges, coal, iron-ore, etc.), and in November you looked at the market quotations, and, lo! your share had shrunk like a woolly in the wash, and only £10½ of it was left. Millions have been (*Contd. on page 116*)

Decorations by Eric Fraser



Strange Habits

By Patrick



At an Abyssinian banquet the meat is eaten raw. The servant holds up a carcase beside you like an overcoat

FOR many years now I have sweated the New Year in. Not in a Turkish bath. In tropical climates where the damp midnight heat made northern frost and snow very difficult to imagine.

Last year it was in West Africa, the White Man's Grave. The local Portuguese night-club proprietor had optimistically festooned his dance floor with paper snowflakes. But the dance floor was in the open, beneath a heavy tropical sky, and, even in nothing but a shirt and trousers, you were perspiring uncomfortably before you were round it twice.

Another New Year's Eve was spent in Calcutta, a commercial town which is only distinguishable from Liverpool by the fact that the cabmen pull their own cabs, naked men, covered with ashes, walk unconcernedly about the pavements, and the normal costume is a white cotton skirt, looped through the legs, with an ordinary jacket, collar and tie.

Yet another was in Abyssinia, where the streets at night were lit only by the eyes of the hyenas, and the hyenas did duty for the drains. There were no Abyssinians to be seen as the stroke of twelve ended Abyssinia's last year of independence. For all, by the terms of the curfew order, had been within their doors since seven, and had they emerged they would have been severely flogged with the rhino-hide whip which the policeman on the beat carried instead of a bâton.

Another year I was in the Sahara Desert. And here, oddly enough, we did see snow. It did not fall as far south as the desert itself, but in the Atlas Mountains, and the train from the north, for the first time in its history, arrived in Biskra with snow on its buffers. The news soon got round, and thousands of Arabs flocked to the station to grab handfuls of this unknown substance which looked like salt but turned to water in the hand.

Rain, in the Sahara, is equally unfamiliar. When we told the Arabs that we were crossing the desert to the River Niger they asked us if the Niger flowed all the year round. When we said that it did, they gasped with astonishment. North African rivers are rivers for short periods only. For the rest of their lives they provide a broad stretch of dry sand and gravel, where the nomads pitch their tents in the shelter of the banks. It is easy then to forget that a river has ever been a river at all. Hence the death-rate from drowning in the Sahara is surprisingly high. The waters may suddenly sweep into their dry bed and engulf your encampment by surprise.

The New Year here coincided with the end of Ramadan, when the Arabs fast until sunrise for a month. Only an optimist will attempt to employ an Arab during Ramadan, when he is listless and drifts away in the middle of his task to sleep on his empty stomach. Sometimes the fast may continue for longer than a month. It cannot end until the new moon has been sighted by at least two people, and the new moon may be obscured for days by cloud. There was a nervous atmosphere in Biskra, as the new moon was overdue. The sheikh was telephoning all over the country to find out if anybody had seen it. Tunis claimed to have seen it, but Tunis was considered notoriously unreliable in such matters, and the feast of celebration could not be proclaimed for the morrow until a moon had been seen nearer at hand.

Fortunately someone saw it, and the next morning the whole population turned out in their white robes to pray and to listen to readings from the Koran in the desert. The sheikh invited us to a banquet to celebrate the end of the fast. The men sat in the middle of the room, at a low brass table. The women sat round the edge. After several meat dishes we rose and went out into the courtyard for the principal course. It was a sheep, roasted whole and lying on its back on a huge silver plate. The sheikh ceremoniously tore out its kidneys and its eyes, which he presented as delicacies to the ladies. We then attacked the carcase with our fingers, while servants brought round basins for us to wash our hands between hand-to-mouthfuls.

I have eaten many stranger meals in stranger places. At an Abyssinian banquet the meat is eaten raw. The servant holds up its bleeding carcase beside you like an overcoat, you cut pieces from it with a knife, and dip them in a peppery mess of lentils and gravy to eat. You tear a bit off the tablecloth, dip that in the peppery gravy, too, and eat it. For the tablecloth is made of Abyssinian bread, a substance which you buy by the yard, like felt.

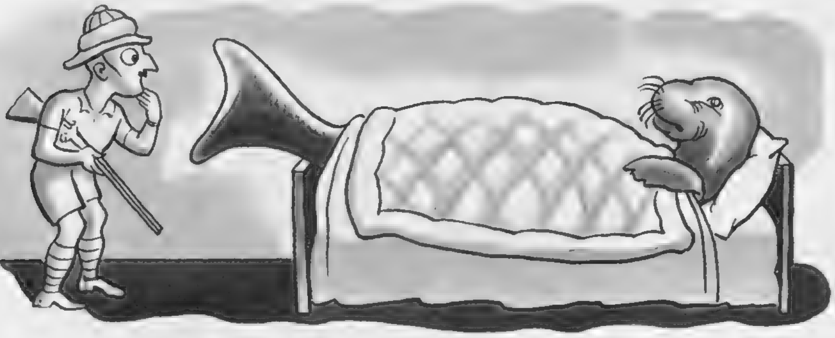
In the wilds of Northern Persia food is not plentiful. But in the caravanserais where you lodge you can always be sure of one breakfast dish—caviar, in great mounds, from the Caspian Sea. You help yourself from a communal dish and spread as much caviar as you like on the local bread, whose consistency is like that of your hat. Melons are another Persian delicacy. The Persian melon connoisseur maintains that there is only one psychological moment in the life of a melon when it is really good to eat. So the wealthy Persian employs a gardener specially to watch his melons, night and day, and the moment a melon reaches its prime he takes it to his master, waking him in the middle of the night, if necessary, to eat it.

In the Indian Ocean the great delicacy is turtle steak. The aborigines of the Andaman Islands pursue the turtles in light canoes, and at the psychological moment transfix them with harpoons, leaping into the water after them to ram the point home. Turtles here are so common that the convicts in the Andaman penal settlement are fed on the best turtle soup. Turtle steak does not taste of fish but like a particularly succulent and tender beefsteak. The natives here also eat mermaid—a fish called

In the Sahara the fasting cannot end until at least two people have seen the New Moon

in Strange Places

Balfour



Once I slept with a mermaid. She was a dugong, stuffed for the benefit of visitors to Aden

dugong, whose resemblance to the female human form originated the mermaid legend. Once I slept with a mermaid. She was a dugong, stuffed for the benefit of visitors to Aden, and she reposed on the balcony of my hotel bedroom.

No part of any fish will turn the stomach of a Chinaman. Mounds of fishes' heads, fins and tails are displayed in every Chinese fishmonger's shop, and they find a ready sale. The fins of sharks are a more refined delicacy still. The largest Chinese meal I ever ate was in Siam. Its eight courses included shark's fin soup with crabs' eggs, duck's skin, and bird's-nest soup. At the beginning, and between each course, steaming hot towels were brought, as after shaving, with which we soaked our faces and necks to refresh ourselves.

The Dutch in Java have a brusquer method of refreshing themselves in the middle of a meal. The great dish of the country is a Reistapfel, which consists of a mound of rice with fifty to a hundred different side-dishes to add to it. Once a week the Dutchman indulges in a midday Reistapfel orgy. He and his friends get into bathing costumes and for half an hour or so before the meal drink a liberal quantity of gin. Then they start tucking in to the Reistapfel, washing it down with gallons of beer. When a guest has eaten so much that he begins to perspire, he goes out into the garden, where a servant is waiting with a hose. He has himself well-hosed, in his bathing costume, and is able to return with refreshed appetite to his Reistapfel. The party ends when all the guests have sunk into a coma. The servants then come and carry them up to bed.

Europeans adapt themselves to the fashions of remote peoples in clothes as well as in food. In Malaya the Englishman who, at home, would not be seen dead in anything but a dinner jacket, appears for dinner, quite without embarrassment, in a silk skirt, or sarong. In Siam he has evolved a form of evening dress which is a compromise between East and West. It consists of an open white shirt, a pair of black silk Chinese shorts, and golf stockings. In the Sahara the French officer wears long, baggy cotton trousers and a white cotton veil. The veil shades his face from sandstorms.

The idea of the veil is borrowed from the Tuareg, the curious and almost extinct race which inhabits the centre of the Sahara. In all Mohammedan countries the women are veiled. The stricter Mohammedans veil them so densely that their faces cannot be seen at all, and it is hard to imagine how they can see to get about. The answer is that they don't get about. Most Arab girls, after they cease to be children, see nothing more of the world but the courtyard, often only a few feet square, of their lord and master's house. Nor do they ever see another man but him. But with the Tuareg, who are not in the true sense Mohammedans, the process is reversed. It is the men who wear veils, covering the whole of the lower part of their faces, while the women go without. Thus you never see more than the eyes of a Tuareg man. Tuareg women, it is true, do not keep their men shut up as the Arabs keep their women. But they rule them, nevertheless. They choose their own husbands (sometimes they choose several), and play a leading part in the government of the tribe.

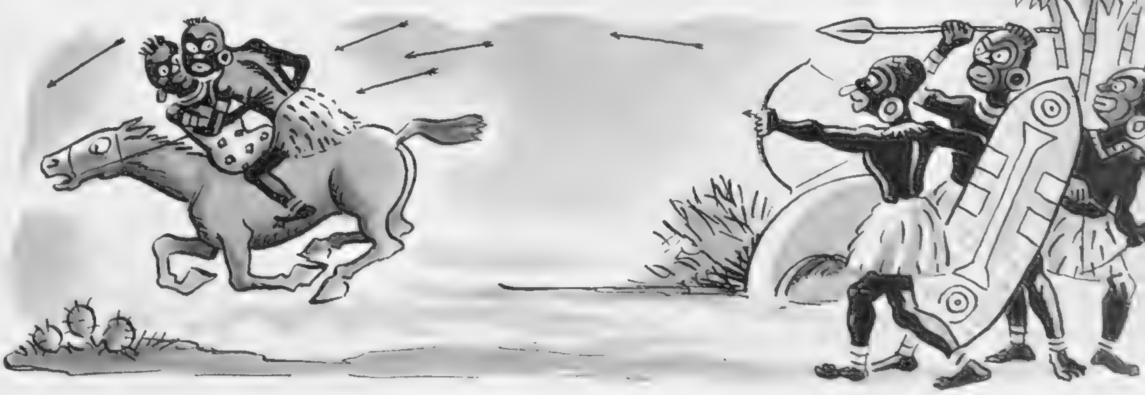
Tuareg women make themselves up very carefully. They are not, however, content with the normal shades, but often use cosmetics coloured apricot, blue and green. They are fond of ear-rings. But in this respect they are completely outdone by an African tribe called the Masai, who live in Kenya. In each ear these women wear dozens of metal bracelets, growing wider and wider in concentric circles until they are as wide as waistbands. Their husbands cover themselves all over with a rich red mud, with which they also plaster their hair into curious sculptural shapes.

Ear-rings, except for male wear, are on the whole less common in Africa than nose-rings, or even chin-rings. I have seen women with silver coins threaded through their chins and with studs of ivory or precious stones stuck into the sides of their noses. The effect is completed by a series of neat gashes across the middle of the forehead, down the nose or round the cheeks. This beautification is achieved by a murderous process. The skin is cut with a sharp knife and the wound is then filled with charcoal or some other substance to make it permanent.

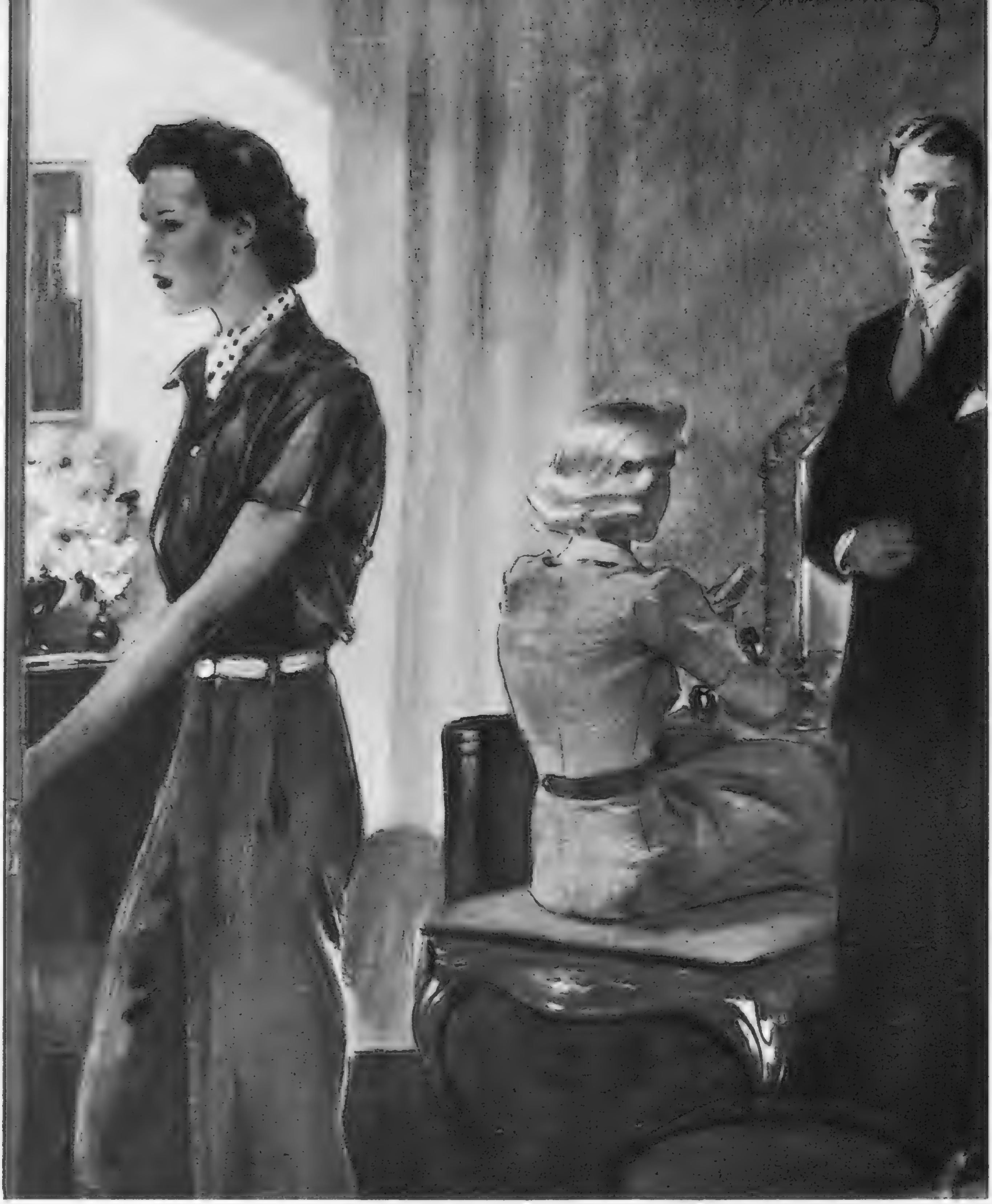
The body is often gashed about in the same way, to make a curious embossed pattern all over the skin. But more remarkable still are the fashions of the Banana, a tribe in the north of French Equatorial Africa. They have great wooden discs let into their faces, usually above and below the mouth, so that when they try to speak they make a noise like castanets or the quack of a duck. They start, as small children, inserting small pegs or buttons, which are gradually substituted for bigger ones as they get older. I have even seen women wearing plates of eight to ten inches in diameter in their lips. Another tribe, in the Belgian Congo, ties the heads of its children tightly with bandages so that, when they grow up, they are elongated to extraordinary proportions.

Wives, on the whole, are cheap in Africa. Matrimony is on a strictly commercial basis. My servant in the Congo had two wives. One had cost him only sixty francs (about ten shillings), a blanket and a few strips of guinea cloth for clothes. The other was more expensive. She had cost him four hundred francs, some goats, a dinner service, a dress or two, and a sun helmet and a trilby hat for her father. Following the custom of his tribe, he had re-christened her on marriage. The name he chose was "Machine." It appealed to him because at that time a new railway was being built through the country and caused (*Continued on page* 113

Illustrations by Hendy



In Dahomey the bridegroom carries off his bride on horseback, while the rest of the tribe shoot at him with arrows



When Viola turned and left them, Charley, without realizing it, watched her closely as she went.

CHARLEY OSGOOD ate his breakfast quickly, glancing now and then at the clock. As he was reaching for the marmalade, Lois came in, looking romantically a young bride in her rose-coloured frilly wrap and a blue-satin ribbon tying back her curls.

She came across to him, her blue-satin mules tapping on the floor. " Why, sweetheart, you haven't had your second cup yet ! " and made a little ceremony of pouring the coffee, murmuring : " Two lumps," with the implication of having a special intimate knowledge of how many lumps he took. She looked so pretty that he could only be slightly irritated by this interruption of his hurried meal.

" Couldn't you get up a little earlier, honey ? I hate you to hurry so over your breakfast ! "

Charley didn't answer. She sat down, cupping her enchantingly pretty face in her hands. Charley noted that she really did have twice the looks of any other woman he knew.

" Darling, there is just one little thing I want to ask you."

He answered, not really impatiently, but he did have to get to the office. " Well, what is it ? "

Charley Osgood was a clever young man, with a preference for straightforwardness in his dealings with his fellow-beings. But he had a passionate appreciation of women. A lovely woman was not just a human being from whom he expected certain qualities, but a work of art ; something irrational, and extraordinary, and exciting. After a year and a half of marriage, Charley saw in Lois what was primarily her physical loveliness ; and even when he was aware that there were certain things in her character which annoyed him, he purposely ignored them. It seemed to him that they did not really matter. And he knew also that she was in love with him ; and for this he was emotionally grateful. His feeling for her was so real and so complete and so unalterable that he was surprised when Lois

The Homewrecker

It might almost have been the Eternal Triangle, but Viola remembered . . .

By Sylvia Thompson

made scenes in which she accused him of caring less for her than he used to; or of never "showing his appreciation." But he took these moods as a drift of cloud that comes and passes on a sunny day.

"Well," he repeated, "what is it, darling?"

She said, "I meant to tell you last evening but I forgot. A friend of yours called up and said that you had promised we'd go to her for this next week-end."

Charley looked up. "What friend of mine?"

"Well, *you* ought to know," she said.

He really didn't. But he *did* know it was after nine and he had to be off. He got up, saying, "Well, who was it?"

"You know who I mean. It is your famous Mrs. James!"

For a second Charley stood still. And it was just that momentary stillness which startled Lois. It startled the real woman in Lois who was, really indeed, in love with Charley.

Then Charley said, "Viola James! I'd utterly forgotten."

"Just as you've forgotten to introduce me to her!" said Lois. "Just as you forgot ever to mention that she had been such a friend of yours. And just as you forgot ever to tell me that Mrs. James happens to be one of those women that spends her time having men running after her. Especially handsome and attractive men!" But Charley was laughing now.

"Don't be silly, darling. You know Viola James never meant anything to me. I was one of the men she knew. And as for me not introducing you since we have been married, she's been in Paris. It's where she was brought up."

"Mrs. James said she'd just come back, and had seen you at a cocktail party, and you'd fixed up for this week-end."

Charley was now preoccupied by his lateness. "Yes, it was for this week-end, but the whole thing went out of my mind."

"But I cannot get over your not telling me! . . . To make an arrangement without consulting me. Anyway Mrs. James should have called up, or written to me first! I shouldn't dream of going anyway. I am going to call her up and say that we're already engaged and cannot go."

Charley said, "Don't be silly, dear, of course we're going—both of us. She's got a lovely house at Oyster Bay and we'll have an elegant time."

"You needn't suppose I'm going!" Lois was exasperated by the complete tranquillity of his manner when he said, "Then I shall have to go without you, I fear."

The maid brought his coat and he slipped it on. As he opened the door to go he said, "Well, see you this evening"; suddenly a little wave of desolation and fright swept over Lois, and she ran after him, saying, "Charley, what is it? Are you angry with me? Why must we go? There isn't any need for us to go." And then slipping one arm round his neck, "Charley, darling!"

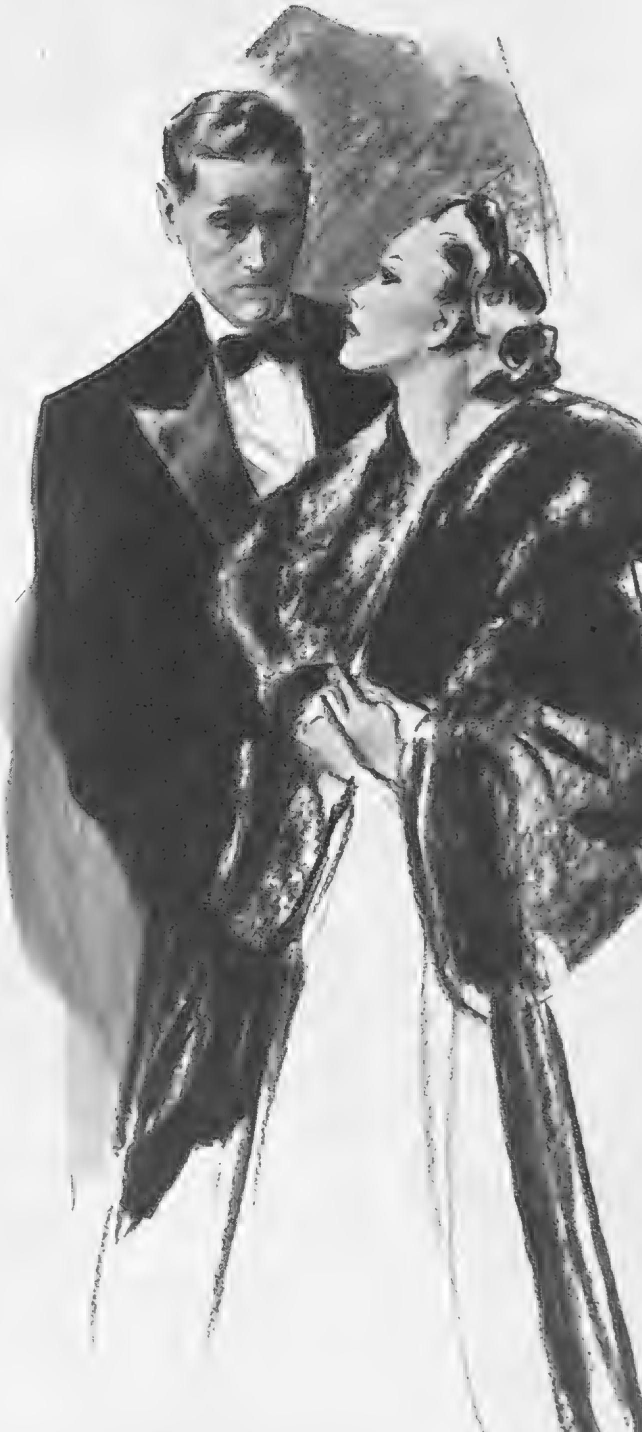
"Lois dear, for heaven's sake, I'm late." He almost seemed to shake her off. The door banged, and he was gone.

LOIS behaved over the question of going to stay with Mrs. James rather as a child about a dose of medicine which it knows is not nearly so nasty as it pretends to think. She made a series of little "scenes" on the subject; sometimes working herself in a sufficient state to believe in the realness of her jealousy. At the same time she made several shopping expeditions to buy herself a frock here, a sweater there, and a new hair ornament.

By Friday afternoon, he felt that Lois, who was placidly packing her valise, had decided to be sensible. After a tiring week at the office his spirits rose at the idea of going away with her to sun and sea and country, in a house which he remembered so well as having an atmosphere of gaiety and peace. He remembered that Viola never "over-entertained" her guests, and that she had a genius for making people comfortable. Everything would be at their disposal; the gardens that sloped down to the shore, the horses, the tennis courts, the little knockabout. Not, he remembered, that the boat would be much use to him this week-end! For Lois was bored by sailing. This had made him sorry, for he himself had always liked the water.

As Charley closed Lois's bag he said, "Did you put in your swimming suit?" Lois shook her head. "It's not warm enough to swim! Why, in May the water's always freezing!"

"Well," he said, "I've put in my trunks. Viola goes in any weather."



VIOLA, *alone this lovely night with the only man that she had met in twenty years whom she could love*

Somehow the notion of Viola James as out-of-door person who went swimming in all weathers didn't fit in with Lois's picture of her as an exotic siren. "I'll bet Mrs. James looks well in a bathing-suit!" To her annoyance Charley burst out laughing, put his arms around her, kissed her and said:

"She does. But not half so lovely as you do, sweetheart!"

On the way down Charley was cheerful; agreeably aware of Lois beside him, slender and enchanting in her blue linen suit.

But Lois could never believe that mutual silence could mean mutual companionship, worked herself into a mood of resentment. She decided that Charley's mood must have a cause.

As the parkway passed from between the rows of drab frame houses out into the wooded rolling countryside, Lois broke out:

"You seem to feel pretty cheerful!"

Charley did not turn his head. "I am!" and started whistling. The effect was to goad Lois into a long petulant statement which was a summary of the various spiteful remarks that she had been making about Mrs. James in the last few days, ending up with, "A man who could humiliate his wife by demanding that she accept his *past*!"

All of which Charley merely met by a good-tempered laugh and by pointing out that Lois really could hardly accuse Viola James of being his past! Viola took emotion far too seriously to play about with it; there had never been a word of love or even a gesture of flirtation between them. He added that their meeting last week had been a mere chance. It was a pity if Lois was going to spoil their week-end by working up this imaginary drama!

Lois's accusations made him remember the things about Viola which had been real and charming; her gaiety, the undemanding quality of her friendliness; her elegance combined with her capacity for adapting herself to any sort of conditions. And then, just about the time that he had first met Lois, Viola had gone off to Paris.

And when she had gone he had realised that he missed her. Only then he fell in love with Lois. And then he had married.

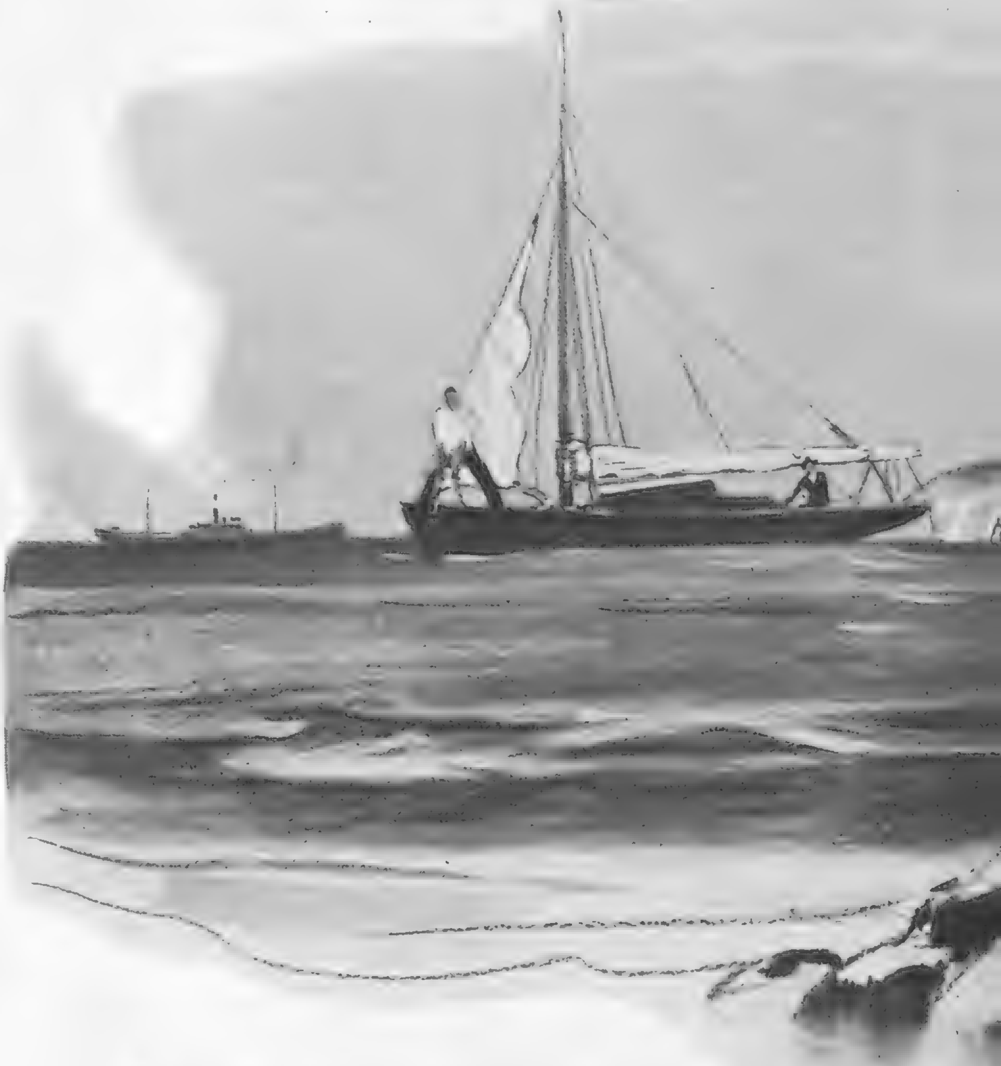
Lois was saying, "I hear she must be at least forty."

"She is exactly forty," said Charley. And he added, "I often think that she's one of those women that remind you of '*Age cannot wither her nor custom stale her infinite variety.*'" Then he saw Lois's expression. And suddenly remembering how really touchingly inexperienced she was, he said, "Now, once and for all, darling, make up your mind that I am madly in love with *you*! But if I was to say so as often as I feel it my conversation would become pretty monotonous!"

They arrived at last at a white low-built Colonial-style house set among trees and green lawns that sloped down to a little bay. A Japanese servant led them through the house and out to the lawn. And even Lois, though she was glancing left and right with the quick mistrustful airs of a nervous puppy brought into a strange place, gave an exclamation of delight, "How lovely and peaceful!" And to Charley it seemed as though he had only just left these gardens and this view out over the Sound. Incredible, he reflected, that it was two years since Viola went to Paris. . . .

Lois couldn't have described what she expected her hostess to look like. She had vague premonitions of a shady hat, curls, chiffons, clouds of perfume, and certainly a languorous quality of glance and movement. When there came out of the house a figure in grey slacks and a red cotton shirt, face and arms burned as brown as an Italian sailor, something boyish about the cut of the hair, the square forehead, the level brows, the square chin and laughing mouth—Lois was altogether taken aback — only Charley's exclamation of, "Well, Viola!" could make her believe that this, indeed, was that imagined combination of Helen of Troy, Madame de Pompadour and Mae West!

Her greeting of Charley was frank and casual. To Lois, her "I'm glad to meet you at last!" was offered with real cordiality. Indeed, so simple, and sunburned and careless of her appearance, that it was Lois who was able to feel sophisticated.



WHEN they got into the bay, waiting for them was not the other couple but Lois in a white swimming suit

As they talked, Lois considered Viola James from top to toe, and decided that although she was well-made, slender, and had beautiful greenish eyes, she could not even be called handsome. With feelings of increasing generosity Lois mentally classified her as "A good sort" and explained Charley's reputed attachment as one of those friendships which a man has with a woman, just because that woman has no sex interest for him at all. When Lois herself felt Viola's look on her she thought the other woman was admiring her; and thinking Charley had been lucky.

Later in the big chintz bedroom Viola said the other guests who were arriving for luncheon would probably sail in the afternoon. Did Lois and Charley want to go?

Charley said, "I'm afraid Lois doesn't care about sailing and I think I will stick around and keep Lois company."

There was a pause, so brief that there was hardly time for the faintest change of expression to pass across Viola James's face.

"Why, of course," she said, "do exactly as you wish. I'll have to go with the others." She turned to Lois. "We dine about 8.30. The horses are there if you want to ride; or if you care to swim——"

"I hate to swim unless the sea is really hot," said Lois.

"Well, I'm afraid I can't offer to warm the sea for you." Then she smiled outright; perfectly friendly and simple again. "To-morrow," she said, "we'll try and plan something that Lois cares about." She turned to Charley. "I must say," she said, "that she's even prettier and more attractive than you told me she was two years ago."

Charley glanced at Lois, who had sat down before the glass and was putting a comb through her shining curls. He smiled, pleased at the tribute to his good fortune, and good taste. But when Viola James turned and left them, Charley without realising it, watched her closely as she went. For a moment after Viola had gone he had a curious feeling of being left alone; and was hardly aware that Lois was saying, as she smiled at him in the glass:

"Well, darling, I'll admit I've been making a fuss about nothing." She laughed. "Viola seems a thoroughly nice woman!"

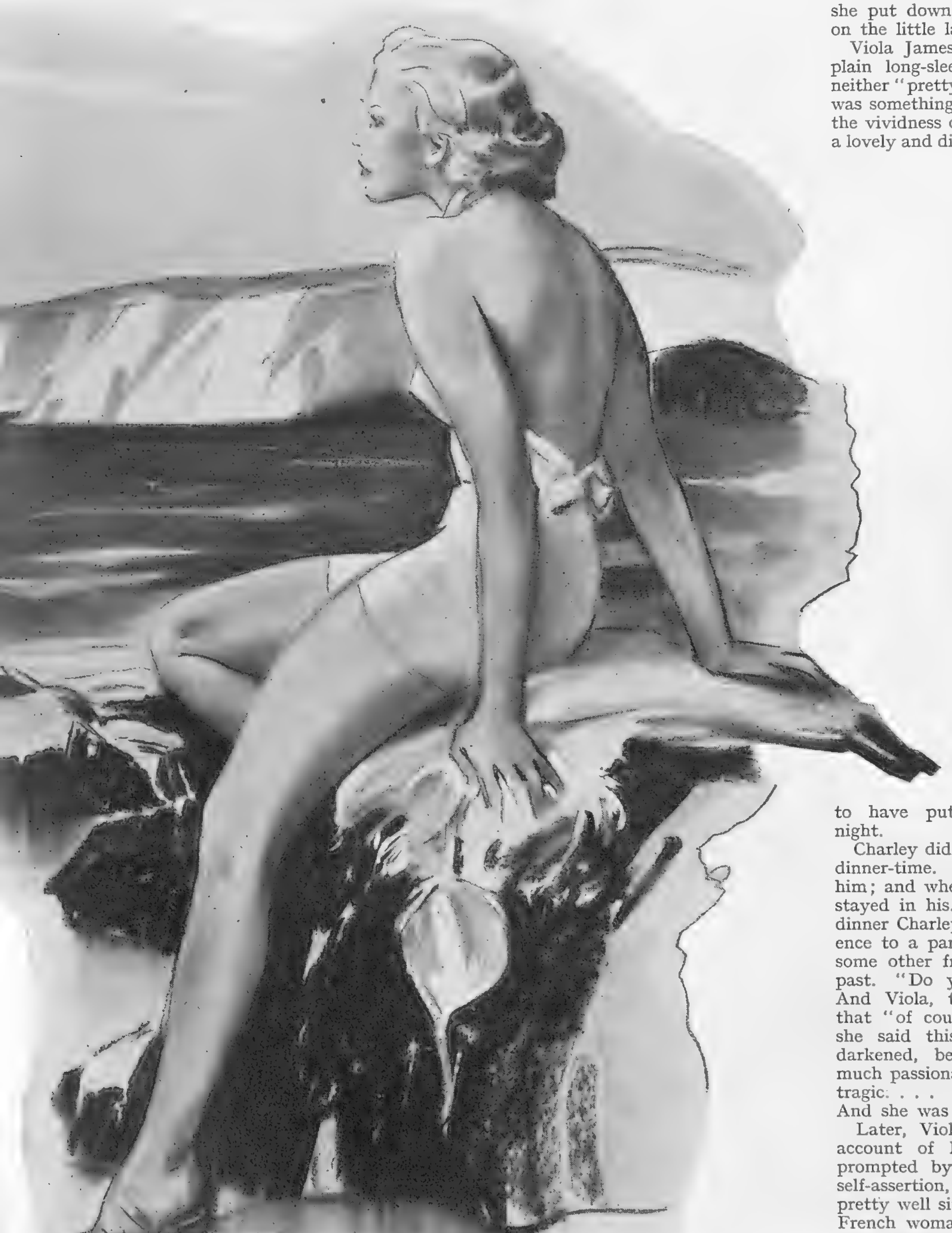
"Well, that's *one* way of describing her," Charley said.

"Funny," said Lois, "how certain women will get a reputation they don't deserve at all!" She got up, glanced at herself over one shoulder and then turned her head to Charley over the other. "There, give me a kiss and forgive me being so silly."

THE other guests went off with Viola for the afternoon. Lois and Charley idled about the gardens, read and talked and Lois was so gay and affectionate that Charley was glad he'd made her come.

Lois was such an attractive companion that by the end of the afternoon Charley had forgotten the curiously disturbed feelings of the first hour after their arrival. When the others returned it was Lois who suggested that Charley should go off and swim with them while she herself had a bath and a rest before dinner.

Illustrated by Albert Bailey



Lois had a new tea-gown and she looked forward to the evening when she would appear in it. This moment would be her final reassurance for Charley would see how she looked, and in comparison would merely glance at her fellow guests—and Viola.

Viola was late coming down for dinner and already her guests were drinking their cocktails; and Charley was talking to the other man, and Lois, looking lovely in her new gown, was being utterly amiable to his wife. Charley was just handing her a second cocktail when the door opened. He glanced up and Lois saw a sudden change in his look.

She turned to follow his glance. As she put down the glass, it spilled over on the little lacquer table.

Viola James came towards them in a plain long-sleeved satin gown, looking neither "pretty" nor "smart." But there was something in her movements and in the vividness of her expression that, like a lovely and disturbing change of climate, made her appear quite poignantly exciting and beautiful.

Lois's perceptions were sharpened by an instinctive fear; it was incredible that this woman was the same sun-burned, casual, straightforward creature whom she had seen come in from bathing with her towel slung round her neck and her hair dripping and tousled an hour ago. Yet she *was* the same. Her manner was just as friendly; her glance direct and brilliant; her smile despite, now, the vividness of her lipstick, just as gay and unselfconscious. Lois wondered if any woman's smile had ever been more radiant, or her laughter more seductive.

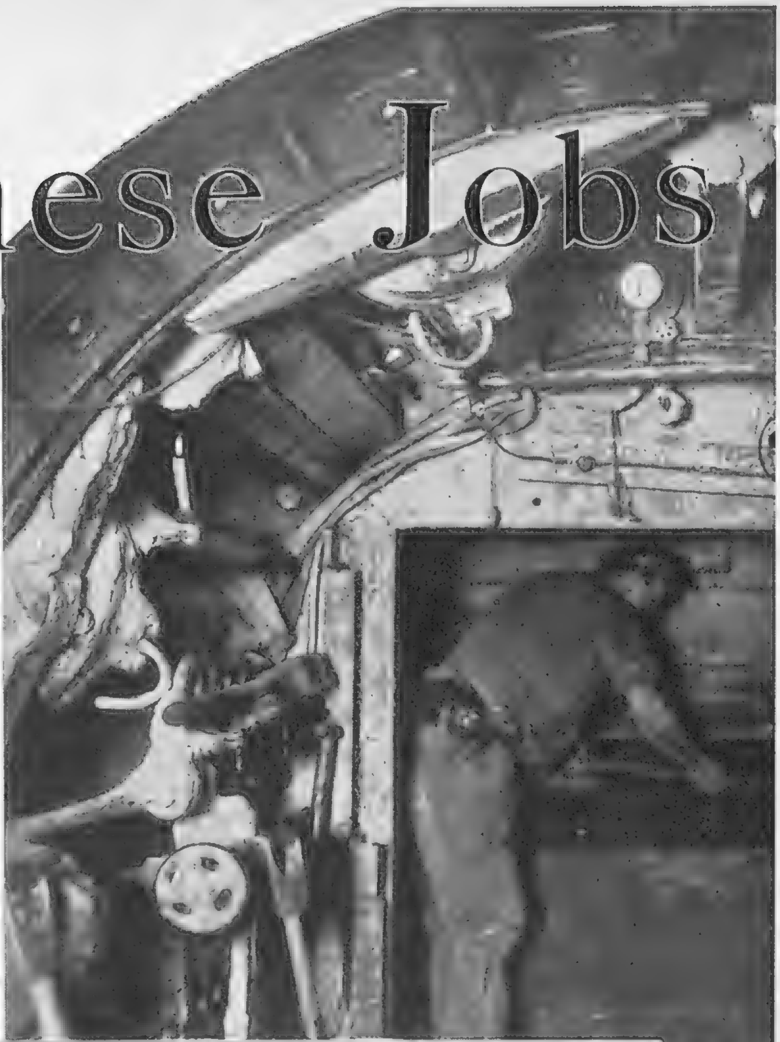
During dinner in the candle light and in the atmosphere of ease and good spirits which Viola seemed to create round her, Lois watched her, perceiving angrily that Viola had a sophistication which made Lois herself feel provincial. She seemed to have put on glamour with the night.

Charley didn't take his eyes off her all dinner-time. Viola seldom looked at him; and when she did her look hardly stayed in his. But towards the end of dinner Charley made some chance reference to a party that he and Viola and some other friends had been at in the past. "Do you remember?" he said. And Viola, turning to him, answered that "of course she remembered." As she said this, her look changed and darkened, betraying for a second so much passionate feeling that she seemed tragic. . . . Then the look was gone. And she was laughing again. . . .

Later, Viola was giving an amusing account of her stay in Paris. Lois, prompted by every instinct in her to self-assertion, said she herself knew Paris pretty well since her mother had been a French woman and she had gone back there often.

Viola turned to her to include her in the conversation. Lois remarked that her father and (*Continued on page* 97)

These Jobs



ONE Saturday evening back in the summer a West Ham worker dragged himself to a London hospital in acute pain, almost in a state of collapse, and managed to scribble a note saying he was "suffering from the effects of working in compressed air."

He had been working on a tube tunnel scheme at a pressure of about fifteen pounds to the square inch. Either he was not up to the mark or had not been properly "decompressed" on leaving the tunnel. The heavy nitrogen left in his system had interfered with the blood circulation, and hours afterwards gave him what is known as the "bends."

He was rushed to Messrs. John Mowlem's Mile End works, put into a re-compression chamber, compressed, gradually decompressed over a period of hours, and restored to normal. But for that prompt action he might have lost his life. As it was he suffered temporary paralysis and acute pain.

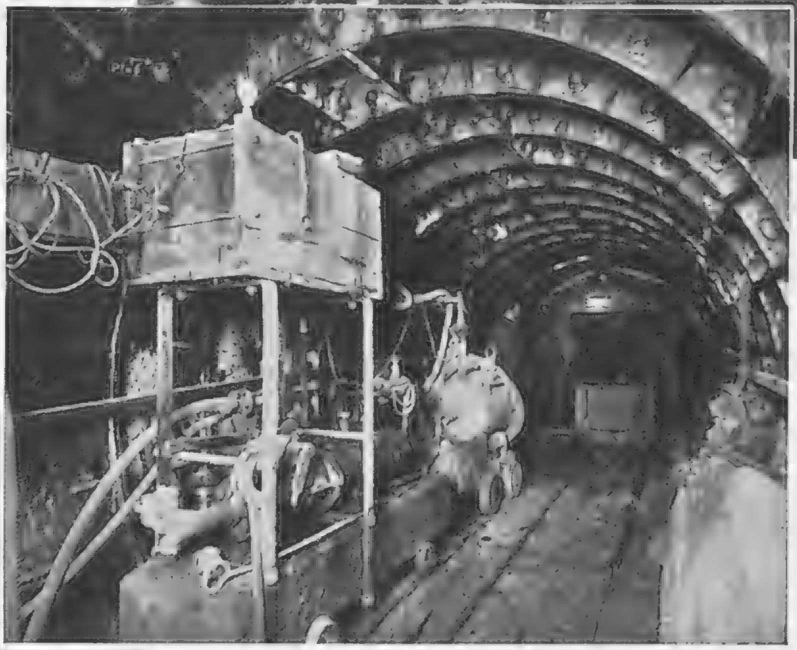
Victims of "compression"—and they occur from time to time where tunnels are driven under pressure—say it feels as if the muscles were being torn from the bones. It is an awkward experience which may end fatally if no re-compression chamber is quickly accessible in the event of a serious case.

All this winter soft-ground miners will be working at the Dartford-Purfleet tunnel scheme in more than double the pressure. Mostly experienced tunnellers from the West and East Ham and Plaistow district, they are proud of their specialized job, and can earn more than £10 a week.

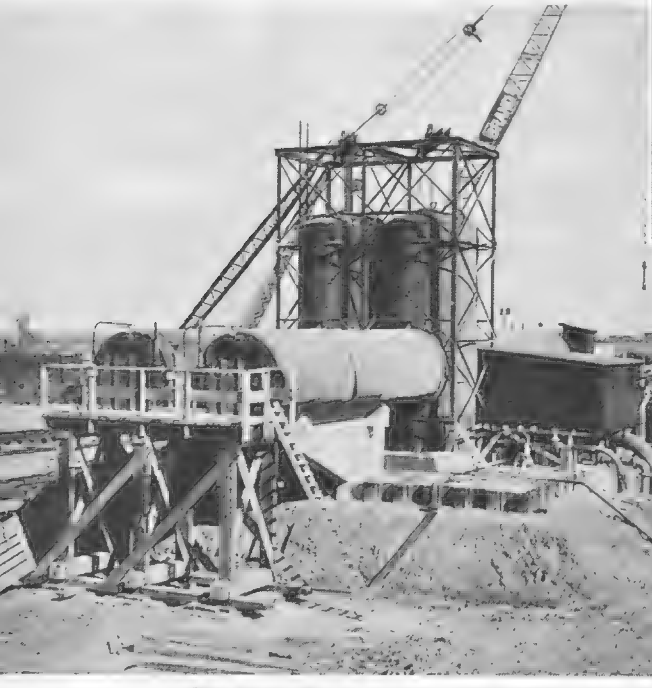
The scientific control of the routine is such that in 3,000 compressions, only 1.5 per cent re-compressions have been required; a creditably low proportion considering the nature of the work. Nevertheless, the work has its dangers; those men are the "shock troops" of their craft, taking risks many grades above most trades.

Take a look at the work the Dartford side of the Thames, as I did recently. Access to the 100-feet shaft from which the pilot tunnel begins is through four air-locks: two for the men, two for equipment and material going in and "muck" coming out.

When you enter the air-lock you leave the normal atmosphere behind a sealed steel door, and are stepped up by stages to the pressure in which you must work below. The "stepping up" may give you a slight tingling in the ears at first, but when you descend the shaft by a cage and proceed into the tunnel you feel normal and breathe normally, except that the atmosphere down below there is a little on the hot side: Seventy to seventy-five degrees Fahrenheit.



TUNNELLERS working at face with shield



COMPRESSION chambers leading to shaft of the Kent side of the Thames Tunnel in course of construction. All men working below surface must pass through these air locks

Eerie floodlights, ghostly figures moving about, hollow reverberations, the clatter of trolleys trundling up material and taking muck back, the noise of hydraulic pumps working the excavating shield, perhaps the hiss of air escaping at the "face" where the men are working, clad in flannel vests, in six-hour shifts round the clock.

Everything automatic, mechanical, methodical. The tunnel "making" at the rate of six iron "rings"—about ten feet per working face—per twenty-four hours. Rings coming forward to be bolted in place and form the pilot tunnel, twelve feet in diameter, as the face is excavated and cleared; muck going back. In a sepulchral underworld, some forty feet below the river. . . .

are Dangerous...

Tunnelling under the Thames ... Working in Compressed Air ... The Dangers Experienced by Tunnellers

By Trevor Allen

MR. LOWELL THOMAS in his graphic little book *Men of Danger* records how two men engaged on the old battery tunnel under the East River, New York, were blown straight up through sand and ooze in its bed, and 100 feet of water and yet lived to tell the tale.

They were caught in a blow when the wall of sand at the head of the bore suddenly gave way. The rush of air "whirled them out and up into the sand like human projectiles from a cannon."

One was boosted up through the silt into the icy river and so to the surface. He shot high in the air, then dropped back, still conscious; shook himself, took a deep breathe, and *swam ashore*. Of two others working with them at

(*Continued on page* 95)

A TUNNELLER working in a ballast face

But not always. The boring has to be made in varying strata: gravelly ballast, chalk, peat, silt. You may run into a cleft or fissure in the chalk, reaching up to the river bed. It can be as dangerous as a sudden up-current or "pocket" to an airman.

NORMALLY, the pressure in the tunnel—roughly just under a pound to every foot depth of water and river-bed—half equals the pressure outside it. A cleft, if suddenly opened, may wreck the balance. The compressed air rushes up to escape through the bed as through a funnel; the river rushes in.

That is known as a "blow." Blows have swept men to death, ruined months of labour—sometimes years. A blow is the constant dread of the soft-ground miner, as an explosion of fire-damp is of the coal miner.

That is where the skill and alertness of the men, the technical and geological knowledge of the engineer in charge come in. The skilled miner knows immediately by experience when he is approaching a cleft or a danger-point where chalk gives place to sand or gravelly ballast.

He must slow down the work, pocket the face with puddled clay, board it up, generally "nurse" that menacing spot of weakness ahead of him. If he is in doubt, he must hold up the job and send at once for the engineer to make a personal inspection and advise. It may be necessary to reduce the pressure in the tunnel temporarily until the danger-point is safely past, and the iron rings have effectually sealed it.

I discussed the work with Mr. John F. Hay, Resident Engineer for Messrs. Mott, Hay & Anderson, and although he is a tunnelling engineer of large experience, he is most reluctant to talk of his experiences; but it was evident that he was anxious and must always be so until the actual work of tunnelling is completed.

A HEFTY and dangerous job. A pair of tunnellers at work during the construction of the West Middlesex Sewer

"Kingdom Gone"

THEY said he was dead. Who said he was dead? Well, everybody did, you probably said so yourself at the time. Why should everybody think he was dead? They hadn't found his body. True, they had found his plane, or, at least, the remains of it, almost covered with sand drift eight hundred miles south-west of Cairo and farther into the Sahara than a lone flyer has any right to be.

Despite months of diligent searching no trace of the man himself was ever discovered and finally it was assumed that he had left the wrecked machine and wandered alone into that mighty wall-less tomb; and the space had lured him on into endless eternity; and the relentless sun had mocked him; and the blinding, choking sand had wrapped around him with its gentle, deathly embrace.

And he had stumbled drunkenly, hopelessly on, his unseeing eyes fixed in a glassy stare on a quivering, dancing horizon that threw back in a barren, distorted echo his feeble cry. And presently he had fallen, exhausted and beaten, and risen again on hands and knees crawling round in a little endless circle, clinging with grim, delirious determination to a life that was already passed. And then he lay still. And the sun leered down with pitiless, merciless intensity; and the awful sand crept into his eyes and his ears and his mouth striving to reach that fluttering heart. He lay there, a burnt and shrivelled husk, too dry to blister, too dry to bleed, too dry to breathe even.

Thus John Summerville, big, handsome John Summerville, traveller, sportsman, airman, the man who had blazed the trails of half the airways of the world, vanished utterly and completely from the face of the earth in his forty-third year and at the height of his amazing career.

As is usual when these things occur the world, or that portion of the population of the world who followed the remarkable exploits of this man, was stunned with this sudden calamity, shocked into a dazed, uncomprehending silence that lasted exactly two weeks when the brilliant achievement of a new star swept like a blinding flame across the heavens of men's imaginations. And John Summerville, poor John Summerville, passed as all things pass, and his feeble scratch on history faded until it was seen no more—and he was forgotten.

Forgotten? Was there not a young woman who sat for months dry eyed and pale waiting—hoping? A young woman little more than half his age who had lived with him, laughed with him—yes, died with him? A young woman who had stood timidly in the shadow of his popularity, unseen—unheard, imploring him to retire into the obscure security of her great love—unheeded. Suffering as only the woman suffers when her man stands laughing in the shadow of a fearful danger.

Yes, there was such a woman—his wife. Who is there would say she had forgotten even when three years later she married Derek Marlow? Do women ever forget that first embrace? Besides, was she not still quite young and beautiful? Young enough to desire more of life than a shadowy memory—beautiful enough to attract it?

And Derek Marlow? Gay, venturesome playboy, on whom the insane gods of fortune had, with careless indiscretion, bestowed their abundant favours. Could he desire more of life than the love of this woman?

He could, and he did.

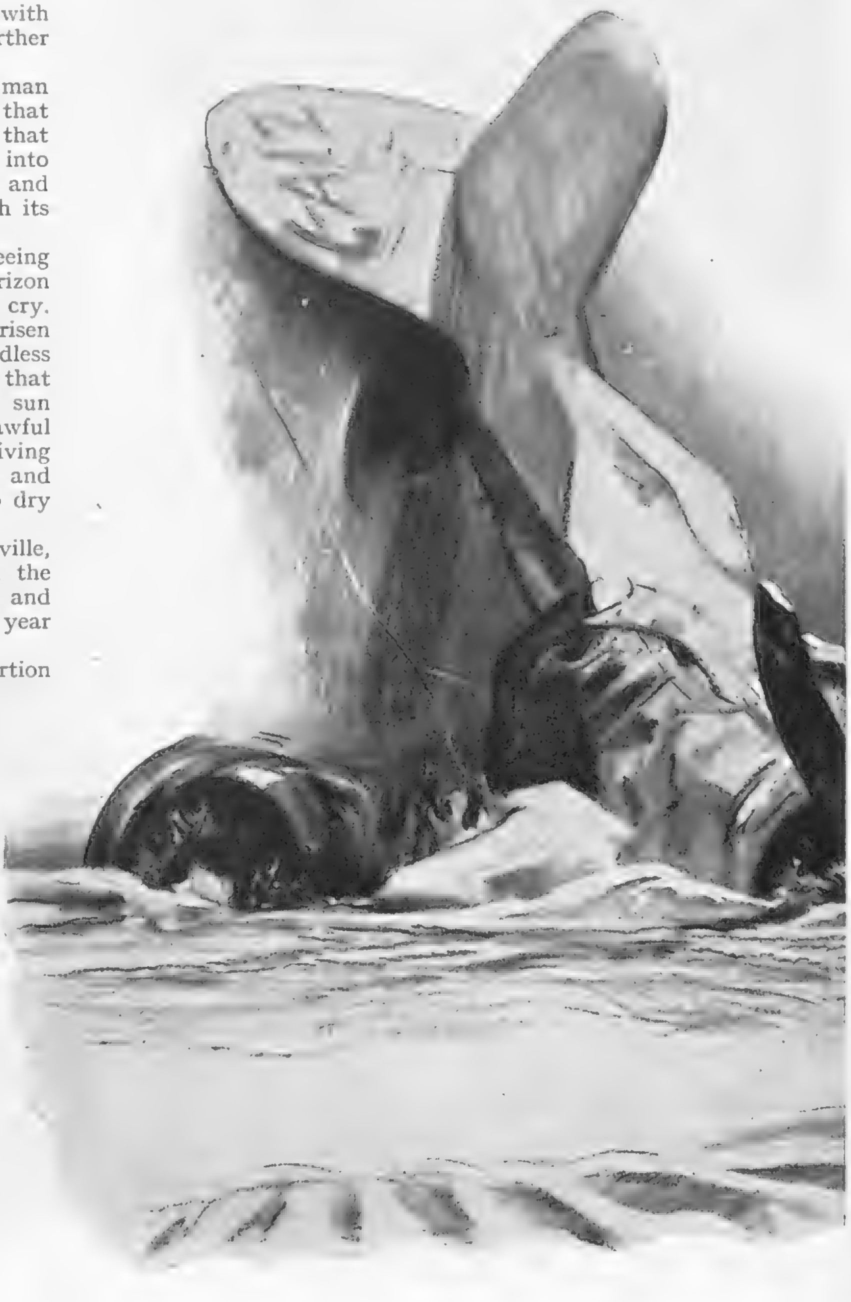
He desired adventure, hardship, danger, and he got it. He scorned the soft, stagnating monotony of settled security. The mad, restless fever of wanderlust tortured his nights, fighting grim wars with convention and duty on the battleground of his soul. His eyes wandered ever farther from the beautiful creature he had captured to the dim, illusive peaks of ambition. The chase, he discovered, is the sport—the trophy, a mere possession.

While yet loving her with every atom of his being he yearned for other things. His senseless craving for new experiences led him at last to the most useless, perilous journey he was ever destined to make.

Daphne Marlow stared in silent horror when he mentioned with ill-concealed enthusiasms his intention of flying from Heliopolis in Egypt, to Dakar on the coast of French West Africa, a distance of well over three thousand miles clean through the very heart of the Sahara.

"Derek, my dear," she said. "You know I don't mind you doing anything, going anywhere if—if there is some reason—some justification for the risk."

He hesitated before replying as though



considering his words. "It's not serving any cause, furthering humanity, if that's what you mean."

"Then why do it—why? Oh, Derek, must you? Is it necessary? Is it worth it?"

"Yes, Daphne, it's worth it. I want to convince myself that there are no lost cities, no flourishing civilisations, no Garden of Eden in the middle of the place that man hasn't yet discovered."

And that is exactly what Derek Marlow did do. He convinced himself beyond any shadow of doubt that there is nothing there—nothing but sand, and sun, and sky—nothing but space, vast, unconquerable, eternal. Nothing. Not even a pin point of moisture.

"The flight will achieve nothing but my own satisfaction," he continued. "Surely that's something."

"Yes." There was the faintest catch in her voice. "Your own satisfaction. And me?"

He glanced up at her quickly. "Oh, come now, Daphne. You don't mean that. I know the Sahara beat John Summerville. The Arctic beat plenty of fine men until somebody conquered it. You can't condemn a place because——" He paused awkwardly. "I'm sorry, sweetheart. Clumsy of me. Don't let it worry you. I shall be all right and who knows what I may find there."

"Who knows?" Her little wintry smile faded as she added: "It's all so incomprehensible, so futile."

He laughed as his hand closed gently, possessively over hers. "My dear, if you look at it like that all life is incomprehensible and futile. The earth was made round so that man could crawl all over it leaving trails that have no beginning and no end. Like a fly on a crystal, whichever way he goes he comes back to the same spot eventually."

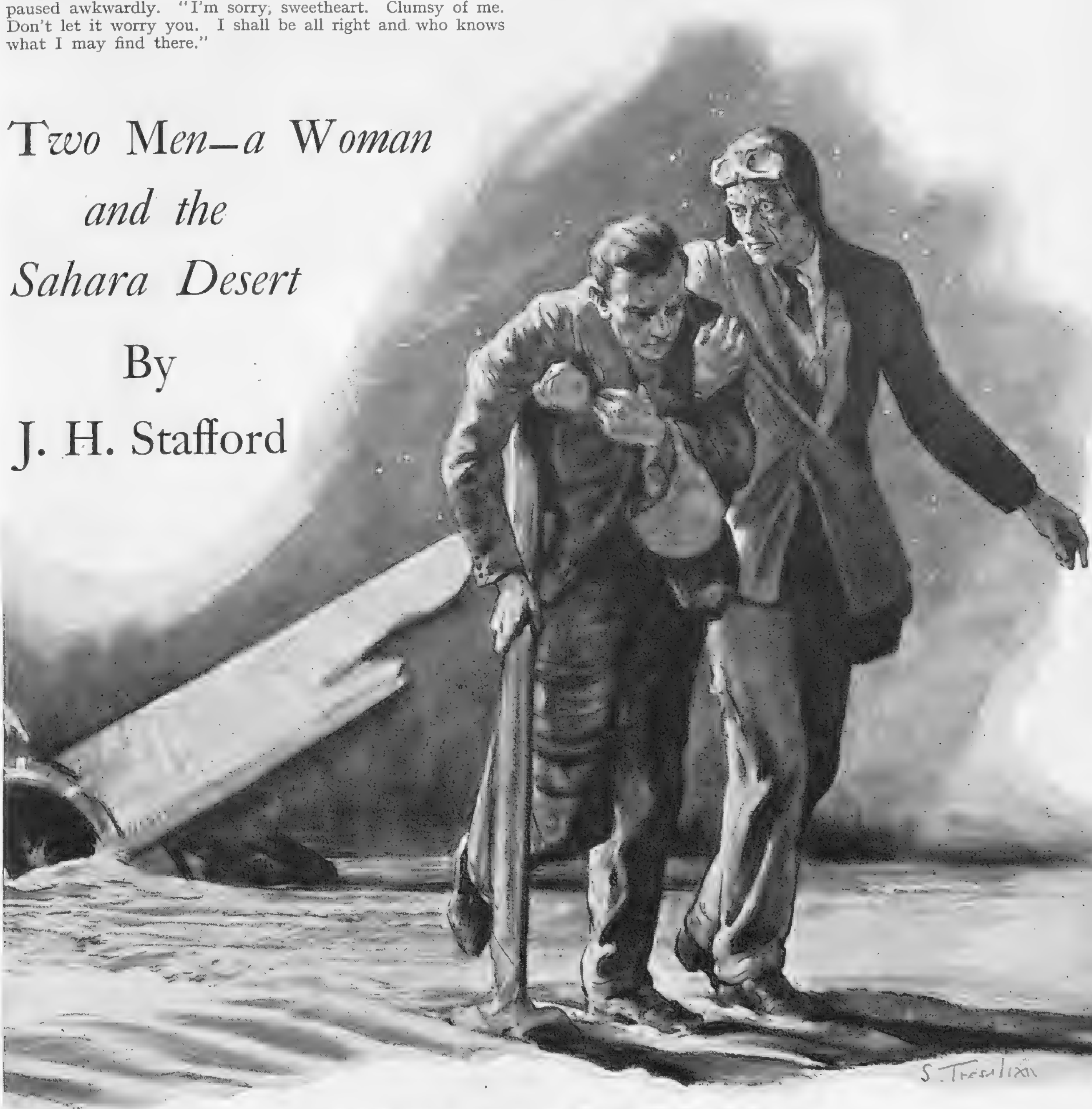
"Does he? Yes, I suppose he does—if he keeps going long enough." There was a suggestion of despair in her voice as she added: "I can't understand it all, Derek. I just can't understand."

At that a frown of irritation creased his fine brows. Of course she didn't understand. How could she? He didn't understand it himself. Poor Daphne, she was afraid—afraid for his sake. Strange how a woman's greatest fear was always for somebody else. Couldn't she consider herself a little, or was she already considering herself? Her loss, her loneliness if anything should go—— Hang it, that was sheer pessimism.

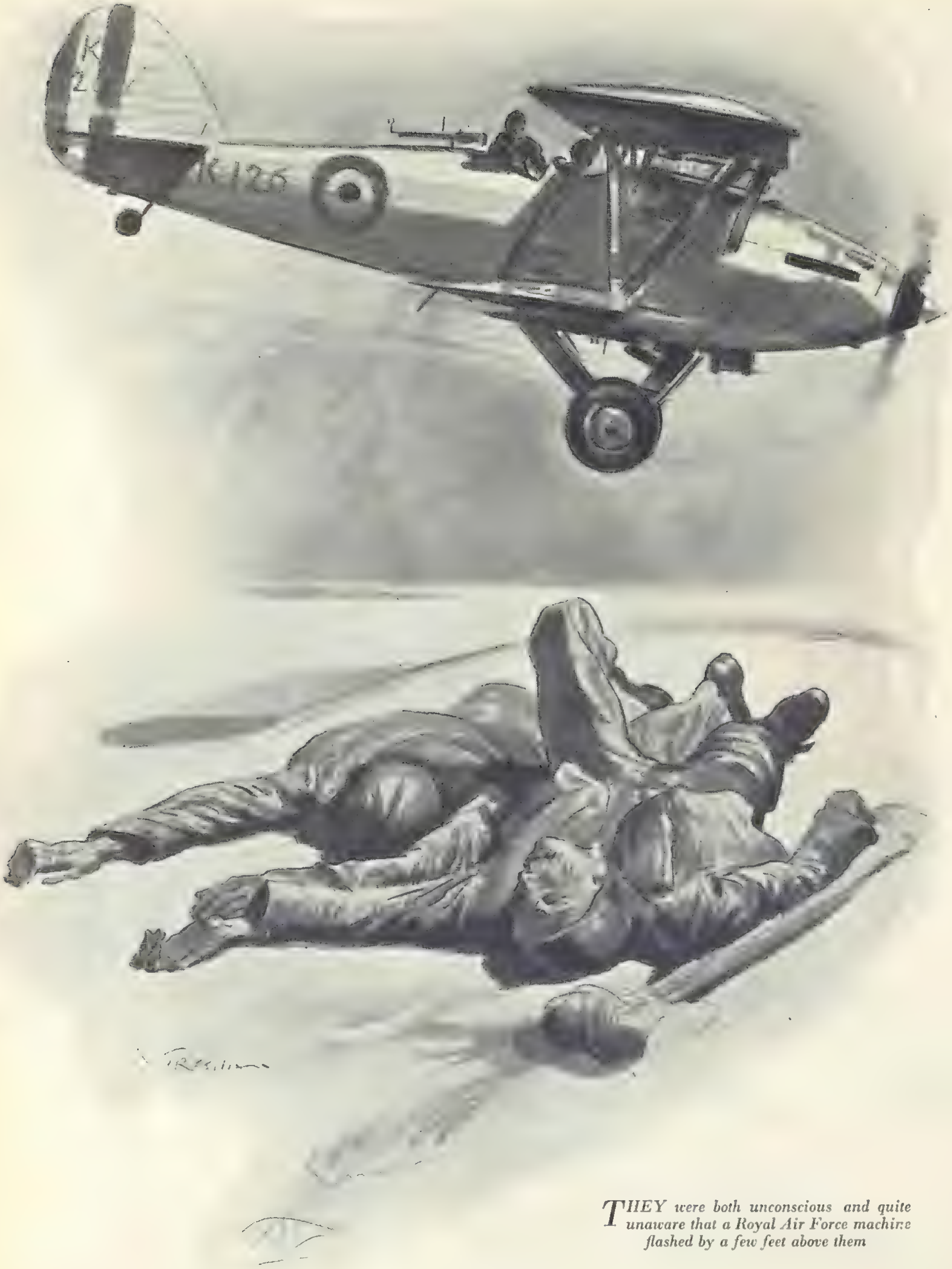
After that the proposed flight was not mentioned again

Two Men—a Woman and the Sahara Desert

By J. H. Stafford



IT was on the fourth day after the crash that Derek, supporting himself on a crutch that Russell had fashioned from a strut demonstrated his ability to hobble in reasonable comfort if somewhat slowly



THEY were both unconscious and quite unaware that a Royal Air Force machine flashed by a few feet above them

between them until, after coffee the night before Derek sailed, he said:

"I'd rather hoped you would change your mind and come out there to see us off, Daph." His tone implied that he had expected more than hoped.

She was silent a moment before replying: "I'd prefer to be here. That place—it haunts me. I hate it as I never thought I could hate anything." Her voice rose slightly as she continued passionately: "It's a devil's curse, a playground of ghosts, a living cemetery, a terrible, terrifying——"

"Daphne!"

"I'm sorry, Derek." A weary sigh escaped her. "Is it always to be like this? Don't you—can't you realise that there are other things?"

"I know, Daph., but I've set my heart on conquering the Sahara and I must do it. It's the one place that has defied man and I'm going to beat it, tear the bottom out of it. After that I'll do anything you wish. Settle down here, keep chickens, breed cattle, fish, shoot and ride. Be the family man and perhaps—well, I suppose it's time we thought about those things."

She refused to be drawn. Too long had she been thinking about those "things" and her golden dreams of motherhood had grown ever fainter.

"Who is the other pilot, do you know him?" she asked.

"No, I only know him by recommendation. Been out there ages, I believe, knows the Sahara like a front garden. Gray put me in touch with him. Russell is the name—James Russell. Gray said the man looks like a devil and flies like an angel. I have'nt heard about him before but if half of what they say is true he's a genius."

"Why doesn't he come to England where he could make his name and fly in safety?"

"He's terribly disfigured. One of the wrecks left over from the war, I suppose. Some say it was Arabs, some say it was a crash, nobody seems to know definitely."

"Poor fellow. Yet he's such a good pilot?"

"Not only a pilot, but a navigator."

The following day Derek left for Cairo where the plane, in the skilful hands of James Russell, was already undergoing her final tests.

DEREK'S first impression of James Russell was one of shocked horror. Never would he have believed it possible for a human face to suffer such deformation and still remain a living human face. It was as though a devil incarnate had run amok in a frenzied rage and stamped on that face its violent hatred. That could never be the result of a normal crash. God didn't do things like that.

Strangely enough the man was otherwise a perfect specimen of matured manhood. Big, broad and brown, with eyes that almost matched the grey of his hair, and a gentle manner and soft voice that were in startling contrast to that face of tortured oak.

Long after he retired for the night Derek peered into the darkness at those ghastly, livid scars, wondering, with a vague uneasiness, what savage fury had wrought that terrible transformation. For undoubtedly the man had once been handsome. God, but he must have suffered, still suffered. And with a slight, uncontrollable shudder, Derek Marlow closed his eyes to shut out that awful picture.

There was nothing spectacular in their departure. Russell had attended to every detail with the scrupulous care of a man who has counted the cost. The hundred thousand francs which the French demand as deposit to defray any possible rescue costs, or ransom claimed by Arabs, had been paid and the necessary permit granted, with the usual warning, and the little card printed in three native languages informing tribes that a reward is offered for the safe return of the men.

Even the ten days' food and water

which they were compelled to carry as a condition of their permit had been carefully measured and weighed. Everything that was not absolutely essential Russell forbade, even the tiny camera that Derek had smuggled aboard against regulations was ruthlessly abandoned. Even then the heavily-loaded machine charged the full mile and a half of Heliopolis drome before becoming airborne.

Four hours later Derek, who had been keeping constant contact with Heliopolis, stared stupidly at the controls of the wireless. "I say, Russell," he shouted, "I think the wireless has gone. Can't get anything through."

Russell glanced sharply at the younger man. "Dead?" he asked, and as Derek nodded, he jerked the stick back sending the machine up in a sudden climb. "Blind area," he explained. "Impossible to use wireless, unless——" His eyes were glued on the falling altimeter needle. Gently he eased the stick forward again and peered down at the endless grey waste below. "Sandstorm coming," he muttered, and the concern in the voice was not lost on Derek.

"Will she climb over it?"

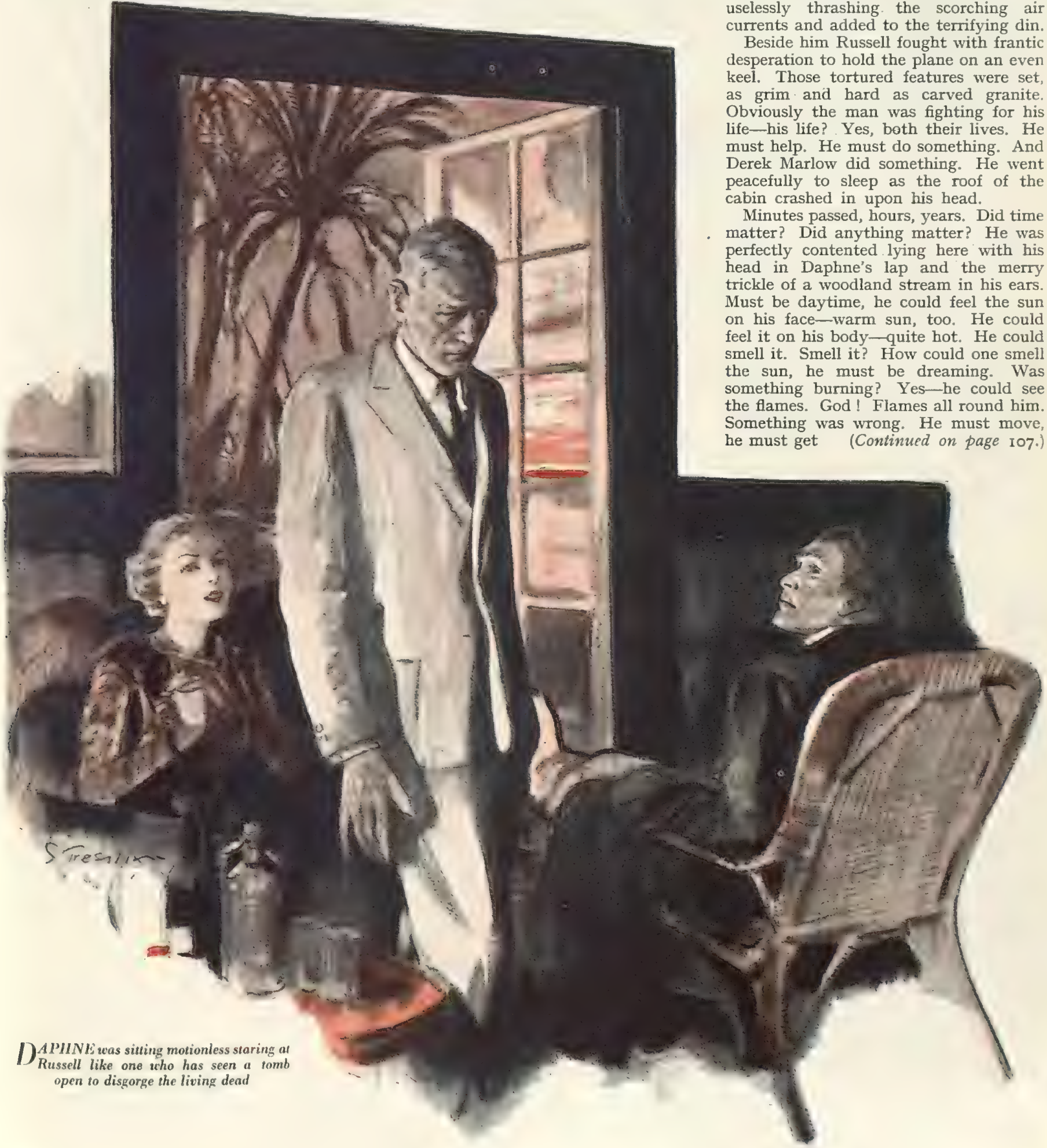
"No. Air's too thin. She's flying with her tail down now and dropping all the time. Have to turn or she'll pancake. We may beat it. Keep that wireless going, might get through." He was talking rapidly now and Derek realised the man sensed some terrible, unseen danger. "Call Heliopolis. Give position. N. 20.32. E. 20.7. Two hundred miles W.N.W. Kebabo, making for——" But Derek Marlow never heard the place for at that moment Russell interrupted himself to shout: "Hold that wheel! Hold that wheel, man!"

And then the storm struck them. With a screaming violence that was beyond Derek's wildest nightmare a deluge of sand closed round them and they were whirled away into darkness, blacker than a bottomless pit.

In a dazed, confused way Derek realised that the machine was being tossed about like a matchbox in a storm, beyond all human power of control. Creaking and groaning as first it rolled on a vertical bank, then swung round until it was being carried along broadside in that fiery blast. Every moment he expected it to burst into flames and go crashing down like a flaming torch. The fiercely roaring engines sent the propellers uselessly thrashing the scorching air currents and added to the terrifying din.

Beside him Russell fought with frantic desperation to hold the plane on an even keel. Those tortured features were set, as grim and hard as carved granite. Obviously the man was fighting for his life—his life? Yes, both their lives. He must help. He must do something. And Derek Marlow did something. He went peacefully to sleep as the roof of the cabin crashed in upon his head.

Minutes passed, hours, years. Did time matter? Did anything matter? He was perfectly contented lying here with his head in Daphne's lap and the merry trickle of a woodland stream in his ears. Must be daytime, he could feel the sun on his face—warm sun, too. He could feel it on his body—quite hot. He could smell it. Smell it? How could one smell the sun, he must be dreaming. Was something burning? Yes—he could see the flames. God! Flames all round him. Something was wrong. He must move, he must get (*Continued on page* 107.)



DAPHNE was sitting motionless staring at Russell like one who has seen a tomb open to disgorge the living dead

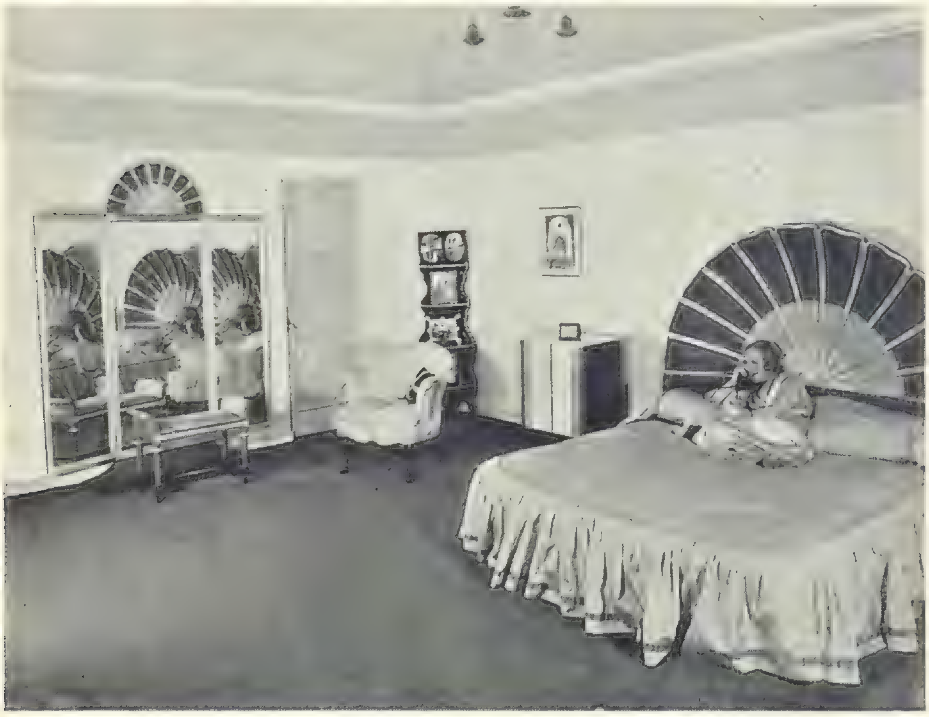
PAUPERS—ON £600 A WEEK

ROBERT MONTGOMERY who asserts that he has not enough cash left after he has paid his annuities even to buy a small yacht

IN June, this year, front pages of the world's newspapers carried banner headlines to the effect that Jean Harlow's fortune would turn out to be over a million dollars—a vast sum of money to have been earned by a girl who died at the age of twenty-six. When details of the Jean Harlow estate were published several months later that million-dollar fortune had shrunk to under 700,000 dollars. Quite a considerable drop, especially when it is remembered that Miss Harlow had drawn a weekly salary of £600, or more, for several years.

What is the truth about star salaries? Do screen players really receive the fantastic sums credited to them, by rumour and the Press? If they do, how long may an actor or actress expect, reasonably, to remain in the big-money class?

Those questions are not hard to answer. The truth about film-star salaries is not hard to discover. It is revealed through income-tax payments, much publicised in the United States. The big money *is* there. The Shearers, Gables, Colmans, Garbos, Temples, and the rest *do* earn weekly wage-payments that run into three and often four figures in our money. How much, or how little, of that cash remains in their own pockets I propose to explain in succeeding paragraphs; it is astonishing how many comparative "paupers" are paying £600 a week into various Hollywood banks, when the true facts are examined.



SONJA HENIE has made just two films in Hollywood—but she has had to take a very large house with its attendant expenses. Yet it is said she will have earned a million dollars quite soon, so she may not worry over-much about the expenses with which a film star is faced

A BIG surprise was handed to me at lunch one day this summer, out at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. Joan Crawford, her husband Franchot Tone, myself, and George Murphy sat round a table. Over came a well-known woman journalist who lives in Hollywood and is friendly with all the stars. She happened to know that Joan was taking two weeks break, between films, and guessed the star might have a few hours of leisure, for that reason. After embracing Miss Crawford affectionately, the writer sat down with us and began to talk, very nervously—which was strange, as she is reputed to be definitely hard-boiled.

"I've got a proposition to put to you, Joan, from my boss, for one of our fan magazines. He has a notion that if you chose you could write—and write really well. I feel—well, I feel downright scared to put this idea to you. You'll kill me, when you know what he is suggesting and offering. Here it is. He wants you to write an article for him about running a house and being a wife

Film Stars' Salaries are not a Myth: but Film Stars are Almost Paupers, None the Less

By Margaret Chute

—all about your own home, in other words—and the most money he can offer for the article is two hundred dollars (£40). Now, hurl the thunderbolts! I'm ready."

Joan looked at her husband, and Franchot looked back at Joan. A quick, understanding smile passed between them. Then Joan spoke.

"I'll do it—of *course* I'll do it! That is, if you think I can," she said, adding quickly, "What made you so scared to tell me about it?"

The writer's eyes were wide open, staring. "Why, I—I—oh, well, I imagined that with all the money you are earning every week you'd simply bite my head off or go into hysterics or something, at the mere idea that an editor would dare to offer a four-figure-a-week star such a sum as two hundred dollars for an article! You'll really do it, at that price?"

"Listen, darling! I'll do it—and be *glad* to do it!" replied Joan. "Oh, Franchot, now I shall be able to buy some of that Sheffield plate I've been longing for all these months, and haven't dared to afford. Isn't it swell? And just for writing an article in a magazine, too!"

The surprise having evaporated somewhat, we got down to brutally hard facts and figures. Those two stars, both of them earning very large salaries, proved that if they can snatch even £100 a week out of their earnings, *for themselves*, they are doing well! And out of the snatched pounds they have to buy personal clothes, pay for holidays, buy presents for relations and friends, and keep household furnishings up to the mark and replenished. It's one long battle against impending bankruptcy, this business of being a film star! And that's no joke.

The incident of Joan Crawford and her magazine article illustrates a point I want to make; the point being that a girl or a man drawing around £600 a week is often glad of the chance to earn an odd £40 or £50. It is unexpected pocket money that can be spent as they please, instead of being part of a carefully worked-out budget which governs the lives of nearly all the stars. It is those who have no budget, and who go all hay wire at the sight of those huge weekly cheques, who land up in the bread line or the bankruptcy court.

(Continued on page 113)

ROBERT TAYLOR with Nelson his butler-houseman. Staff wages are far higher in Hollywood than in this country, and for a film star's staff they are higher than for ordinary individuals

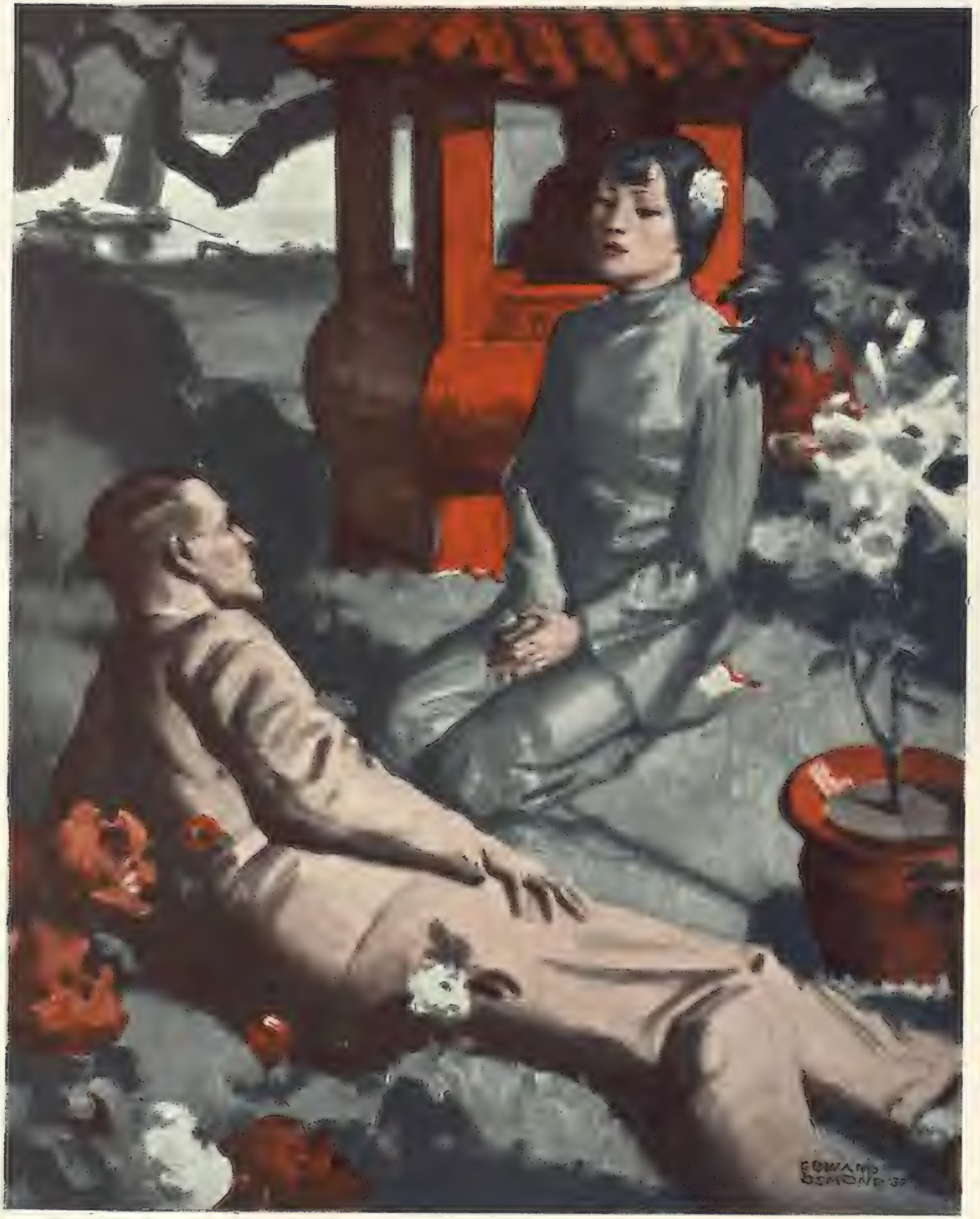
BING CROSBY enjoying his pipe prior to a plunge into the pool at his Rancho Sante Fe estate. He earns over £3,000 a week from films

(centre)

ARLINE JUDGE goes in for perfumes in a "big" way—one for every mood, she says. That is one way of getting rid of one's salary

Illustrated
By Edward Osmond

Vanity of



"MY undirected wanderings brought me here to you and this garden. You and this garden were the end of my pilgrimage."

Vanities

What man in love is not a fool?

By Dale Collins

MR. JOHN ST. JOHN PETTIFER, at that time Prime Minister of Great Britain, was suddenly fed up. In a voice quite unlike his usual smooth tones he exploded in a brief, rude word. The Cabinet, which had been discussing some means of intervention in the latest Danubian dispute—which threatened to plunge all Europe into war—ceased drawing pigs and complicated geometrical designs upon its expensive blotting-pads and looked up in astonishment.

Mr. Pettifer, Prime Minister at that time, rose in his place, gave his beard—the delight of caricaturists—a sharp tug, and regardless of all precedent, order and dignity laughed in their faces.

"Listen, blokes," he said, "you must excuse me if my language is unparliamentarian, but I'm tired of sounding phrases and I'm going to talk as I haven't been able to since I left school. I've had enough. For twenty-five years I've been worrying about other people's business, and never had a chance to live. We haven't a dog's hope of settling this crazy Central European trouble, and if by a fluke we succeeded it would only blow up somewhere else. I was born in 1882, but to-day I feel about twenty inside. And yet I know that I've only about twenty years more, and ten of those not much good. So I'm going to be born again, because when I'm dead I'm a long time dead. Sorry, my dear coves and blokes, but from now on you must get along without me, and doubtless will. It's a good job this, if you like the job. Personally I loathe it. You're a decent gang, and it seems to me any one of you would make as good a fist of it as I have. So I'm going to leave you to it, and, as 'I've done the State some service' and so on, I'm going to ask you for one break in return. Regard this as strictly in cabinet. Give me twenty-four hours start before you breathe a word to your wife or your best friend. I'll never trouble you again. I shall disappear, I shall cease to be. I'm tired of bothering to help rule a world as mad as this one. Go right ahead, my buckos, but I quit. Only as loyal supporters, you must give me your sworn word that you'll let me have my twenty-four hours start."

Not a pig had been drawn, not a pattern designed, oddly enough, since he started this address. His Cabinet sat rigid and aghast.

"But Mr. Prime Minister, you can't do this," gasped Sir Peter Hawkins, Minister for War.

"Oh, can't I?" said John Pettifer. "Now I am going to play Hamlet's father's ghost. Gentlemen, rulers of England, as to the matter of my twenty-four hours grace, raise your right hands and say from your hearts, 'I swear!'"

Still no pigs were drawn.

"Swear!"

The stunned pause lengthened.

"Swear!"

He stood smiling at them, fierce blue eyes compelling above the grizzled beard. They had no rules to guide them, no code. In all history nothing like this before. They had gathered to discuss the affairs of the world and the country, and here was a bombshell worse than any Bolshevik's flung into their midst by the revered leader.

"Now!" he ordered, blue eyes blazing.

He had the habit of command. Unwillingly, sheepishly, feeling that this was all very un-English and irregular they raised timid hands and said, "I swear."

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Pettifer, "as ever I trust you. At a virile fifty-five the thought of ordinary retirement or the House of Lords is out of the question, at least for me. Also I have personal reasons for starting afresh. You will have a lot to talk about. If you bear me any regard I would ask you to prolong your discussions for two hours at least. Longer, I'd prefer. It is the last service I shall ask of you. You have my deepest thanks, and my sincere good wishes. If by staying I could achieve anything I'd sacrifice myself, but you will deal better with the situation without me, since I have despaired. I do not ask your forgiveness. I merely ask your understanding. I must be about my own business now. Good luck to you then."

"But——," yelped the Minister for Transport and was silent.

"There are no 'buts,' Reggie," said John Pettifer, for all his beard looking amazingly young. "This is the best thing that could happen for the country and you and me." He raised his hand in a light-hearted gesture of farewell. "Cheerio, blokes," he said. "All the best."

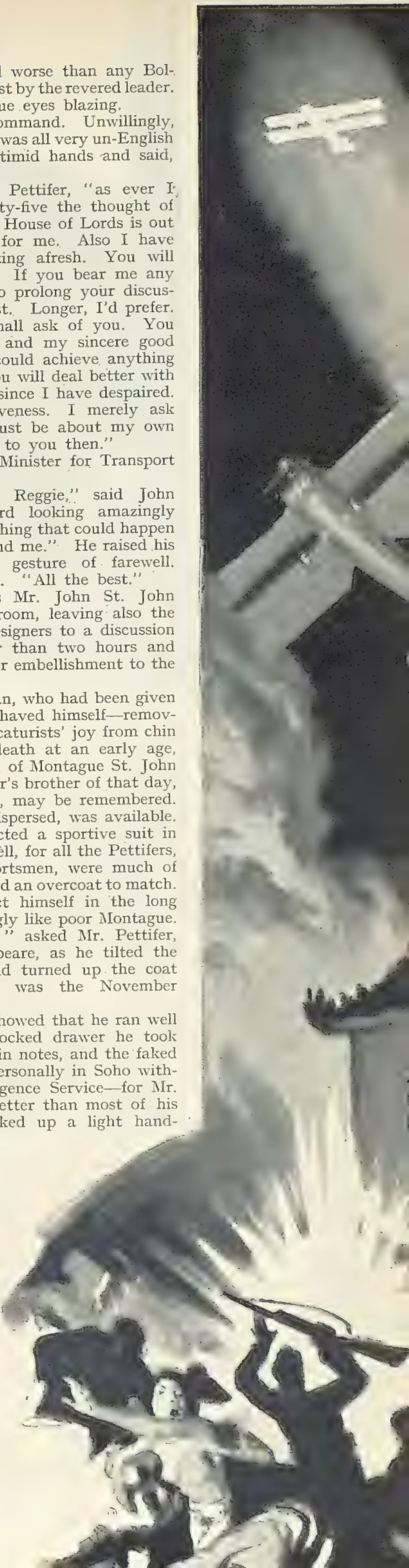
On these happy words Mr. John St. John Pettifer left the Cabinet room, leaving also the former pig-drawers and designers to a discussion which went on far longer than two hours and did not add a single further embellishment to the blotters.

In the absence of his man, who had been given the day off, Mr. Pettifer shaved himself—removing every trace of the caricaturists' joy from chin and lip. The lamented death at an early age, even for such a good trier, of Montague St. John Pettifer, the Prime Minister's brother of that day, from cirrhosis of the liver, may be remembered. His wardrobe, as yet undispersed, was available. From it Mr. Pettifer selected a sportive suit in checks which fitted him well, for all the Pettifers, whether politicians or sportsmen, were much of a figure, a rakish felt hat and an overcoat to match. When he came to inspect himself in the long mirror he looked exceedingly like poor Montague.

"'What's in a name?'" asked Mr. Pettifer, who was fond of Shakespeare, as he tilted the hat at a bolder angle and turned up the coat collar, for outside there was the November chill.

A glance at his watch showed that he ran well to schedule. From the locked drawer he took the five thousand pounds in notes, and the faked passport he had bought personally in Soho without the aid of the Intelligence Service—for Mr. Pettifer knew his world better than most of his supporters guessed—picked up a light handbag, laughed at himself joyously again, shrugged away all care, and walked out.

He hoped Mrs. Pettifer was enjoying herself in that discreet flat in Chelsea, and for the first time in his life was glad there were no children. Before it had seemed they might be some consolation.

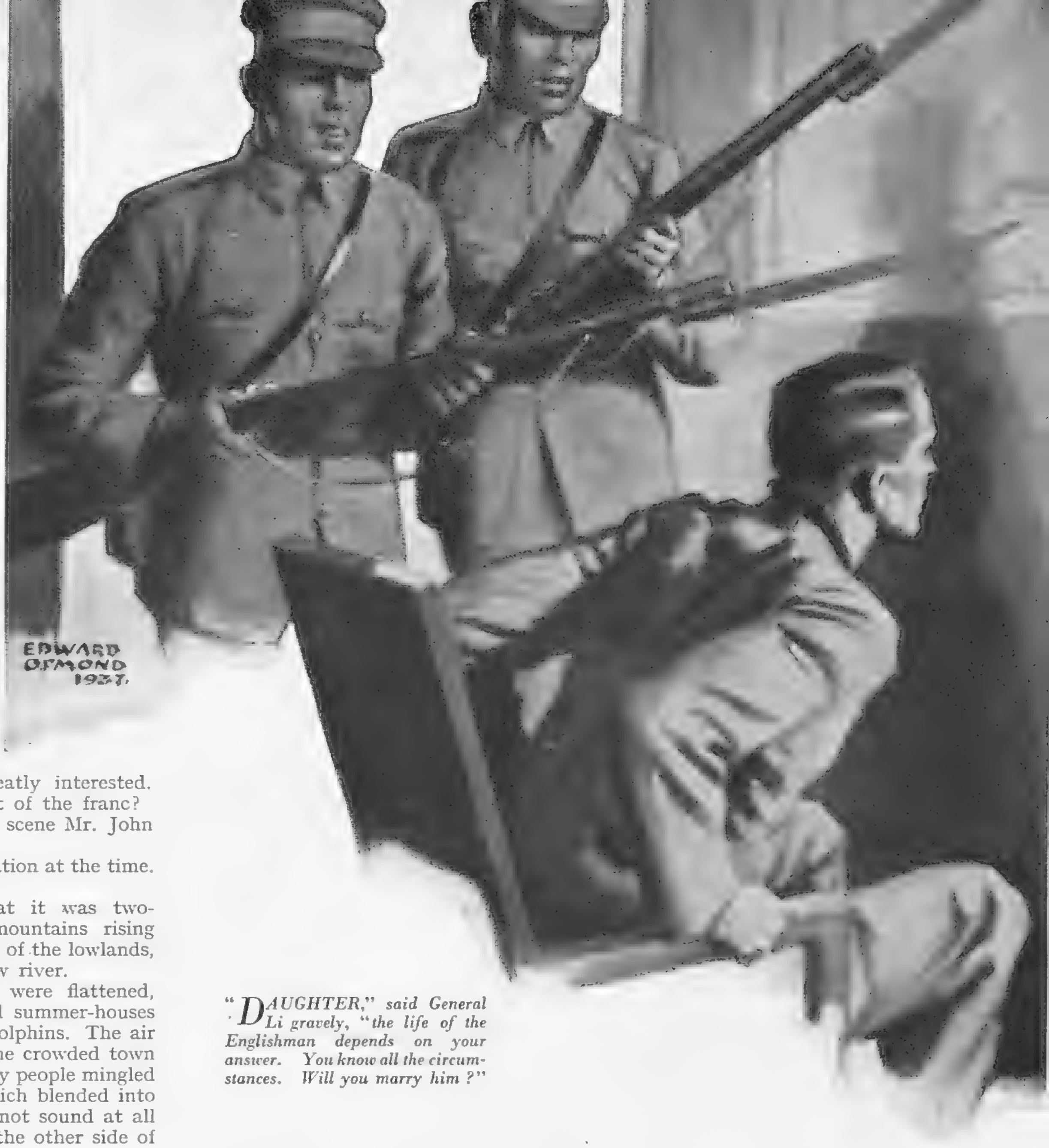


Then he left by the front door of No. 10, strolled down Whitehall to Trafalgar Square, and from among the crowds hailed a cab and said, "Drive like blazes to Croydon. I must catch the Paris plane." Not even Montague could have looked more like an ordinary sporting gentleman. He sat back in the corner with a sigh of contentment.

In Paris an obscure hairdresser who dyed the Englishman's greyish hair paid no special attention to his customer who tipped just the right amount, spoke perfect French, and was doubtless a member of the English colony who was hoping to deceive, and would certainly be deceived by, a coquette. When he heard days later of the disappearance of England's Prime Minister he was not greatly interested. The question was: what of the franc?

Thus passed from the scene Mr. John St. John Pettifer.

It caused quite a sensation at the time.


EDWARD OSMOND 1937.

"DAUGHTER," said General Li gravely, "the life of the Englishman depends on your answer. You know all the circumstances. Will you marry him?"

A MOON so big that it was two-dimensional, the mountains rising blackly out of the cream of the lowlands, sailed beyond the yellow river.

In the garden there were flattened, twisted trees, and small summer-houses with eaves curled like dolphins. The air smelt of musk. From the crowded town came the rumour of many people mingled with two-note music which blended into a background of sound not sound at all but a living mosaic on the other side of night.

The bats were about, and frogs spoke hoarsely to each other.

Flower-of-the-Twilight and the Englishman, Parrington, were together and secret on the mossy bank of the yellow river. A warm breeze caressed them. Sometimes the ghost of a junk stole by, oblong sail tilted at the moon. Fires burned on the other bank, golden and living, with shadows about them. The waters sighed. It was quiet there.

"Flower," said the Englishman, "you are the thing they said could never happen—you are the meeting of east and west."

"Darling," said the Flower, "maybe I am. Maybe that's why I feel so queer sometimes. I belong to two worlds and so I belong to neither really."

"I wish you belonged to me."

"One day, perhaps, I shall." She spoke softly, with just the tinkle of an accent, so that the simplest words made music as bits of cheap glass may when played by the breeze.

"That would be your solution. Here you are with your American education yet living in China, in the wilderness. You're not American; you're not Chinese. They call me here, the Englishman, but I am not. I am I, and you are you. That is all we are, either of us. Just two plain human beings whom Fate, or whatever you call it, has shaped for each other. We have come strange ways to our meeting, and yet we have met."

"Yes," she said, "yes. Now I know why I left America. I used to wonder why I had. It is all so strange. You are older than I, much older, and yet"—her small, pale hand made a cup with his—"in here we hold some secret, some treasure, something only you and I have for each other. I am not wise, in spite of college and the 'wisdom' of the east. But it is so."

There by the sighing river with the great moon it was easy to be brave, and so he said, "You're all the world to me, but when you talk of age I am troubled. How old are you?"

"I am eighteen." Her fine fingers pressed his hand. "And you, what have you to be troubled about? You may be a hundred years old, but to me you are twenty. I cannot tell you why—it just is so. Twenty and eighteen are good ages to be in love."

"I find it so."

"I find it so. And see, here is my mouth to kiss."

He kissed her mouth which was warm and scented, myrrh.

"Oh, let me look at you," he said then.

She knelt above him and made a merry kowtow. In her silver-embossed blue pyjamas, buttoned high at the neck, on which the moonshine glittered, she was a figure from a Chinese screen. There was a delicate beauty in every line of her. Ages ago when Chinese art was at its flower she had been drawn with the finest brush of the greatest artist who was content to draw no more. By some miracle she had come to life in this modern world of ugliness and turmoil, a survival, a resurrection. At least so it seemed to Parrington, lying there on the river's bank, and watching her against the silver of the moon. Her eyes, beneath their tilted, pencilled brows, were deep pools, her cheekbones were carved from ivory, and oh, her mouth! her mouth!

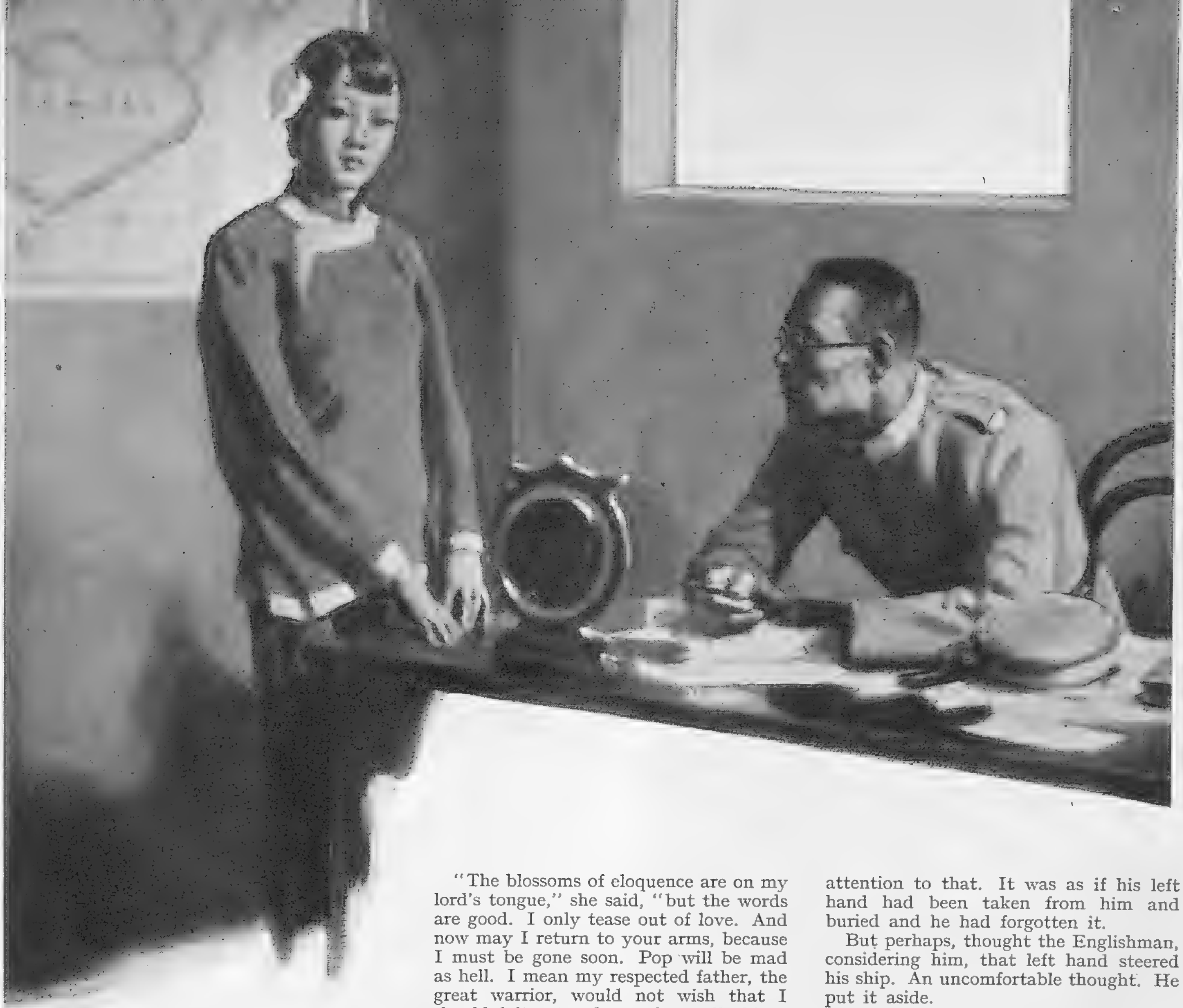
She knelt there, then, and smiled down at him, her little teeth white as a glimpse of foam.

"Stay just like that. I didn't know there was so much beauty and so much happiness. Dreams are real, after all."

"If my lord wishes," she said with a small laugh like the sound of a bell wrought from old silver, "I shall kneel here until the dawn."

She put her fragile hand to the pale white flower in the shining darkness of her hair.

"So now we understand why the Englishman has lingered so long in dull



Tzing-kau, and why dull Tzing-kau is no longer dull for me."

"So far as I'm concerned I've known since the first day our cars met in that bump."

"Such a prosaic beginning, but such a swell result. But I must not say 'swell.' I know you, my Englishman. To you I must be your Chinese princess with the added attraction that you can talk to her without an interpreter. Is it not so?"

Parrington grinned a trifle ruefully.

"I suppose I am an old fool."

"A fool, yes," she said, making music, "what man in love, what girl in love, is not a fool? But old, no! You are the boy friend. No, that is wrong again. You are my Green-corn-in-the-dawn."

"You are so beautiful, my love."

"And you are my love. But why did you come here? How did we meet?"

"I came here by chance in the course of a long pilgrimage to escape from the world of practical things, of war and strife, of politics and vain effort. I found you. I came seeking I don't know what. I found you. I had had twenty-five years of men's labours for their country and their causes, and that was enough. My undirected wanderings brought me here to you and this garden. You and this garden were the end of my pilgrimage."

"The blossoms of eloquence are on my lord's tongue," she said, "but the words are good. I only tease out of love. And now may I return to your arms, because I must be gone soon. Pop will be mad as hell. I mean my respected father, the great warrior, would not wish that I should loiter too long where all things are so propitious for love."

She swayed down to him, light and gentle and eager as a poppy in the wind.

And the Englishman's arms, empty so long, hungry so long, closed about the lithe bamboo of her young body.

SUNSHINE, striking through the unglazed windows, made patterns on the clay floor magnified from the bars. Two unnaturally alert soldiers stood sentry at the door. From outside came the tramp of drilling troops, the clatter of grounded rifles.

General Li Yang-Wu, commander of the Sixteenth Army, and war lord of the province of Tang-tao, sat at his paper-littered desk. The brown walls were bare, save for a shelf on which a dozen books stood. In the chair on the other side of the desk sat the Englishman.

General Li looked even younger than his thirty-five years. He wore horn-rimmed glasses which registered before his khaki uniform. A revolver lay among the papers. His dark hair was slicked back and his face was smooth. He might have been a headteller in the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank—he might have been quite easily, but he was General Li of the Sixteenth Army, another story. His polite smile came and went as if on wires. His right hand was long and delicate, but he had no left hand at all. Only a stump that peeped now and then from out the khaki sleeve. He paid no attention to that. It was as if his left hand had been taken from him and buried and he had forgotten it.

But perhaps, thought the Englishman, considering him, that left hand steered his ship. An uncomfortable thought. He put it aside.

"I see, General," he said, "that you read Shakespeare and the Latin classics."

"I was going to say," said General Li, twitching the wires for his smile, "that one must have some escape from war. A mis-statement. All those are full of war. The point is that war is only endurable when it is translated to paper, like love and life and many other things. However, at the moment that is not the point. I asked you to be so good as to call on me to-day, first, because you are an Englishman, and we naturally desire to stand well with the English."

"I accept that as quite true," Parrington said, "and may I add that there is nothing England desires more at this time than to preserve——" He broke off suddenly, smiled crookedly, and concluded, "Thank you. And you also wanted me because——?"

"Because you are so far as one may judge, free, unencumbered and an adventurer in the best sense of the word, or you would not be here. Am I right?"

"You are."

"May I ask why you have lingered so long in this commonplace town on the edge of hostilities?"

"I have my reasons but they are purely personal."

"The best of reasons, I am sure." The general bowed. "Therefore I respect your privacy. The question I wish to ask is: would you be prepared to undertake a task for (*Continued on page* 90)

A FOKKER Armstrong Siddeley air taxi about to take off from Croydon

Air Taxi,

CAPTAIN OLLEY, who has been an air-taxi man for many years, was chartered to fly to Las Palmas and transport Generals Franco and Mola to Spain

NIGEL TANGYE, the author of this article, who at one time, was an air-taxi pilot. Was the pilot of the aeroplane from which the pictures of the Dartmoor mutiny were taken, thereby getting a big scoop for the papers by whom he was chartered

I REMEMBER the day well because I happened to miss death by inches three times in as many minutes.

It was the day that the memorial service to the crew of the M.2 was to be held at the spot, six miles off Weymouth, where the submarine sank. I was delegated by the firm for whom I was then working as air-taxi pilot to fly a photographer representing the *Daily Mail* and *Evening News* to the scene in order to obtain aerial pictures of the event.

We took off from Stag Lane aerodrome (now, alas, an unrecognisable, crowded tract of built-up area) in a Puss Moth cabin machine with a young photographer sitting behind me.

Although the weather at the time was fairly good, I knew from the weather report that it was not going to hold and that a bit more to the south the clouds were down on the hills and rain was expected. After a quarter of an hour's flying we had our first taste of mist, and I was forced to alter course and fly very low. I decided I could not make straight for Weymouth so turned south towards Southampton. I knew that I would be able to creep westward along the coast in comparative safety. There was sure to be room between the cloud base and the sea. The detour cost us time and I was not at all sure that we were not going to arrive too late for the picture we most wanted to get—the action of the padre throwing the wreath into the sea. Conditions, however, had been sufficiently difficult for me to hope that none of our rivals had got through at all. In this, I proved gloriously wrong. I was not so clever at bad-weather flying as I thought, for having groped about the sea in the mist trying to find the scene of activities, I suddenly saw an aeroplane flash past from the opposite direction. We then came upon a small group of warships, and round and round them buzzed at least six aeroplanes each with a rival photographer on board. My heart sank. Our effort was going to be singularly unexclusive.

I do not know how much of the memorial service was heard by those on board the ship. I only know that aeroplanes were flying round no higher than the truck of the mast the whole time and that their pilots had their work cut out to avoid collision and at the same time to place their machines in good position for the photographers. At length, the service was over and we had our pictures. The time was then about noon and I had to land in a field just outside Weymouth in order to wait for the photographs that had been taken by our man on board the ship. As soon as these arrived, I was to rush the lot back to London in time for the late editions of the *Evening News*. No sooner had I landed than a large Fokker loomed out of the mist and put down, too. It was our direct rival piloted by one of the finest air-taxi pilots in the country, Joe Birkett, with the *Evening Standard* photographer on board. Joe was waiting for the same reason as I, and together we watched the weather get worse and worse until, finally, we could barely see the opposite hedge.

Two hours later, and no sign of the awaited photographs, I decided I could not wait any longer and took off into the mist for home. Keeping just above the hedges, I turned straight for the coast as I knew a "coast-crawl" was my only hope of getting our pictures back. I found conditions east of Portland Bill even worse than I had expected. The knowledge that Joe was on the same job for the *Standard* was the only thing that made me go on.

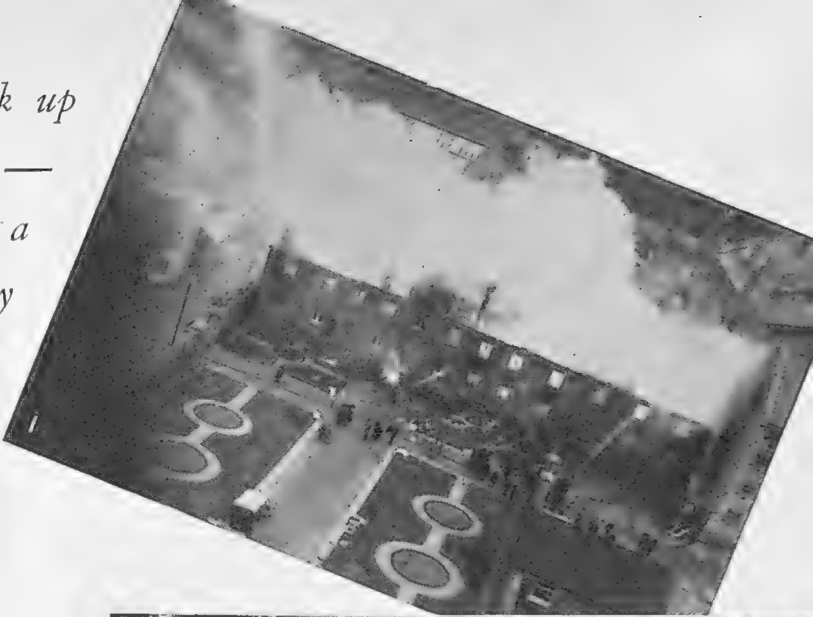
To my left the tops of the Swanage cliffs were hidden in mist. To my right was the sea—a little patch of grey water speeding beneath my wing-tip, all else shrouded in fog. Keeping as close to the cliffs as I dared, I followed their contours in and out of bays, round promontories, at 110 miles an hour. With no warning whatsoever, we ran into a patch of mist thicker than the rest and instantly the cliff face a hundred yards away to the left was obscured. There was only one thing to do to avoid the possibility of running into the next little promontory—turn back to where I knew it was clear. I made a steep turn out to sea, my eyes fixed on the tiny patch of grey water a few feet beneath me, and hoped for the best that I might judge a right-about turn and pick up the coast again at a nice oblique angle which would enable me to turn in time towards Weymouth again without colliding with it. In conditions of mist over the sea one has only the vaguest sense of direction if the water is so calm that there are no waves, so that it was entirely due to good fortune that we came upon the cliffs again at just the right angle and I was able to turn along them and use them as a guide back to the Weymouth field. I had just breathed a sigh of relief when suddenly my whole view through the windscreen forward was obscured by a huge flying boat. It, too, was following the line of the cliffs in the mist, only in the opposite direction. I thought a collision inevitable, but with mechanical effort I pulled back the stick with the one hope of passing over it. I shut my eyes and waited for the crash. . . . None came. I opened them and found we were very little better off. We were in cloud, nothing but mist around us, no blind-flying instruments for me to fly by, not nearly enough height between cloud base and sea to recover normal flight if we came out of the cloud out of control, and, what felt worst of all, the very real knowledge that the tops of the cliffs were in cloud and that the last time I saw them they were only fifty yards away to the right. Fortune was with us again. I eased the plane down. Moments that seemed years and then a welcome patch of sea below us, the cliffs still only fifty yards to the right.

We staggered back to the field at Weymouth. You could not see across it by that time. I taxied to the corner where I saw the Fokker was just about to take off. I jumped out

To Addis Ababa—Las Palmas, to pick up Franco and Mola and fly them to Spain—Gretna Green to stop a wedding—are a few of the exciting jobs of work done by The Air-Taxi Man

By Nigel Tangye

Sir?



and shouted up to Joe in his cockpit that it was impossible to get back. At all costs, I had to dissuade him. I could not allow the rival pictures to get through.

"You can't do it, Joe! Honest you can't! The visibility's nil."

"I think I'll have a shot at it!" he shouted back. He pushed forward his throttle. There was a roar of engine and his large machine sped across the field and I wondered just what was going to happen to me in the morning. Out of a job, I supposed. He was out of sight before he was in the air. I heard him do one circuit and then—joyous sound!—I heard him throttle back to land. His machine touched ground and then trundled along towards us. He switched off his engine. The propeller seemed reluctant to stop. "You're right," he shouted, "we'll have to stay here awhile!"

I DID other jobs for the same group of newspapers. Other more successful jobs. The Dartmoor Prison riot photographs, for instance, when we got a twelve-hour scoop. As in everything, luck played its part in that, too. I was reading the Sunday papers in the lounge of the London Aeroplane Club, lazing the morning away. No machines were up because fog kept them on the ground. Then the telephone rang and I answered it. "A photographer on his way . . . Dartmoor riots . . . convicts in charge . . . machine-guns . . . prison blazing . . . take off as soon as the man arrives . . . get back for special editions of the *Sunday Dispatch* . . . good luck!"

By the time F. E. Rust—one of the finest press photographers—arrived, I had our machine ready, a Puss Moth again, and the engine warmed up. He brought with him a reporter. The heavy load, combined with the long wet grass of the aerodrome, prevented us rising first time. I had to taxi back for the longest run possible. We tried again and rose clumsily into the mist-laden air. For an hour and a half we groped our way westward, sometimes losing sight of the ground altogether. Then there came a sudden clearing and I saw a huge column of smoke curling into the air. I altered course slightly and made for it. It was the prison. Arrived at the scene we had a most uncomfortable feeling in the region of our *postérieurs* because we had been told that the convicts had machine-guns and the floor of the plane offered singularly little protection. Fortunately, as we flew over and over the roof tops of the burning prison to get our pictures, no shots were fired at us and we realised that we had been misinformed.

Having got all we wanted, I flew to Plymouth aerodrome to pick up photos that had been taken from the ground. We waited there an anxious hour for them, anxious because I realised we could not get back before dark—and there was mist all the way. At last they came, and we were off flying at full speed for home. We landed at Stag Lane when it was just a pool of (*Continued on page* 111)

Four interesting pictures taken from an air taxi

1. *The Dartmoor Prison mutiny*
2. *The King's Langley, Herts, smash in which four trains were involved*
3. *The giant liner "Aquitania" stuck on a mudbank*
4. *A cricket match in progress at Old Trafford*

WHAT IS

Women are lucky to-day. Beauty culture, rightly applied, can keep most women young, can correct most that is wrong. Clever household equipment has taken most of the drudgery out of housekeeping. Shops co-operate with women, in complete understanding of modern feminine requirements. We have never been so aware of physical fitness and how to get it.

Every minute of the time something new is happening to make life simpler for us all. An inspiration takes form and shape, an invention is perfected, an idea becomes a reality. But how, you ask, are you to keep track of all these things? The answer is you cannot be expected to.

Good Looks

DANDRUFF	1	Instead of soap at the next shampoo, massage the scalp with a cream derived from gland extracts which generate healthy hair and skin. Also good, a soapless shampoo containing Vitamin F, which freshens, tones and takes little time.
CHAPPED HANDS	2	Slip a perfumed white lotion over the hands which straightway masks them as lily-pale and smooth; most satisfying. Or, if the good is to be permanent, use a bleach which softens and counteracts exposure; indispensable.
SUPERFLUOUS HAIR	3	A wholly efficient, painless eradicator that you can work yourself at home, and follow with a soothing cream, is one beauty specialist's solution. Another consists of a lotion, a balsam, a cream and a powder, which also does the trick.
BLACK-HEADS	4	Harley Street specialists advise a week in a nursing-home to eliminate the poison that causes blackheads. But a beauty doctor has compressed the essence of their treatment into a skin-clearing face-pack to be left on for twenty minutes and then washed away.
CROW'S FEET	5	A certain cream blots out life's history from the eye-socket. A mild astringent patted in lightly, after, keeps lines away. If puffiness or shadows are the trouble, wring out a herbal sachet in warm water and keep on for fifteen minutes; a miracle.
LONG EYELASHES	6	You can grow them with an oil that serves as a becoming eyeshadow and nourishes the lash follicles. Or a tonic which, besides promoting growth, makes the lashes beautifully silky and glossy.
BRITTLE NAILS	7	A first-class cream coated over them, nightly for three weeks, under gloves, will stop this nuisance for all time. A special colourless enamel placed under the colour varnish prevents this from over-drying the nail.
SPOTS ON BACK	8	A stimulating and slightly antiseptic bath at night will deal with these blemishes, if helped by a good rub with a rough towel and a dusting of medicated powder. Eat less meat and starch and more fresh fish, vegetables and fruit.
SLIMMING	9	A special preparation has only to be coaxed into local fat by easy massage to dissolve it, wherever it is. If you want all-round slimming, drink a tonic tea which reduces instantly, is safe to take, invigorates.
RED UPPER ARMS	10	This is partly due to bad drying and partly to a deficiency of oil cells under the skin. Use a friction cloth to dispel gooseflesh. Then smooth in a rich balm which, while it feeds the cells, starts them *oil-producing.*

Shopping

11 **Guinea Model Hats.** A new hat can be made on your head for one guinea, at a place where there are flocks of models to choose from. If you are rushed for time, they will finish it the same day.

12 **Night Cap.** Designed by a famous beauty specialist, a coloured tulle turban is cunningly shaped to keep the most curl-troubled coiffure in place; is pretty and comfortable. Something to dream about, if you sleep in one.

13 **A Fascinating Shop.** Dustproof paper flowers for decorative purposes, dyed to match your curtains, carpet, covers, come from a fascinating shop where they will advise you on table decorations and out-of-the-ordinary flower arrangements.

14 **Cheap Sequins.** At a West End shop you can buy, quite inexpensively, sequin trimmings by the yard or shaped into collars, boleros and evening tops to enliven dark frocks. Also strong, durable poult at 2s. 6½d. per yard, in over a hundred shades; perfect for tight-fitting slips to prevent seat trouble in skirts.

15 **They Cut For You.** Take your pattern troubles to an expert cutter at a West End store, who will cut and tack from 5s. 11d., or make up from 35s. with as many fittings as are necessary. If you are not sure which material to buy, she will help you to choose.

16 **Invisible Mending.** Cigarette burns and other hole troubles can be invisibly mended, even if it's a carpet that needs re-tufting or a torn chair cover; there is a firm which will cope with these in your own home.

17 **Hand-made Gloves.** If you are an enterprising accessory seeker who likes something different, there is a place which will cut glove patterns to your own hand measurements. They look so good with contrasting stitching. Glove patterns and skins are sold separately if you wish to cut your own.

18 **A Foundation.** Tail and stomach bulges are literally netted in by a heavenly lace-thin foundation garment which costs twelve and sixpence, but is worth its light-weight in gold. Many models, including some really bust-lifting brassières, are illustrated in a fascinating Free Booklet supplied to you, with the addresses of provincial stockists, thus solving a problem for the out-of-town woman.

19 **Chic Without Frills.** A shop which is famous for its feminine chic without frills has all the things that go to make a tailored suit perfect; good-looking handbags, belts, scarves and blouses.

20 **Unusual Woollies.** There is a house with atmosphere which specialises in unusual hand-knit Shetland woollies, alpaca wool coats, sweaters, waistcoats and skirts, in stock sizes and enchanting colours. They can be made to measure for your own particular want; plain or hand-embroidered with flower designs.

YOUR PROBLEM ?

It is a whole-time job. Our job, in fact. Our job, too, and pleasure, to pass on to you all the specialised knowledge that we are absorbing all of the time.

Here, then, is a numbered list of many new ideas for the home, in shopping, the beauty and health difficulties that bother women. If you want fuller particulars, write to the Editor, Women's Department, "Britannia & Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4, giving the numbers you want, marking your envelope "Problem." Please note that only the numbers listed can be dealt with here.

Housing

21 **Noise.** To insulate a sound-proof room at the time of building is cheap; even later the cost is not prohibitive. The best insulating material is applied to the walls in sheets. It costs around ten pounds to make the average room quiet.

22 **Floors.** Cork tiling is decorative, serviceable, practical. It looks like parquet, wears like cork and can be laid in different ways to achieve individual designs. It is ideal for halls, landings and bathrooms.

23 **Carpet You Can Cut.** A new kind of carpet has a specially woven back, permeated with resilient rubber that makes it possible to cut it wherever you want to and to join the carpet invisibly. Cut edges are automatically selvedged. Fraying and binding eliminated.

24 **A Moving Bar.** A practical novelty for the small home where parties mean overcrowding. . . . An oak cocktail wagon with two pull-out extension trays, compartments for bottles and glasses. You wheel the drinks round.

25 **Beautiful Clocks.** Electrical clocks have already proved their reliability. Now they are making them to fit a delicately feminine scheme of furnishing There is an exquisite variation of the sun-ray design in coloured glass. Lovely to look at, reliable to use.

26 **Door Furniture.** For an extra touch of character that will accentuate the delicacy of the newest decorative schemes, consider English hand-painted china door knobs and finger plates. The groundwork is cream or white with flower designs in exquisitely shaded colouring.

27 **Glass Tiles.** They're new and practical for a dozen uses. Fit them around your electric fires or as illuminated panels; in fact, in most places where tiles are wanted. One firm will supply you with them, richly embossed with your particular sign of the Zodiac.

28 **Cooking Economy.** A new cooking stove will serve you equally well whether it is an omelette or a twenty-five pound turkey you are serving. It has a clean vitreous enamel finish, makes neither soot nor smoke and turns your fuel bill into pence.

29 **Hidden Wash-basin.** An ingenious gadget combines the uses of a dressing-table with the task of hiding the wash-basin. It is a kidney-shaped dresser, petticoated with chintz, fits over the wash-basin and swings out as required.

30 **New Cutlery.** A graceful cutlery design will give the final touch of distinction to a lovely table setting. Some well-known makers have produced new designs that make simple eating implements into works of art.

Good Health

ANAEMIA 31

Eat 6 ozs. raw grated carrots and 6 ozs. watercress daily, mixed with olive oil. Also 4 ozs. underdone steak or underdone liver. Fruit in plenty. And take a tablespoonful of essence of carrot and essence of spinach alternately, for twenty-eight days.

COLDS 32

These will not touch you if you rub camphorated oil into the soles of your feet after baths. If you do catch a head cold, use a preparation that clears the nose immediately and arrests cold-spread. Take a tablet containing vitamin A, which kills cold-germ.

CATARRH 33

This is a hang-over from a wrong diet. Cut down meat and bread to a minimum; eat lots of fruit, watercress, cream cheese, celery, radishes. Take two wineglasses daily of concentrated vegetable juices. If nasal, inhale Karsote. If bronchial, drink tea made of Iceland Moss.

CHILBLAINS 34

Methylated spirit relieves the itch, stops bursting. Glucose D, a dessertspoonful at breakfast daily, acts as a deterrent; but if you have them badly, suck calcium tablets to thicken the blood and cause chilblains to vanish and never reappear.

ACIDITY 35

Bicarbonate of soda is the usual remedy, but too much is harmful to the stomach lining. A simple draught taken before meals acts as an alternative, corrects digestion, prevents heartburn and flatulence or the setting-up of acidity.

HEADACHES 36

Only two remedies can be applied to all types of headache. (1) Two crushed aspirins in cold water, rest, and *weak* tea. (2) An *invisible* balm to be streaked across the ache area, which lifts pain immediately, as it deflects blood congestion at the spot.

INSOMNIA 37

A deliciously blended bath of thyme and lime-blossom will act as a soporific; a herbal nightcap will complete the good work and ensure sound sleep without either depressing the action of the heart or resulting in heaviness next morning; magic.

VARICOSE VEINS 38

Bandage bad ones firmly before stepping out of bed. But internal treatment is necessary to recondition circulation and restore elasticity to the tissues. One medicine is all that is required; one ointment for knotty veins. Very bad ones need injection.

NERVES 39

Walk for half an hour every day. Eat thyme honey on brown bread without butter. Feed at two-hourly intervals, minutely, on nourishing food. Take a tonic which has a steadying influence on the entire nervous system.

CONSTIPATION 40

Drastic purges only weaken and discourage the organs from functioning. There is, fortunately, a finely balanced formula which not only ejects but builds the membrane linings to full tone, thereby ensuring an ultimately perfect and natural action.

Old Tales Re-told

ÆSOP: *The Ugly Phrygian Slave Who Astounded Athens*

Written and Illustrated by F. Matania, R.I.

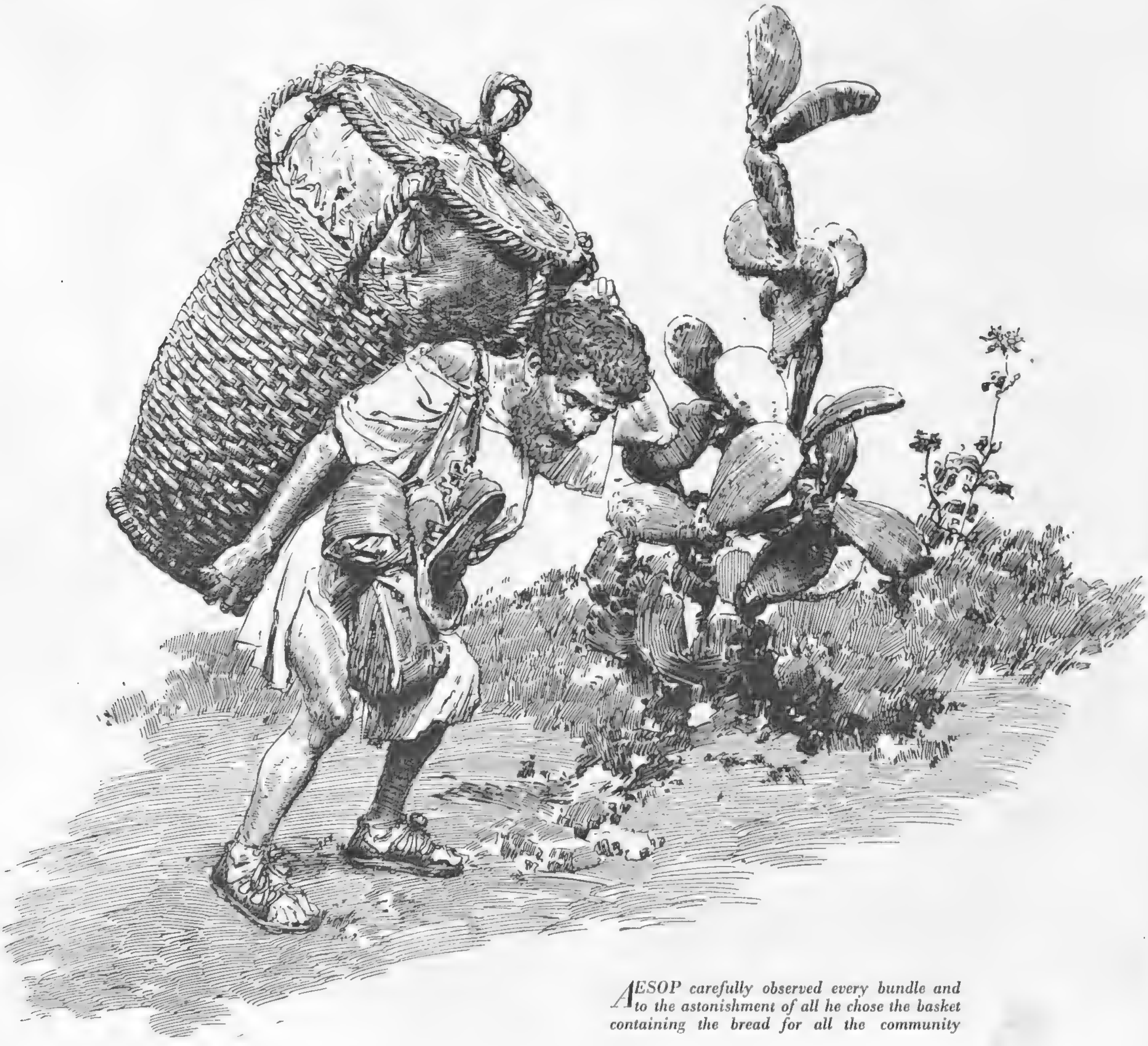
AMONG the classic writers Æsop, with the simple philosophy of his fables, has undoubtedly caught and held the imagination most strongly, his tales appealing to people of all ages and in all ages.

Both the life of Æsop and his work have been subjects of endless speculation and discussion among scholars, much of which has been wholly profitless and has given rise to many misunderstandings, but the fact remains that Æsop was the greatest of all fable writers and accounted by the Athenians one of the seven most learned and wise men of Greece. It was a miracle, though, that his talent was not drowned and suppressed by the adverse conditions of his life.

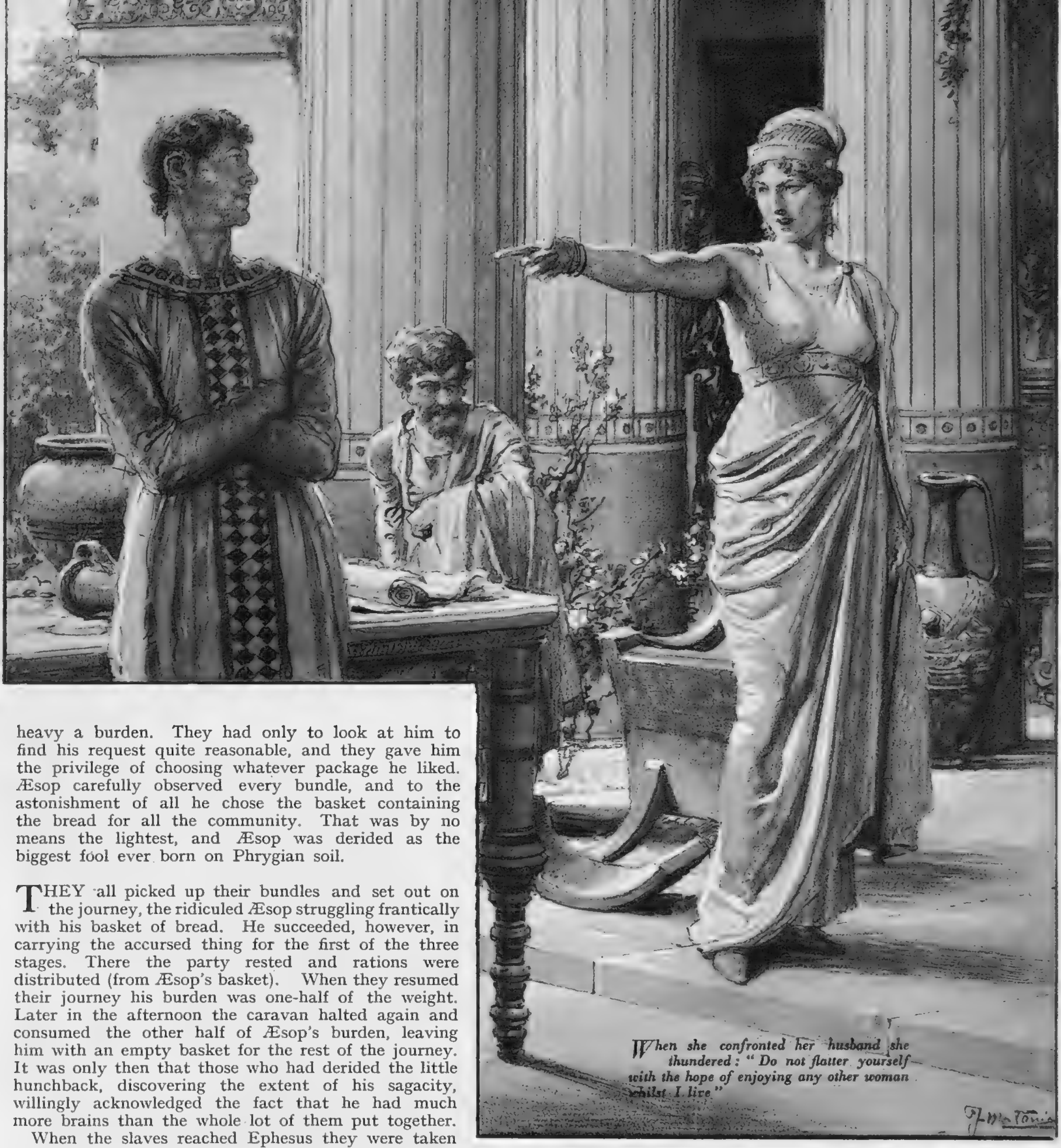
Æsop was born and grew up in the slave class, among that miserable crowd of human beings that Greek civilisation of 600 B.C. still kept subdued as though they were below the level of animals. A native of Phrygia (centre of modern Turkey), he had none of the characteristics accounted essential in a good and valuable slave. He had neither a good appearance, physical strength nor any capacity for hard work. He was deformed, weak and ugly. A marble bust of him still exists to-day and gives us a photographic likeness of this man to whom Nature had given a rare soul and such an ugly shape, the latter making him an object of unnecessary ridicule among a people who had developed the cult of physical beauty as has no other nation before or since.

Apart from some trivial records of his early boyhood, we have the first clear glimpse of Æsop when he was travelling with a caravan of slaves bound for the market at Ephesus.

Before starting, the baggage was distributed according to the physical potentialities of each man, woman and child. Æsop was heard appealing to the charitable feelings of his companions so that they would not load him with too



ÆSOP *carefully observed every bundle and to the astonishment of all he chose the basket containing the bread for all the community*



When she confronted her husband she thundered: "Do not flatter yourself with the hope of enjoying any other woman whilst I live."

heavy a burden. They had only to look at him to find his request quite reasonable, and they gave him the privilege of choosing whatever package he liked. Æsop carefully observed every bundle, and to the astonishment of all he chose the basket containing the bread for all the community. That was by no means the lightest, and Æsop was derided as the biggest fool ever born on Phrygian soil.

THEY all picked up their bundles and set out on the journey, the ridiculed Æsop struggling frantically with his basket of bread. He succeeded, however, in carrying the accursed thing for the first of the three stages. There the party rested and rations were distributed (from Æsop's basket). When they resumed their journey his burden was one-half of the weight. Later in the afternoon the caravan halted again and consumed the other half of Æsop's burden, leaving him with an empty basket for the rest of the journey. It was only then that those who had derided the little hunchback, discovering the extent of his sagacity, willingly acknowledged the fact that he had much more brains than the whole lot of them put together.

When the slaves reached Ephesus they were taken straight to the market, where they appeared wearing their best clothes and bearing labels briefly summarising their qualifications. With the exception of three they were soon all sold. The three left were a young orator, a musician, and Æsop. The merchant deemed it wiser to take them to Samos, and exhibit them in the market there. The orator wore the Greek toga, as being most appropriate to his profession, the musician wore the cuturnum (half-legged sandals) and a bright tunic and displayed his various instruments, while Æsop, unable to boast of anything, had nothing special with which to array himself, and was left standing between his two companions only conspicuous for his ugliness and passive resignation to all the unpleasant remarks of those crowding the market.

AT a certain point, the famous philosopher Xanthus, followed by a group of his pupils, approached the stand where the slaves were on exhibition. His attention was at once attracted by the two important-looking fellows, and he asked the orator what he could do. The answer was: "Anything. . . . Anything." It seemed marvellous. Then he addressed the musician with the same question, and the answer was: "Everything." Æsop was already chuckling after the first answer, but when he heard the second and saw with what an air of superiority and self-assurance the reply had been given, he burst out laughing loudly, only then attracting the attention of the buyers to his puny little person. After having been told that Æsop, too, was for sale, Xanthus asked him what he was able to do. Respectfully he replied that if his clever friend on his right could do anything and the still more clever one on his left could do everything, there was nothing left for him to do. That was already sufficient to convince Xanthus that the only one who had any brains at all was the little hunchback, and he began to really enjoy talking to him, because every answer that he got was prompt, intelligent, and significant. The dialogue went on, Xanthus asking: "If I do buy you, will you be quite honest?" Fixing his little piercing eyes on the tall figure of Xanthus, Æsop answered: "I am that, and will be that, whether you buy me or not." Xanthus saw that he had made a blunder, and tried to correct it by saying: "I mean, you will not run away, will you?" With the most superior smile Æsop answered: "Have you ever heard of a captive bird in a cage telling his master that he is contemplating escape?"

Xanthus realised more than ever that he was confronted with a superior mind, and decided to secure the bargain before the merchant understood the real value of his merchandise. This merchant, still not having any hope of making a good transaction with Æsop, was trying to dispose of the other two, for whom he was asking an exorbitant price. Xanthus was interested in buying only Æsop, and asked the merchant what was the lowest price for that miserable creature. The answer was: " Buy one of the other two, whichever you like, and I will throw Æsop into the bargain for nothing." Without discussion, Xanthus agreed to pay the price demanded, and took his newly-acquired slaves home with him.

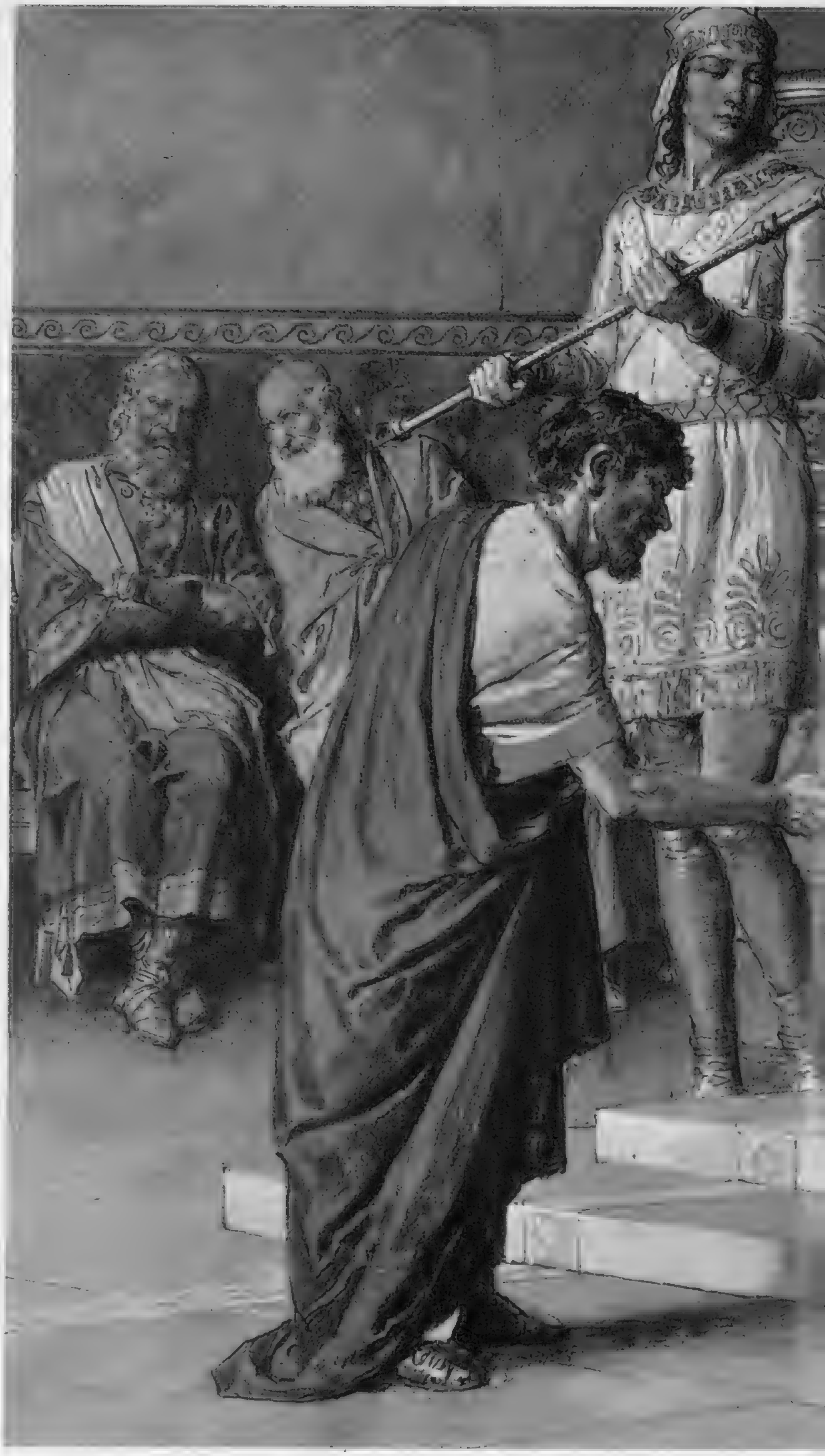
There he was confronted with a certain difficult little problem that surely must be as old as the world: how to make acceptable to the wife some ill-looking thing of which the husband is fond. Xanthus made up his mind to face the storm. He knew that his wife would make difficulties as soon as she set eyes on poor Æsop. He tried all the arguments he could muster to soften the blow, emphasising the tenderness, the faithfulness and many other hidden qualities of which the new servant would be capable, but when Æsop was called in, there was an explosion of indignation that no words could stop or appease.

She did not blame the poor monstrosity, who was silently listening to the avalanche of recrimination, but she blamed Xanthus most violently. She burst into tears, saying that to bring home a thing like that was only a proof of hatred and contempt on the part of a husband towards his wife.

Xanthus had exhausted every form of promise and persuasion. The sight of the imperturbable Æsop, silent and motionless, began to get on his nerves. He had expected Æsop to give some sign of life that could have helped him in his horrible predicament, but not a word, not a gesture, until Xanthus, losing all patience, turned on him and said: " You villain, why are you standing there, doing nothing, saying nothing? You have an easy tongue and all the wit at your will for every other circumstance. Now you see me struggling to pacify your mistress, and you don't say a single word to help me." Æsop came one step forward and quoted a Greek proverb that runs approximately like this: " O Lord, deliver us from being at the mercy of fire, water and a wicked woman."

If Xanthus' wife had been incensed before, now only a powerful imagination can conceive what happened after this.

Here, unfortunately, the historian does not tell us with what words Æsop succeeded not only in calming the furious woman, but in gaining her grace and favour.



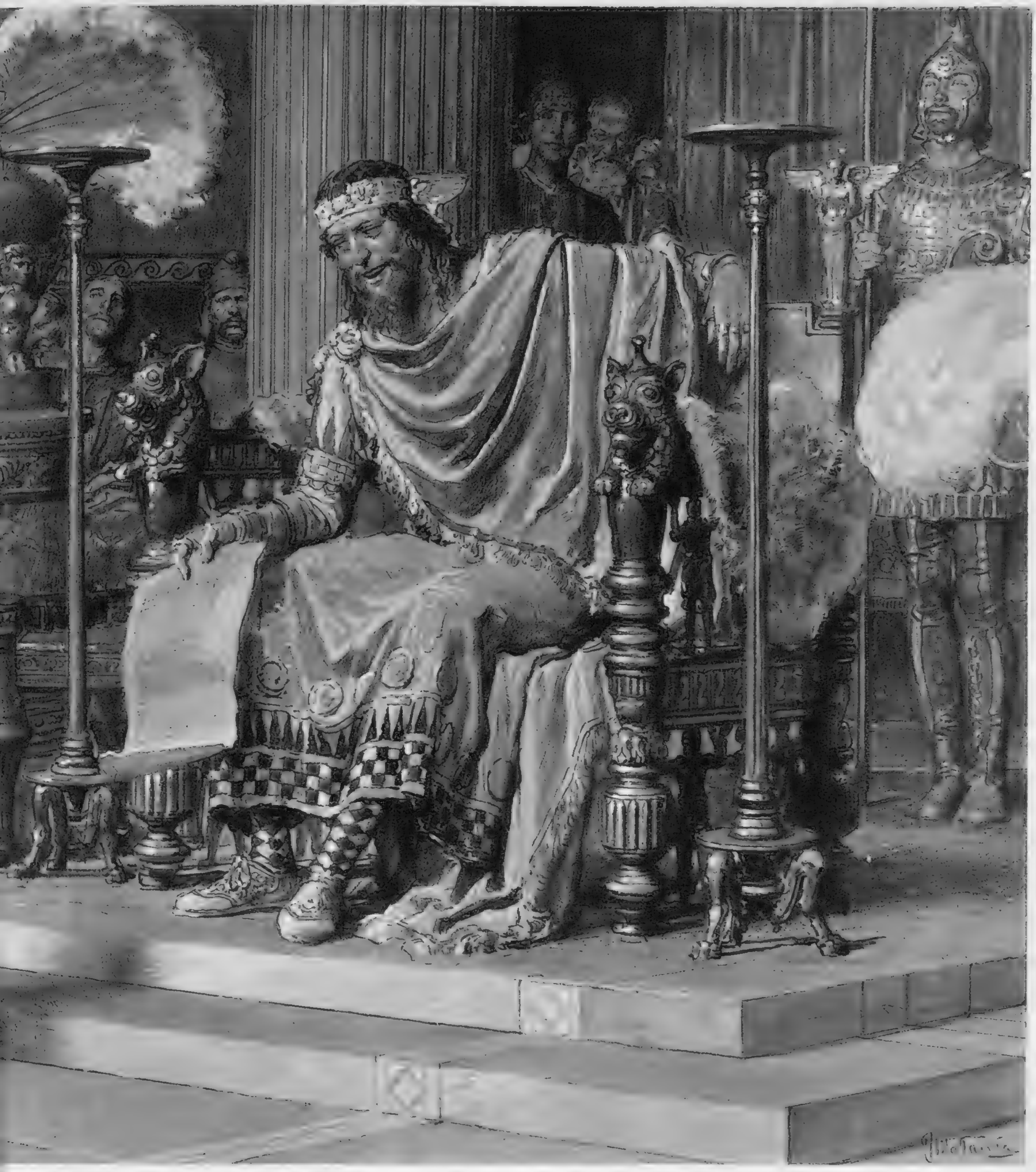
The King of Crœsus was
later he consented to

We know also that it was with a real feeling of gratitude to providence that Æsop looked upon his new home. There he had the opportunity of cultivating his intellect and was for once fully appreciated by someone who proved to be more a friend than a master. Later on those bonds of friendship became closer, and more particularly when a tragic event threatened the happiness of the entire household.

Xanthus' wife, besides being a beautiful woman, was very wealthy and well-born, but she had a domineering nature, and the more Xanthus conceded her, the more she took advantage of him. They did love each other most sincerely, but the difference in their inner characters was such that their life together was one of continuous friction.

One day when Xanthus stood his ground in an argument with unusual determination, his wife left home and went to her parents, naturally to tell the everlasting and unconvincing story of her victimisation. For a while Xanthus played the part of the he-man, keeping the dignified attitude of the master who dominated the position whether in good or stormy weather. But in reality it seemed that since his wife had left, the very life of the house had gone. Men friends were the only visitors. The servants pestered him with a thousand-and-one domestic problems. He loved his wife most tenderly and needed her more than anything in life.

Æsop, always a student of human relationships, realised what an infernal price even a strong, intelligent, handsome man sometimes has to pay for the love of a woman. He was seeking a brain-wave that could solve the situation. At last he had an idea, approached his master, and told him that he had a plan that would bring back his mistress in no time, and that she would be sweet and good and subdued as a lamb.



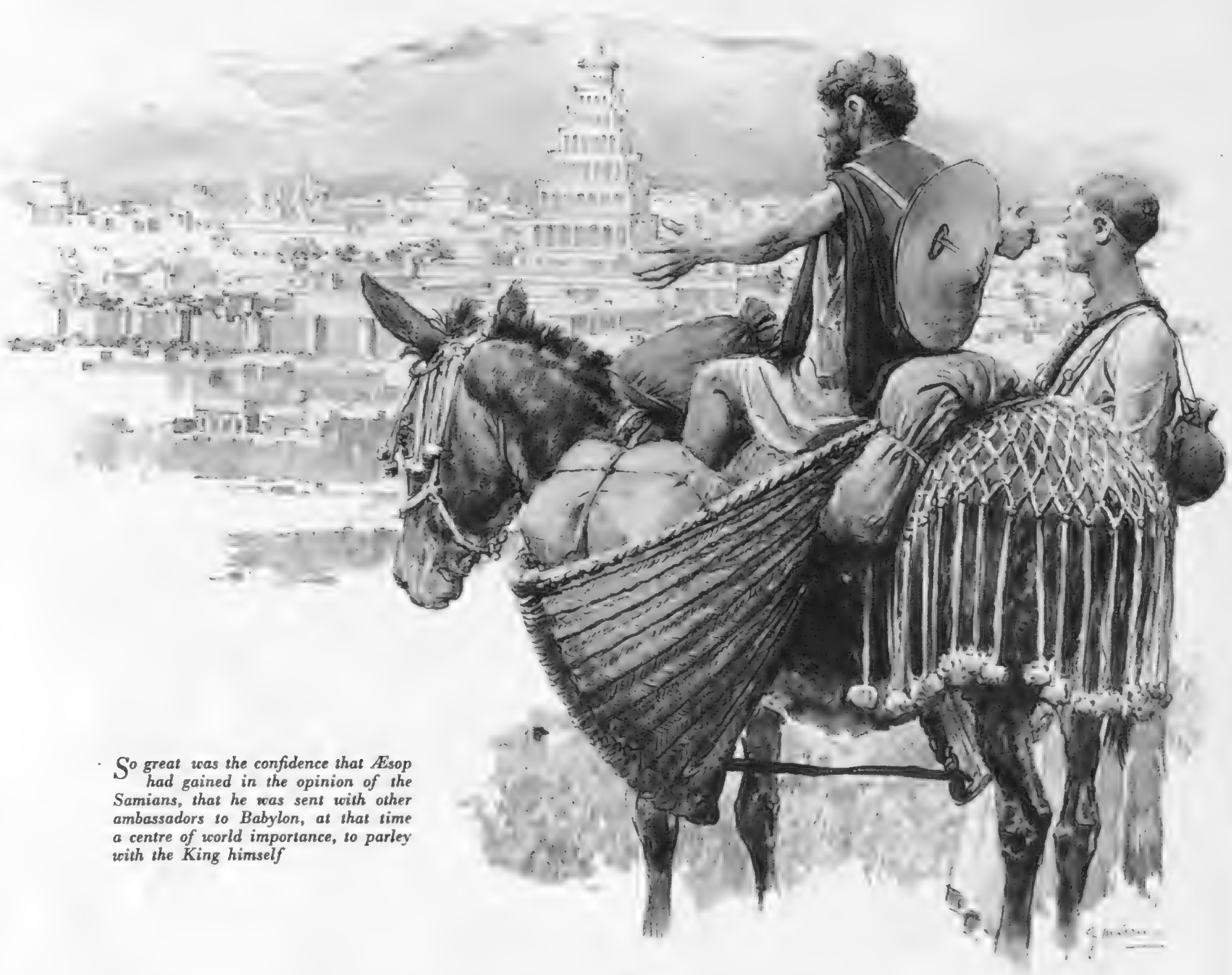
so impressed with the modesty of Æsop that a few minutes grant peace terms according to the wishes of the Samians.

Xanthus listened eagerly whilst Æsop said : " First of all, do not let anyone into the secret. Go to the market and give to the best butcher a big order for the best meats to be delivered at your house on a certain day. Go to the fishmonger. Astonish him with a similar order for oysters, fish and every delicacy that the sea can offer, to be delivered on the same day. Do the same with fruit and vegetables, and get the best that the season can give. Leave the rest to me."

At that time the most famous beauty known in Phrygia and in Asia was Doricha. She was commonly called Rodophis (rosy-cheeked), and was a slave by birth. She had been a friend and fellow-slave of Æsop whilst they belonged to the same master. This masterpiece of Nature had been living side by side with such a freak. History does not tell us exactly what part this woman played in the life of Æsop or that of Xanthus, but it is certain that they have both been connected with her. It is also certain that Xanthus took her to Egypt, where she was redeemed for a fabulous sum of money by Charaxus, a rich wine merchant of Lesbos who was the brother of Sappho, the Greek poetess. It is quite probable that on the occasion of Xanthus' quarrel with his wife, Æsop might have brought him in contact with this living Venus ; especially when one considers that in order to bring Xanthus' wife back to her home, Æsop's plan was based on the fostering of jealousy.

Æsop was known as the confidential friend of Xanthus, and he told everyone that his master, left alone by his wife, was marrying again, and that he had chosen for his new wife the most beautiful woman ever born. He was relying entirely on the gossiping power of the market, and was quite sure that some people would almost break their necks in giving the tidings publicity. He knew his mistress's temper, and so could easily gauge the volcanic effect that this news would be likely to have upon her.

Confident in the arrangements he had made, Æsop went home to deceive the rest of the servants. Decorators and gardeners were already festooning the house, when a team of galloping horses came to an abrupt stop before the door. The animals were panting, and their hides, covered with froth, still showed marks of the lashings which had hurried their breathless pace. Out of the chariot stepped the beautiful runaway.



So great was the confidence that Æsop had gained in the opinion of the Samians, that he was sent with other ambassadors to Babylon, at that time a centre of world importance, to parley with the King himself

Had Xanthus' wife held a torch in her hands, she would have been the most perfect representation of the classical furies described by the ancient poets of the Greek mythology.

In she came, threatening to overthrow, to smash, to break, to destroy with her presence whatever strange female would ever dare to set foot in her house, and when she confronted her husband she thundered : " Do not flatter yourself with the hope of enjoying any other woman whilst I live." But not many words were necessary, and every preoccupation vanished in smoke, for Xanthus opened his arms and she fell in them, giving way to that delightful reaction of eager tenderness. The return home of the mistress of the house was reason in itself for festivities, and so the huge orders of food for the supposed marriage came in very handy.

Æsop had become an extremely important person and was already acting as major domo. He was given a free hand in preparing a banquet exclusively for philosophers, colleagues of his master. He was told to arrange only for the most beautiful things to be served. To the astonishment of all, he served neat's tongues at every course, the only difference being in the preparation. Xanthus was furious and reproached him for such a meaningless joke, but Æsop justified himself by saying that the dinner was full of meaning, in fact: that nothing could be more beautiful than tongue, the key that led humanity into all knowledge, and he asked: " What could be more suitable for a philosophical banquet than a feast of tongues ? " They all agreed with Æsop, but Xanthus decided to give another banquet the next day, and this time Æsop was asked to leave the beautiful things alone and make a dinner composed of the worst things.

The next day, to the horror of everyone, the banquet started again with tongue, tongue for the second course, tongue for the third course, etc. Xanthus, unable to bear it any longer, lost his patience, caught hold of Æsop, and asked him what he meant by considering tongue as the most beautiful thing one day and as the worst on the next day. Æsop implored his master to calm himself, adding that there was no wickedness under the sun where the tongue had not a big part in it. If murder, treason, violence, calumny and lies were debated, communicated, plotted, tongue played its diabolical part.

There were many episodes of this nature, ending always in Æsop's triumph. Often he succeeded in getting his master out of trouble even when the position seemed hopeless, as will be seen in the following incident: Xanthus was giving one of those huge banquets at which rivers of wine were flowing. These dinners were intended for colleague philosophers, mathematicians and learned men in general. But it seemed that a mixed element succeeded in gaining access, because someone, taking advantage of Xanthus having drunk too much, coaxed him into an absurd wager. Æsop, who never left his master, kept warning him not to drink too much, saying that: " The humour of Bacchus at first makes the man cheerful, then it makes him drunk, and concludes by making him crazy." But one sweep of the hand of Xanthus, and Æsop was brushed aside together with his wise philosophy. One minute later Xanthus had staked his house and land against the obligation of drinking the sea dry. His ring was taken from him and with it the bet was sealed.

The sun was already high up in the sky when Xanthus opened his eyes and looked upon the world with serenity. Æsop told his master that if he did not want to lose his house, his land and all he possessed, he had to prepare himself to drink a little more than what he had drunk the previous night, and, more precisely, to drink the sea dry. Xanthus, who had not the slightest recollection of what had happened, thought that Æsop was off his head, but the loss of his ring and the written contract convinced him of the trap into which he had fallen. When asked why Æsop did not stop him Æsop answered: "That that would have been possible only if he had been the master and Xanthus the slave."

The tragic day was approaching rapidly and Xanthus was still in his terrible dilemma. In the end he gave it up and openly acknowledged to Æsop his inability to save his honour and his fortune. At the last minute he revealed to his master the plan with which to save the situation. "Go to the sea side"—runs the learned translation of Sir Roger L'Estrange—"with all your servants and your trinkets about you, and put on a countenance, that you are just now about to make good your undertaking. You'll have thousands of spectators there, and when they are got together, let the Form of the Agreement and the Conditions be read, Which runs to this Effect. That you are to Drink up the Sea by such a Certain Time, or to forfeit your House and Land, upon Such and Such a Consideration. When This is done, call for a Great Glass, and let it be filled with Sea Water, in the Sight of the Whole Multitude: Hold it up then in your Hand, and say as Follows. —You have heard Good People, what I have Undertaken to do, and upon what Penalty if I do not go Through with it. I confess the Agreement, and the Matter of Fact as you have heard it: and I am now about to drink up the Sea; not the Rivers that run into't. And therefore let All the Inlets be Stopt, that there be Nothing but pure Sea left me to drink, And I am now ready to perform my part of the Agreement, but for any drinking of the Rivers, There is nothing Of that in the Contract.— The people found it so clear a Case, That they did not only agree to the Reason and Justice of Xanthus Cause, but hissed his Adversary out of the Field. Who in the Conclusion made a Public Acknowledgement, that Xanthus was the Wiser and Better Man of the Two."

It is quite likely that this episode inspired Shakespeare when he wrote Portia's speech in the *Merchant of Venice*.

A FIRST attempt to become a freedman was made by Æsop when his master, unable to decipher a certain writing on a tombstone, asked Æsop to help him, and Æsop not only succeeded where his master had failed, but discovered where was hidden a treasure of golden coins. Xanthus, in spite of having offered to free Æsop, did not keep his part of the bargain, and with some pretext still kept with him the precious little hunchback.

Later the famous philosopher was called by the Council of Samos to explain the meaning of a certain phenomenon that had terrified the entire town. Xanthus in vain tried to solve the riddle by himself, but ended by asking Æsop's help. This time however, Æsop was determined to make full use of his ability and make another bid for his freedom. Instead of giving away the solution, he suggested that he be introduced to the Council and take upon himself the full responsibility of the interpretation. Xanthus, glad to be relieved of the troublesome task, accepted without hesitation.

Once there, Æsop brought up the technical question whether a slave was lawfully entitled to act as an oracle. According to the law he was not. So he suggested that he be freed by order of the Council before he infringed the law by giving his version.

Xanthus knew that fear would make the Council accept anything, and realized what a masterly stroke this was.

The vote was unanimous. Æsop was declared a free man, and Xanthus made the handsome gesture of refusing the money offered for the ransom.

When the formalities were concluded, Æsop gave the following interpretation. "The eagle that you have seen is a royal bird and signifies a great king. The fact that it has dropped a ring into the bosom of a slave portends the loss of your liberty if you do not take heed in time. Undoubtedly it is a potent prince who has a design on you."

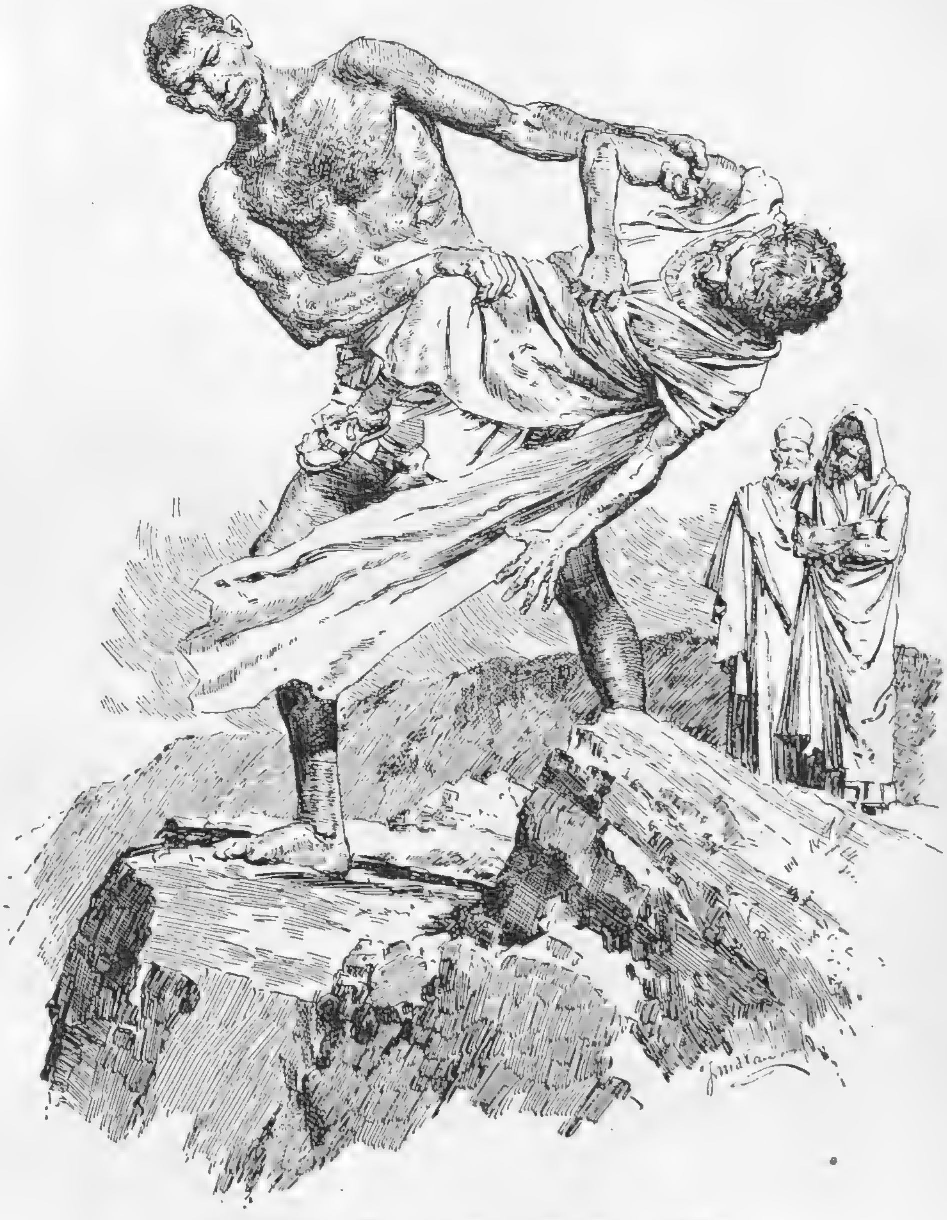
The Samians were greatly impressed and it was with great perplexity that they awaited the course of events.

Not long after this, Crœsus the King of Lydia, sent ambassadors to Samos imposing tributes and threatening wars. In short, he manifested his long held ambition of adding to his kingdom that slice of territory that included Samos. So it was a question of either avoiding a war by accepting the vassalage or else of fighting the giant. Everything had turned out as Æsop had predicted.

So great was the confidence that Æsop had gained in the opinion of the Samians, that he was sent with other ambassadors to parley with the king himself.

Since his earliest days Æsop had always cherished the idea of travelling. His ideal had been to visit Babylon, at that time a centre of world importance. Without hesitation he accepted, notwithstanding the fact that he was putting himself in the hands of the most dangerous enemy of the country that he was representing.

When at last he entered the court of the king, who up to the present day is still mentioned as the personification of wealth, he had for the first time the experience of seeing in reality what until then had seemed incredible. He passed through rooms of engraven ivory, touched with his own hand statues and animals of solid gold, trod on embroidered carpets of which every square inch meant months of fine work by some craftsman, passed by jewelled furniture scattered everywhere, so much of (*Continued on page* 106)



THE death of Æsop. He was thrown over a precipice, where his poor body fell lifeless at the bottom of a ravine

Life of a

It has at last been discovered that rhythm means as much to life as arithmetic, and dancing has become a prominent feature in child-education.

It is as important to body-building as food; and more important than sport to the health of the adult to be, because it insists on *correct posture, correct breathing and control of the body ;* knowledge and practise of which ensures health even in a sedentary occupation.

This is why England has become dance-minded *for the generation to be ;* a generation which every parent hopes will attain the old Greek standard of physical fitness.

No finer antidote to a noisy mechanised way of living could be found than in the dance fervour which is sweeping the country.

Now for the best way to have your child trained as either an amateur or professional. Amateur first.

Two and three years old is not too young to start, as the sooner the little form is trained in the right way the finer the child's figure and physical development. And tinies who sing nursery rhymes while they unconsciously swing their arms to the first rhythmic gestures which emphasize the meaning of those rhymes are being given a good start.

Anyway, when they come to cross a room alone some time in the future they will look as though their arms and legs belong to them. That is putting it mildly. They will look as though they were creatures out of a finer mould.

Remember also that it is no longer considered girlish for a boy to learn to dance. Dance-training will build a weak boy into a superman. Champion boxers often go through a course of dancing to help foot-work, rhythmic punching and muscle control. Dancing is also of assistance to rowing and to football; although that is not the primary object of dancing, which is to ensure physical fitness by means of body discipline, elation and expression.

One lesson a week is sufficient until the child is five. Five-year-olds should graduate in two classes a week and learn to waltz. One of the classes should be "Greek."

By the time they are six years old the children will have learned to spring in rhythm with their legs straight out behind and in front of them, instead of being huddled up underneath them, which is the natural and ungainly instinct.

And as their minds become tuned to the lyrical and imbued with the knowledge of the quickest movement towards things, all kinds of inhibitions vanish. Twisted corners of the mind unknot, shyness diminishes; there is freedom, poise, right thinking.

Greek classes make an immediate appeal to the imagination. The children listen to the music and invent their own stories as interpretation, using the steps

Top of page. Two-year-olds at Miss Mathewson's, a well-known London dance school

A French school for ballet

Dancer

Tamara Toumanova, former Prima ballerina of the Ballet Russe

By Winifred Loraine

and movements they have mastered, as far as these express their meaning and fit the melody. See a child pick flowers, skim over meadows and leap streams in a Greek dance, and you will see joy set free in rhythm and perfect movement, an entire body radiating sunshine until the pulse of the dancer and onlookers quickens to ecstasy.

Greek affords the best training for ballroom and for folk-dancing. But for professional dancing and for greater proficiency in Greek, as well as for tap-dancing, a training in ballet is essential, although, curiously enough, ballet is the antithesis of tap. This I shall explain later.

Ballet exercises are also essential for development and for the acquisition of strength. So that even if your child is only going to be an amateur dancer, for the sake of better health and figure-forming between the age of seven and seventeen, it should enjoy two dancing classes a week, one of which should be ballet.

And as there are still a number of people who classify ballet as "going up on your toes," the very thing you must guard against is *the child going up on its points too soon.*

No child should go up on its points until:

The knee is tight and straight and consequently taking the weight off the foot which has been arched by exercises to take the weight off the cushions of the toes.

A knee cannot be tight unless the muscles of the thigh are taut and pulling every ounce of weight off the leg; in fact, a tight knee implies that the whole body from the waist down is drawn up as though it is ready to go into the air; and once this degree of muscle efficiency and weight transference is obtained the body goes up on points of itself.

But if a child *forces itself* up on points before a tight knee has been achieved —and it takes fully two years' training to achieve anywhere near a tight knee— then *the big toe takes all the weight of the body* instead of this weight being evenly distributed between the five toes, the instep, the leg and the thigh. And the result is that the joint above the big toe splays out and endless complications ensue.

That is why a correct training in ballet is essential, and unless you can give the child the best (*Continued on page* 106)

Exercises at the bar at the Marie Rambert School, London's most famous ballet school

UP THE PARAGUAY RIVER

TRAVELLING IN SEARCH OF A STORY

by ARTHUR MILLS

AT RIO DE JANEIRO

I WAS balancing myself on one of the precariously high stools in the bar of the Gloria Hotel, when someone suggested that if I went down to see the manager of an American cattle company he might be able to help me. Along I went.

He was a cattle "boss" of the old school, a well-worn leather belt strapped round his trousers, cigar stuck in the corner of his mouth, shirt sleeves rolled back. I made known my needs.

"I've got something might interest you," he pulled from a drawer a sheet of paper. In a laborious hand, I read:

> *Dear Sir,*
>
> *Please may I leave here for a bit, as last night I killed a friend. The cattle is doing well, but we wants more rain.*
>
> *Yours faithfully,*
>
> *Joe Pegg.*

Decorations
by
J. Nicolson

That was the actual letter; it would be difficult to devise a pithy communication that would beat it in a work of fiction. It appeared that Pegg had been sorting cattle on the Succuru River and had trouble with a Bahiano about the branding. He had told the Bahiano if he did not catch a hundred cattle before lunch he could pack his saddle bags and go. The Bahiano had said he'd go right away and next time he saw Pegg he would kill him and cut off his ear. Then the shooting started and Pegg had put the Bahiano's ear in a matchbox and forgotten all about it until a policeman asked him for a light.

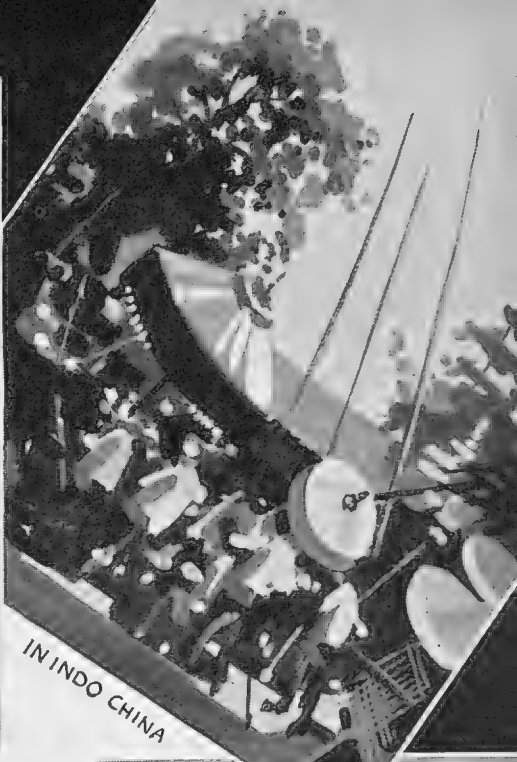
"You go down to the Matto Grosso; you'll like it," the cattle "boss" said, giving his cigar an expert twist with his teeth. "One of our boys will be leaving from Sao Paulo the day after to-morrow; you'd better travel with him."

One of his boys did leave Sao Paulo, but it wasn't the day after to-morrow; however, we'll pass over that. I have a hazy recollection of being in a dance-hall somewhere around four a.m. when a big Montana cowboy, fighting drunk, came and sat down at my table. To escape him, I crossed the floor, took a girl away from a Brazilian and danced with her; this earned the cowboy's friendship. Three hours later I set off with my pilot for the Matto Grosso. My companion was going out to take over the management of a ranch near Campo Grande; with us we had a young Italian who was going down to the Rio das Garcas, taking with him a stock of revolver ammunition which he said he would be able to trade for

BUENOS AIRES

ON THE GOLD COAST

ON THE IVORY COAST



IN INDO CHINA

diamonds. The Matto Grosso is indisputably a gunman's country and the police have the reputation of rarely interfering with a killing unless it takes place in a town; not always then.

Our first night was spent at Tres Lagoas. A dance was being held in a barn; the scene we came upon was intensely picturesque; vaqueros, in wide slouch hats and fringed leather aprons, girls in gay coloured frocks. The girls were mostly of half negro, half Indian blood; they danced the machiche with a verve I have never seen any other dancers show; the machiche has an intoxicating rhythm; there is nothing else quite like it and it is curious it has never become popular in Europe. It is a far gayer dance than the rumba.

Next morning we rode out to see a small property my friend had bought; on the way back he pointed to a wooden cross by the roadside. "A man was killed there," he said. "They always put up a cross where a man is murdered. You will see others in the Matto Grosso." I saw plenty.

When we got back into the town we heard that an Englishman had passed through earlier in the day; we thought no more of it at the time, except to feel sorry not to have met him for a drink. Later we were sorrier still, for that Englishman was Colonel Fawcett and it would have been good to shake the hand of a very gallant explorer, who was never to see a white man's face again after that day. In view of the evidence that has been found of his last contact with a hostile Indian tribe, it is hard to understand why papers persist in publishing rumours that he is still alive

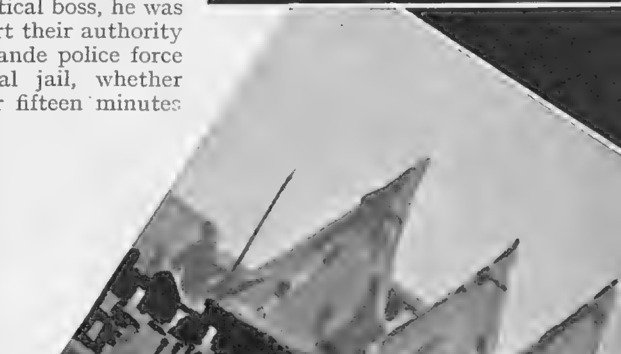
My friend left me in Tres Lagoas and I stayed a week with a Texan who was living with a Guarani wife; they had been married in a barn and had one little daughter, who the Texan used to take upon his knee when the day's work was over. The wife did not come to meals and never spoke to me at all; the Texan very rarely spoke. It was an odd visit. I felt something sinister was brooding over that house and often wonder if anything did happen. In the daytime we watched the Brazilian vaqueros working the zebu cattle; zebus are wild brutes, very different from the cattle in the Argentine. I saw a vaquero throw a young zebu bull in the corral with his hands; the beast was pretty mad and the pluck and skill the vaquero showed was unforgettable.

IN CAYENNE

Campo Grande, where I went on next, is the rip-roaring Wild West of the Matto Grosso. Just before we arrived the Chief of Police and his sergeant arrested a local notable. The notable considered his dignity outraged at being marched through the public streets; he drew his revolver (which he had idiotically been allowed to keep) and shot the Chief of Police and sergeant dead; he then returned to his house and had lunch. As he was the kinsman of a political boss, he was not molested again, but to assert their authority the survivors of the Campo Grande police force beat all prisoners in the local jail, whether convicted or awaiting trial, for fifteen minutes the next morning.

I was introduced to Gato Preto (literally Black Cat), a great landowner and almost legendary figure in the Matto Grosso, whose power is enormous. In the evening I went by myself to a drinking saloon and gambling house; there were some real tough eggs in this place, but being an Englishman I was treated with the greatest courtesy. My experience is that an Englishman can go anywhere in South America. Corumba was the next place I visited

(*Continued on page* 84)



AT TONKING

There's Nothing Quite So Grim as—

THREE miles or less from the equator the overladen Studebaker plunged painfully forward through pale golden-brown grass. Either side of the rough, ever-narrowing valley stood lowering black cliffs, streaked with white from the eyries of innumerable vultures nestling above the shelf-like cracks, where lion drowsed immobile throughout the heat of the day, sleeping or watchful.

Or so Lawton said. "Lawton!" thought Leila Van Rennen, contemptuous and scared and angry, most angry with herself for being scared.

"Well, here you have it—the real Africa—Africa in the raw—three miles or less from the equator," he had flung out this much more of information for so much as it was worth. Anyhow, whereabouts on the equator? Leila thought of this in a fury of exasperation as she steered her car clear of an ant-bear hole, swerved again to avoid an immense black boulder.

For the rest of it how was she to know where they were; if it was true about the lion, or mere brag? Any more than she knew what was at the back of the brutal and cunning mind of the man whom she had so proudly spoken of as—"My White Hunter," back in Nairobi four or five days—or was it five years?—earlier.

What a fool she must have seemed to the old hands in the hotel; what a fool she had indeed been in persuading her father to hand over to this unknown and loudly self-recommended man, a cheque for the whole trip in advance, allow him a free hand in the purchase of guns and ammunition and stores; above all, the case of whisky, which he had argued as necessary to repay any chance hospitality on the way—hospitality so far entirely extended by Lawton to Lawton.

What had possessed her? Question herself as she might, furious as she was with herself, at the back of her own mind Leila Van Rennen knew perfectly well what it had been; she had completely lost her head in an endeavour to impress Boyd Clinton—who in any case was not likely to be impressed—by lavish spending, the recklessness which may pass for courage and independence.

It had begun on the steamer from Marseilles to Mombassa. At first everyone had admired and courted her—frankly admired, and as frankly found themselves bored by her air of cool superiority, insolent, trading upon her own good looks, experience and savoir-faire. Boyd Clinton alone had stood by her, believed in her. "The only one of the lot worth speaking to," she had told herself. In the end, however, he, too—hurt and antagonised by some ugly criticism, had turned upon her, bluntly informing her that she had the most abominably cruel tongue he had ever met with. And there were other words he had used, too, "shallow," "pinchbeck"—more disappointed than really angry, or so it seemed; adding what was to her the ultimate insult: "The worst of it is that there's something really fine, true and kind at the back of you, if you'd only let it be."

And how she had raged at this! A young man whom she had believed that she held in the hollow of her hand to call her, Leila Van Rennen, "kind"—to have nothing better to say of her than that.

More than once during their disembarkation and journey up country he had unobtrusively tried to help her; or rather, as she suspected, help her father. But it was in the lounge of the Nairobi hotel that he—as he himself expressed it—definitely butted in again, warning her against Lawton.

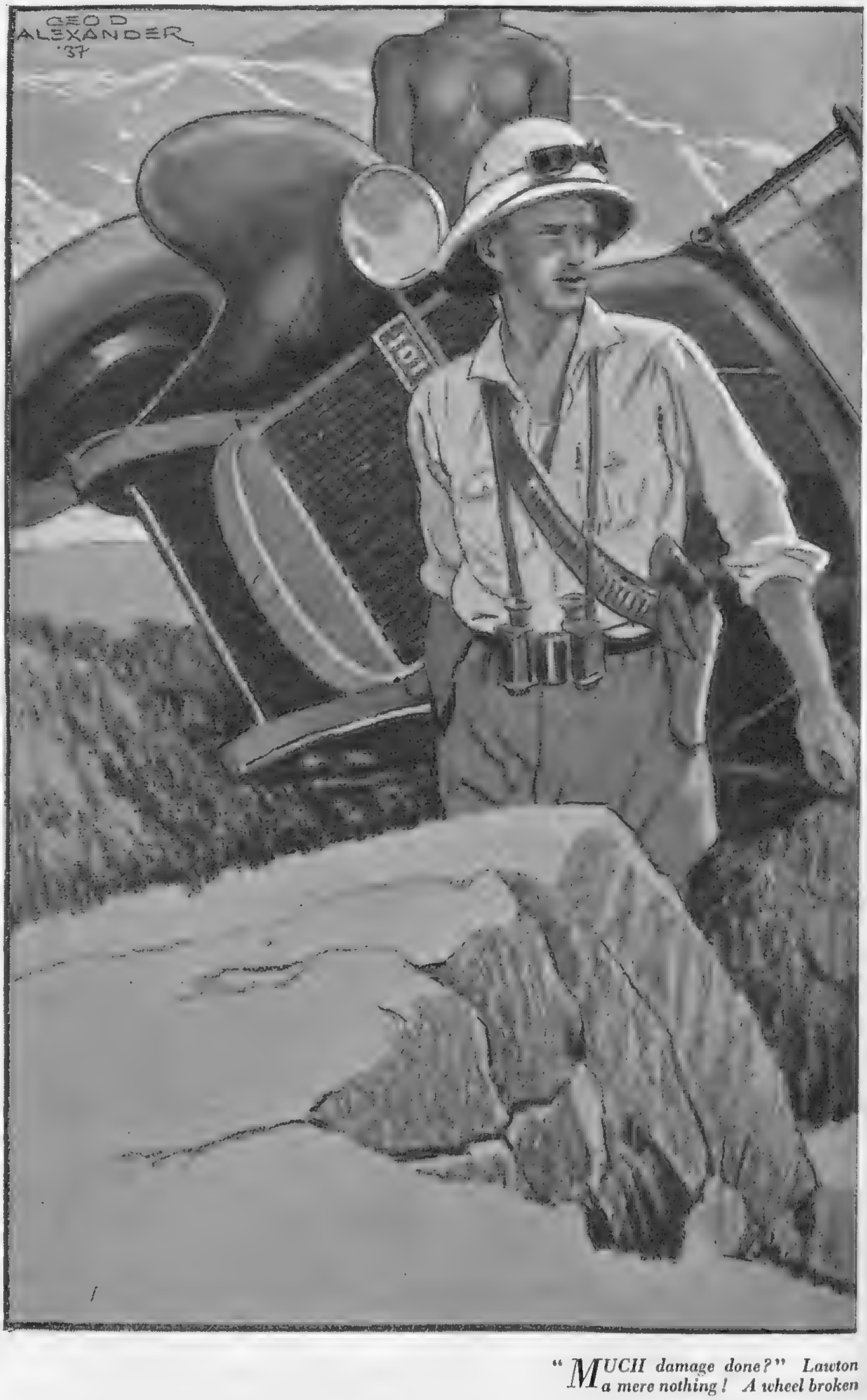
"It's not what I say, it's what everyone in the country knows. You needn't go by what I say."

"I'm not very likely to do that."

The spoilt American girl was proud herself. She knew perfectly well what it had cost Clinton to come up to her in public after being cut dead for days, and give her this warning. All the same she could not take it; though in that underlaying soul of her, which he alone had guessed at, she wished she could; would have given anything to have taken back her words, her whole manner of saying them, as he turned away with a curt apology for his interference.

As it happened, Captain Lawton had been coming in at the double doors of the lounge as Clinton went out.

And now, in her mind's eye, Leila Van Rennen—half blinded by the glare and dust, eternally removed from all civilisation, or so it seemed to her—saw the two men as she had seen them that day: Boyd Clinton, lean and brown, with his well-shaped head and candid eyes,

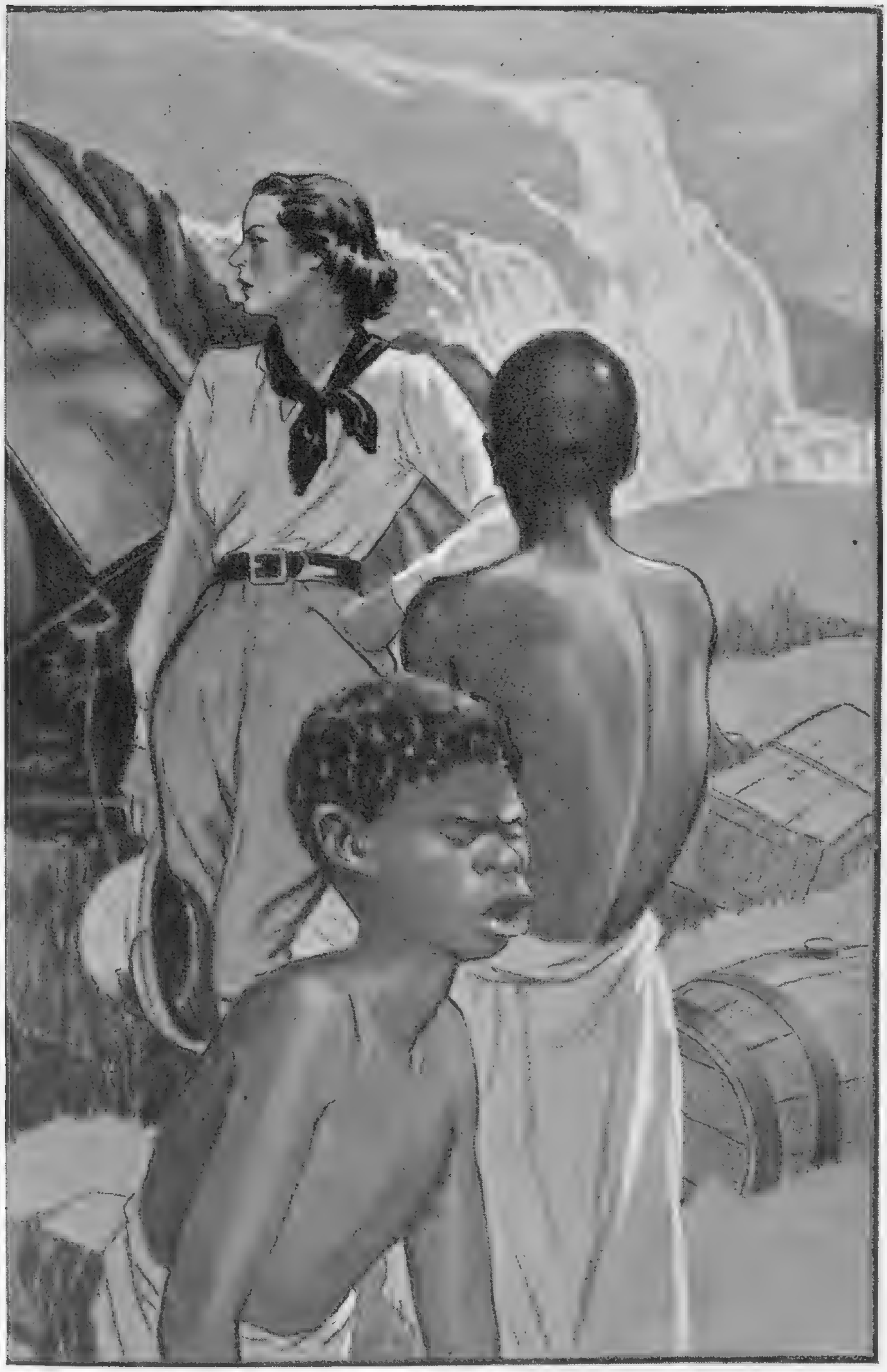


"MUCH damage done?" Lawton a mere nothing! A wheel broken

Africa *in the* RAW

By Elinor Mordaunt

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE ALEXANDER



gave a loud laugh, "Oh, nothing at all,
off and the front axle gone, that's all"

literally walking through Lawton, handsome and overblown with something shifty in his long-lashed dark eyes.

Boyd Clinton—Boyd Clinton!—she raised her aching shoulders in a shrug of irritation at herself. It seemed to her that she was forever thinking of Boyd; the way he had looked playing deck tennis on the steamer, or bending over her talking at the time when they were still such friends, before he "insulted" her, as she had put it to herself.

Her lips, dry as chips, felt as though they were wired to her face. She was dead tired, every bone ached. For all that she realised that she was fresh in comparison with her father, whose fine old face was papery white, creased with innumerable fresh lines.

Only a moment or so earlier he had drawn a sharp breath of pain at some especially bad jolt. Answering in reply to her anxious enquiries: "Oh, well, I suppose we shall be arriving soon, wherever we're going," endeavouring to speak cheerfully.

But *where were they going?* Lawton alone knew that; and here he was—with that loud domineering voice she had grown to hate—shouting out behind them, telling them to stop. Leila's own thought was: "I'll be hanged if I'll stop!" There was someone else to consider, however, and swinging round her car, she drove back to the place where Lawton stood beside the lorry; which lay with one wheel to all appearance broken off, overturned in the last and worst of the ant-bear holes, the stores scattered far and wide, while the five native boys they had with them stood round uncommittingly, scratching their shins with the sole of the opposite foot.

Up to three or four days earlier—up to yesterday even—Leila Van Rennen's comment would have been: "I'd have thought anyone who was not blind could have seen a hole like that."

Now, however, she got out of her own car without a word and walked slowly round the wreckage. She had driven herself for years, but it was dreadful to think how little she knew about cars; dreadful to think that whatever she felt or suspected she must keep a check on her own tongue, limit her enquiries to the mere question: "Much damage done?"

Lawton gave a loud laugh. "Oh, nothing at all, a mere nothing! A wheel broken off and the front axle gone, that's all."

Leila confronted him steadily. During the last few days her clear-cut face had gained in character, in beauty even. Lawton's first idea had been to run these fool Americans out into some remote and inaccessible place, such as this narrow valley, strip them of all they had and make a bolt for it, down into Tanganyika; leaving his creditors, his own evil reputation behind him in Nairobi. Now, however, he wanted the girl in addition to all else.

In response to her suggestion that the best plan was for her to take her car and drive off with her father in the direction of the nearest township, send back help, he broke into a loud laugh, staring her insolently up and down.

"Well, I'll be damned! Bleating already at the first set-back And it was you who wanted to see Africa in the raw, wasn't it? Yes, those were your ladyship's own words. In the raw—my God, that's good!"

It was four days since Lawton had shaved, he was running with sweat, his face crimson. From where she stood Leila caught the reek of whisky.

With another loud laugh, he moved over to her own car, stood with one foot on the running board, leaning his bare arms on the edge of it, addressing her father with an odious familiarity: "Look here, judge, we'd better have this out, you and I. Who's leading this safari, me or that girl of yours? If she is, I'll take myself off, leave you to stew in your own juice, for I'm damned if I'll put up with any more of it."

"As things stand, we must leave it to you, Captain Lawton," the old judge's voice was steady and courteous. "But as my daughter says, it seems best that we should get back to civilisation as quickly as possible. It may be that we've over-estimated our strength."

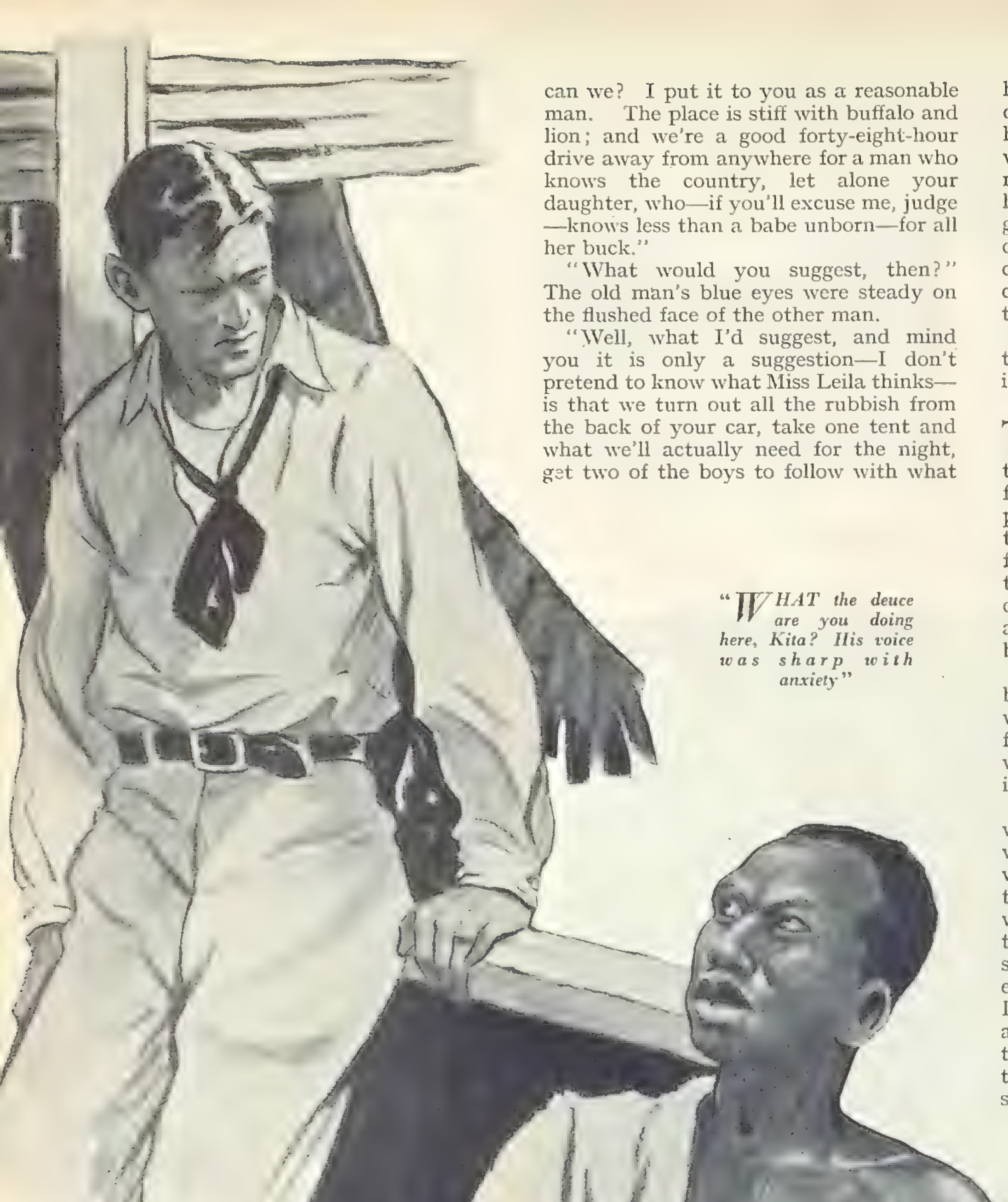
"Well, we can't do that to-night, can we? I put it to you as a reasonable man. The place is stiff with buffalo and lion; and we're a good forty-eight-hour drive away from anywhere for a man who knows the country, let alone your daughter, who—if you'll excuse me, judge—knows less than a babe unborn—for all her buck."

"What would you suggest, then?" The old man's blue eyes were steady on the flushed face of the other man.

"Well, what I'd suggest, and mind you it is only a suggestion—I don't pretend to know what Miss Leila thinks—is that we turn out all the rubbish from the back of your car, take one tent and what we'll actually need for the night, get two of the boys to follow with what we can't manage, leave the others here to watch this stuff, and go ahead before it gets dark. You'll have to make room for me in between you. We can come back to-morrow and see what's to be done. There's a couple of springs four or five miles ahead of us and we've got to have water, whatever else we do. Even you will concede that much, Miss Van Rennen—got to have water, you know, even in Africa, in the raw, eh?"

He turned with a mocking bow to Leila who had moved up beside them. It was in her mind to ask—even then: "Why, when there's whisky?" She kept her mouth shut, however, and nodding her assent, got into the car and waited quietly while Lawton shouted at and harangued the boys in his blustering way. Once the car was packed she made room for him between her father and herself; realising that the old man would get more air, be more comfortable on the outside; shrink as she might from the contact of the heavy, reeking body pressed close against her own, the hairy arm touching hers.

Anyhow there was no mistake about the water being where Lawton had said it was.



"*WHAT the deuce are you doing here, Kita? His voice was sharp with anxiety*"

THE towering cliffs grew closer and closer together, then dropped until they came suddenly to an end, and they found themselves on a small smooth plateau of astonishingly green grass, with two springs close together gushing out from it; while immediately in front of them a steep hill—almost a precipice—dropped down to a wide open and apparently endless plain, deep purple blue in the twilight.

It was dark before the two exhausted boys who followed them staggered up with their burden, and a tent was pitched for Leila and her father, Lawton electing with a great air of self-denial to sleep in the open.

A half-hearted meal was eaten, after which the old judge, half dead with fatigue, went into the tent and threw himself down with some blankets and cushions from the car which Leila arranged for him; while she herself, too restless and uneasy to think of sleep, went outside again and sat by the fire, which it was plainly enough necessary to keep going all night. For by now there was no doubt whatever about the lion, the roar echoed continuously down the narrow valley, cut by the whining complaint of hyenas, the sharp yelp of jackals. Lawton was already asleep, the boy who had been set to watch the fire nodding, and thankful to be alone Leila sat on, feeding the flame with the wood the boy had gathered.

Going into the tent in the false dawn, cramped and chilly, and seeing that her father was sleeping peacefully, Leila blew out the safari lantern and flung herself down wrapped in a blanket, her head on one arm, convinced that she could never sleep, and at once dropped into a deep slumber.

When she awoke the sun was streaming into the tent. Seeing that her father was already up, she pulled on a long coat over her pyjamas and went out to look for him; certain of finding him immediately outside the tent, gazing about him with his usual air of mild interest.

He was, however, nowhere in sight. The fire was still burning. One of the boys was making coffee, the other bringing in fresh wood; the sky overhead a brilliant, cloudless blue, with the eternal vultures still circling. At first sight—with that little plateau of green grass, the wide plain beneath them—nothing could have seemed more entirely peaceful.

"The first morning ever created." Boyd Clinton's words came back to Leila. The pity of it was that when he uttered them he could have had no idea of Lawton's ugly unkempt figure sitting up on the ground, stretching and yawning, the rush of sheer terror which swept over Leila with the realisation that her father was nowhere in sight.

With an unerring instinct that she must keep her end up whatever happened, she slipped back unseen into her tent; pulled on her breeches and long boots, a white silk skirt, combed back her hair and, coming out again, spoke to Lawton coolly and politely:

"Good morning. Have you seen my father?"

The man who was, by now, on his feet, still stretching, turned round and stared: "What the devil do you mean? Isn't he still in the tent?"

"No, he must have gone out——" with a sharp effort at self-control she shrugged her shoulders. "A little stroll before breakfast, I suppose."

"A stroll!—Where to, in the name of God?" To her dismay, Lawton was plainly taken aback as he swung round and questioned the boys, turned back to her:

"A damned stupid thing to do in a place like this. Anyhow, neither of the boys has seen him. Oh, well, we'd better get on with our breakfast—then we'll see what's to be done."

"But we can't do that." Against her will Leila's voice took on a sudden sharpness: "You'll have to go and look for him first. We can't just sit down and start breakfast."

"Why not? If he hasn't got the sense to keep in sight."

It was plain that Lawton was not only disturbed but sulky. "If we tried shouting—or let off a shot or two." Leila spoke carefully, choosing her words.

"A fat lot of good that would do with the echo throwing it back on us." As he spoke Lawton dropped to the ground by the fire, stretched out his legs wide apart and prising open a tin of meat. "You let me have my breakfast in peace, young woman, then maybe I'll see about it."

"At least send the boys."

"Now look here," Lawton treated her to a hard stare before picking up the mug of coffee already poured out for him. "Just you take your mind back a day or so. You chose to cut up rough with my best boy, a Nandi—and they won't stand for that sort of thing, I told you that at the time, when he took himself off—for no other reason than that you took it into your silly head that he intended to insult you, coming into your tent with his spear—That's right, eh?"

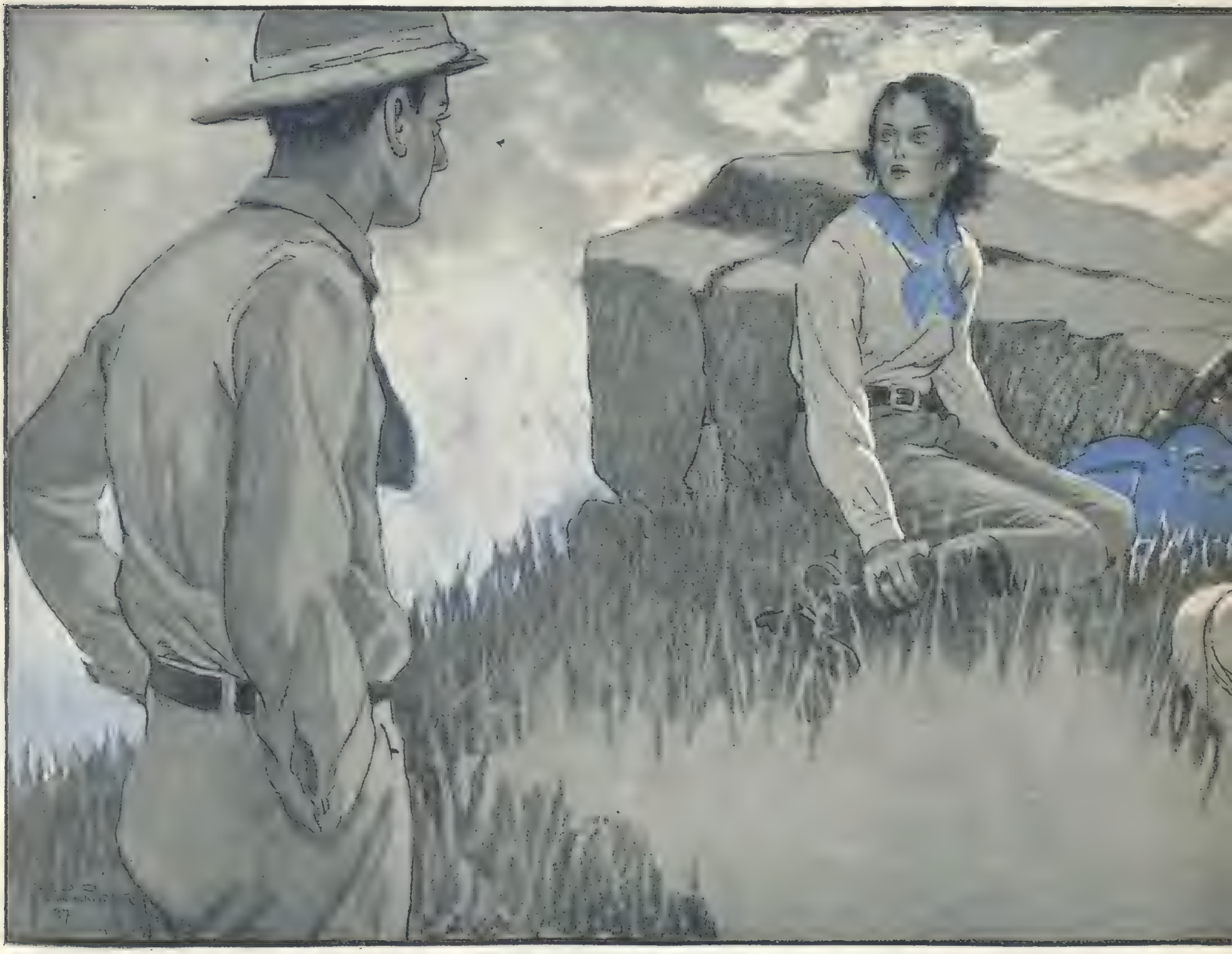
Yes, it was true enough. Leila had been sleeping in her tent during the afternoon, and awoken to see the erect, slender man—so different from any of the other men—standing at her side, his spear with its shining three-foot blade, sharp-edged as a razor, in his hand. She had ordered him out, but he had not gone, stood there trying to explain something. She realised that now, though at the time she had been fool enough to swing off her cot in a rage and, sitting up, point to the open flap with an unmistakable furious: "Go—go. Do you hear me, get out of this."

"You don't know those fellows." He jerked his thumb now in the direction of the two loutish Kavarondo boys. "They're scared to death of a strange place and wild animals, while a couple of Nandi will go alone into the bush armed with nothing but knives, after a lion. Give me time for breakfast, my dear, and I'll go myself, he can't be far. You! Good Lord, you'd be lost before you'd gone fifty yards, there are hundreds of outlets through those cliffs, though you don't see them.

Furious with the insolence of the man, his leisurely chewed-over meal, Leila held her temper in check until at last he took himself off, with a bottle of whisky in one hand, his rifle under his arm and one of the boys at his heels,

She herself walked as far as she dared, calling and calling, returning every half-hour to the camp.

It was close upon twelve o'clock when she entered her tent and, mechanically straightening the blankets on the ground, caught sight of a scrap of paper lying under the clothes she had thrown aside that morning. (*Continued on page* 88)



BUT it was not until he actually stood before her that she raised her eyes—bright with fever, set in dense dark circles—and stared at him

THREE

By
Eleanour
Sinclair
Rohde

The cottage or bungalow of your dreams is yours. You are no longer an outsider but a member of that curious tribe of folk who live and move and have their being in the country.

You survey your newly-acquired possession with the pride of ownership. The walls are bare and the garden, or rather the bit of land on which the cottage stands, is a howling wilderness. You visualize bowers of roses and honeysuckle, cascades of clematis and a riotous profusion of colour in the beds that have not yet been even marked out.

You can start straight away. So long as the weather is open, you can plant roses and other trees and shrubs. If you will take my advice, plant against the sunniest wall that wonderful rose, Mermaid. Allow her a space twenty feet high and as much across. *This rose is one of the few that requires no pruning.* So you will have no further trouble except to loop up her magnificent stems against the wall. Her thorns are fearsome.

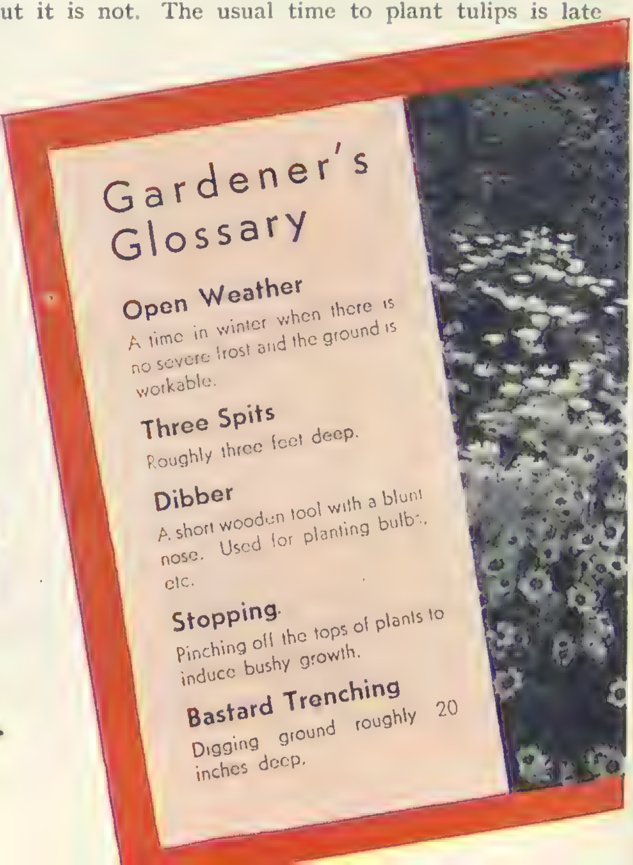
Poking plants into hastily made holes cannot, by the wildest stretch of imagination, be called planting. Dig a hole three feet across and three spits deep. Put a six-inch layer of well-rotted manure at the bottom and replace nearly all the soil on top. Cut any broken bits off the roots of the rose and spread the roots out very carefully, putting in soil by handfuls, and making firm as you work. All plants hate to be in wobbly, uncomfortable soil. They want something they can get a grip on.

This rose is your invited guest, so treat her as you would a human friend and make her as comfortable as you can.

If the rose arrives in a frost do not worry. Nurserymen are prepared for that and the roots are packed in moss—so all you have to do is to damp the bottom of the package and put it in a room where there is no fire, covering with newspapers, as a protection against frost.

Other easy roses I suggest are Paul's Scarlet, Climbing General McArthur, Lady Waterlow and Zephyrine Drouhin. The easiest and most decorative shrubs for the walls are the summer and winter-flowering jasmines; that rampant honeysuckle lonicera caprifolium, rosemary, pyracanthus lalandii and forsythia suspensa. Except for the roses and the forsythia, you had better defer planting these till March.

You may think the time is past for planting spring-flowering bulbs, but it is not. The usual time to plant tulips is late



Gardener's Glossary

Open Weather	A time in winter when there is no severe frost and the ground is workable.
Three Spits	Roughly three feet deep.
Dibber	A short wooden tool with a blunt nose. Used for planting bulbs, etc.
Stopping	Pinching off the tops of plants to induce bushy growth.
Bastard Trenching	Digging ground roughly 20 inches deep.

MONTHS IN A GARDEN

November. But I know at least one noted grower who says the ideal time is the last day of the old or the first day of the New Year. Far more tulips perish from being planted too early than too late.

But get the right kind for planting now. Do not order the early-flowering tulips but the splendid May-flowering kinds. Be sure to have Pride of Haarlem—the richest cherry colour—on stems thirty inches high.

Put the bulbs in six inches deep and a foot apart. Planted only two inches deep at this time the bulbs would not be safe from frost and would fall a prey to tulip fire and every sort of trouble.

During February dig continually. The soil is not dead matter but teeming with life. Let in frost and air. Dig as deeply as possible, but don't bring subsoil to the surface. At your final digging, work in some good insecticide such as Terrafumite, following directions exactly

You have to cultivate your soil before you can cultivate plants and you must rid it of plant enemies. The birds will help you clear every foot of ground you dig. Encourage them. They prefer tiny morsels of cheese to crumbs.

In March you can plant to your heart's content. Put in your favourite herbaceous plants—delphiniums, phloxes, campanulas, bergamots, anchusas, heleniums, rudbeckias, and so forth. For effect this summer, plant the annuals. The easiest and showiest annuals are marigolds, cornflowers, annual lupins, larkspurs, sweet sultans, clarkias, nigellas, godetias.

Only the first two transplant well. Sow the others very thinly where they are to flower. Sow the queen of annuals—sweet pea—six inches apart and thin to a foot apart. Stop the plants, that is, pinch off their tips when five inches high. Unstopped sweet peas never do well.

Remember that all plants like firm soil. Dig and reduce to a fine tilth, but make firm after planting. Even seeds like to be pressed down firmly after planting.

Don't forget to plant montbretias and gladioli in March. No bulbous plants give so much return for so little expense. Put them in six inches deep. Use a dibber, but in dropping in the bulbs see that they sit on the soil at the bottom and are not suspended half-way. You can put in gladioli between roses, but not montbretias. The latter spread like mad, so put them where they can spread.

To the gardener there is no such thing as rubbish. Burn every bit of waste paper, cardboard, cartons. Burning is good for the soil and adds to your ash heap. To the gardener burnt rubbish is valuable potash. Throw away no decayed leaves, dead flowers, or refuse from vegetables. Put them on a heap with weeds and they will gradually turn to good soil.

January

Plant roses in open weather.

Plant late-flowering tulips, first week in January.

Burn all dead wood and similar rubbish in the garden. It makes valuable ash to spread on the beds.

Sow sweet peas in boxes to transplant in March. Avoid picotee edged and dark seeded kinds. The easiest are the brown seeded kinds.

February

Dig and trench all vacant ground. Do not bring unfertile subsoil to the surface. Never dig in severe frost nor when the ground is sticky after heavy rain.

Spread manure on newly dug ground. Cheapest manure is 'sludge' from a sewage farm. It has no smell. Costs roughly 3 shillings a load, including cartage. Spread not more than 2 inches deep.

March

Plant hardy annuals very thinly.

Transplant sweet peas raised in boxes. Put them in at least a foot apart. Protect from birds with cottoning.

Lime all vacant soil, spreading thinly. Do this three weeks before planting.

Plant all hardy perennials.

Plant gladioli and montbretias.

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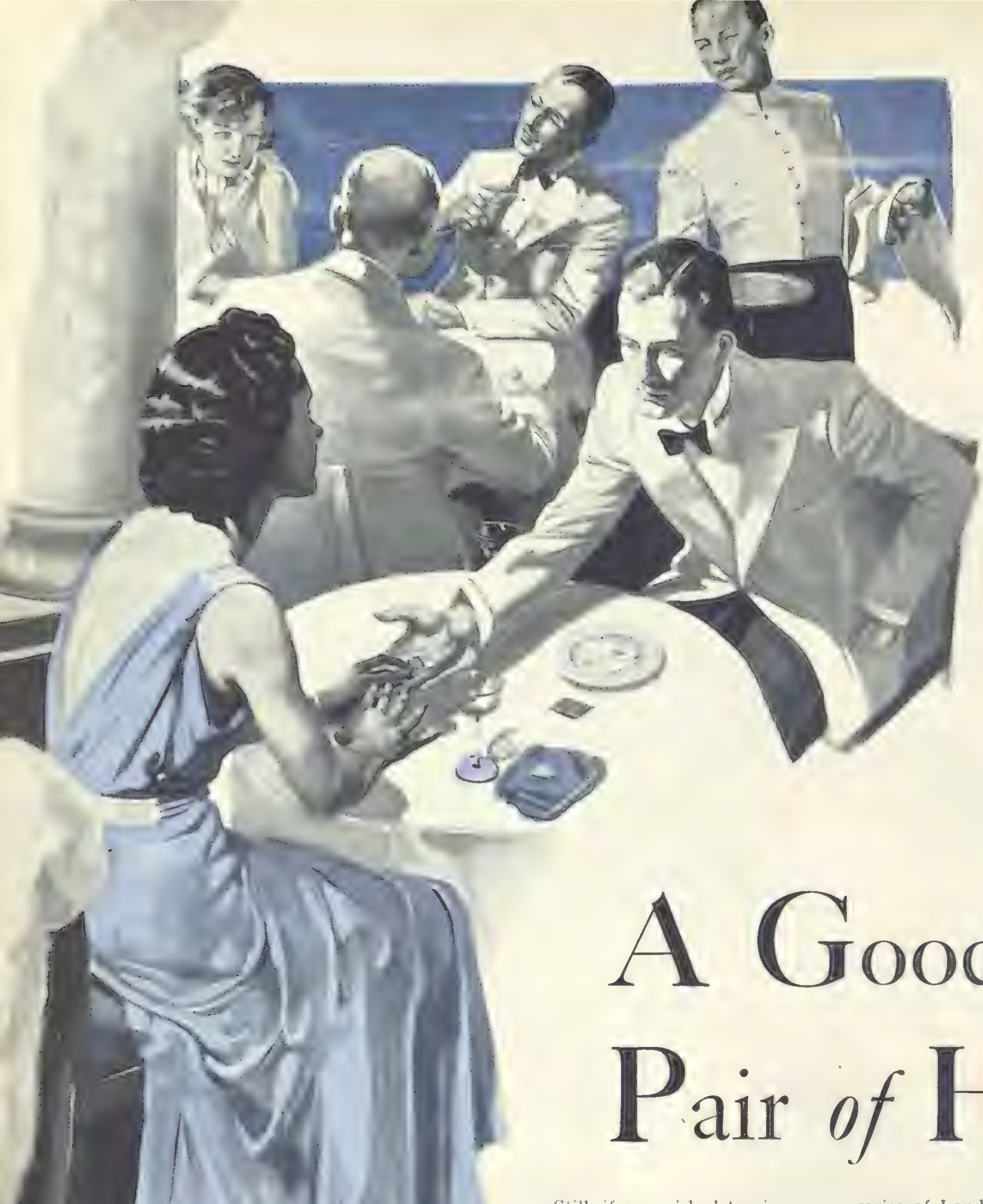


Illustrated

By

Jack Faulks

THE next instant the emerald was in his hand and it was only with difficulty that Kip Rainer kept his fingers from shaking

A Good Pair *of* Hands

KIP RAINER sat on the cool, red-tiled terrace of the Hotel des Indes in Batavia and waited for a boy to bring him a gin pahit. He knew that when the drink came he would do no more than sip half of it. Kip Rainer spent an appreciable portion of his life in the bars of the world, but not much of it in drinking. He had recognised long ago that alcohol and his chosen profession did not mix.

Still, if one wished to give an impression of being a cosmopolitan habitué of bars and hotel terraces, it was necessary to appear at ease in them. Hence the gin pahit which even now a sandalwood-coloured Java boy was bringing, hurrying on swift, bare feet.

Rainer pushed a guilder across the table, waved the boy away and lighted a cigarette. The smoke rose in thin, blue spirals and, after a tentative sip of the pahit, he glanced around the terrace of the Hotel des Indes.

The place differed from others he had known only in so far as it reflected the tastes and customs of the country in which it was situated. Aside from that, it was like the rest, a meeting ground for those who could afford to relax and be gay. And Rainer knew his fair share of such establishments: Wentworth's and the Hotel Australia in Sydney; the Orange at Surabaya; Raffles and the Europa in Singapore; the Galle Face of Colombo; Florian's in Venice; the great caravansaries of London, Paris and New York; and as far south as Twenty-one and Claudia Darrell's Waterlot Inn in Bermuda. Knew them intimately, after ten years of patronising them up and down the world. And, thought Rainer now, they were always the same. Times, manners, customs, might change. But these pleasant, restful places remained oases in which speech and action were often ill-considered and to which came rich, careless women to be fair game for a man like Kip Rainer.

And now he sat waiting for just such a woman. Miss Helena Starrett was one of the richest heiresses in America.

Thinking back over his acquaintanceship with Miss Starrett, Rainer nodded in silent approval of his own methods. He had been idling around San Francisco when the *Moonstar*, Miss Starrett's trim white-hulled yacht, glided in through the Golden Gate like a huge, proud swan. And the sight of her, coupled with newspaper reports of her owner's wealth, had set up a thought process in Kip Rainer's head almost immediately.

Starrett? Starrett? What did he know

The Quickness of Which Deceived—but not Always

By Edwin Rutt

of this glamorous girl, said to possess the riches of Crœsus? He consulted his mind wherein certain facts were carefully filed. It was Rainer's business to know things about wealthy women.

Almost at once the name Starrett had conjured up visions of one of the world's most famous emeralds, a stone representative of a sizable fortune. And rumour had it that Miss Starrett, careless no doubt after the manner of her kind, consistently wore it on the third finger of her right hand.

Kip Rainer had never before tackled a job as big as the Starrett emerald. But he went about it in the same way that he had gone about smaller ones. His first care had been to get a complete mental picture of the ring itself.

It had not been very difficult. Helena Starrett was young, beautiful and fond of a good time. She would naturally frequent the gay places of San Francisco. Therefore, Rainer took to haunting the great hotels and exclusive night spots. And, surprisingly enough, luck had been with him two days after the arrival of the *Moonstar*.

The roof-garden to which he had gone on the trail of Miss Starrett was high and cool. It overlooked the black and gold fairyland that is San Francisco Bay by night. And Kip Rainer, coming into it in his perfectly cut dinner-jacket, ran keen eyes over the wide, dimly lit room.

Two seconds later his gaze had concentrated on a party in one corner. In the midst of it, her back to him, sat Helena Starrett. Rainer knew her almost as well as if he had been formally introduced. The papers had been prodigal with photographs of Miss Starrett. Even as Kip looked, she turned her profile to him and he saw instantly that he had the right person.

"Table, sir?" The head waiter had inquired, deferentially.

"Yes," Kip had said. "That little one over near the corner."

As he passed in back of the Starrett party, Rainer's eyes had darted down like two swift, grey birds. A quick, little smile flashed across his face. From the third finger of Helena Starrett's right hand leapt a tiny, green flame. The Starrett emerald! A fortune that could have been put into a pill-box, protected by nothing more formidable than a narrow guard-ring of diamonds. He drew a deep breath and sat down at his table, just in back of Miss Starrett.

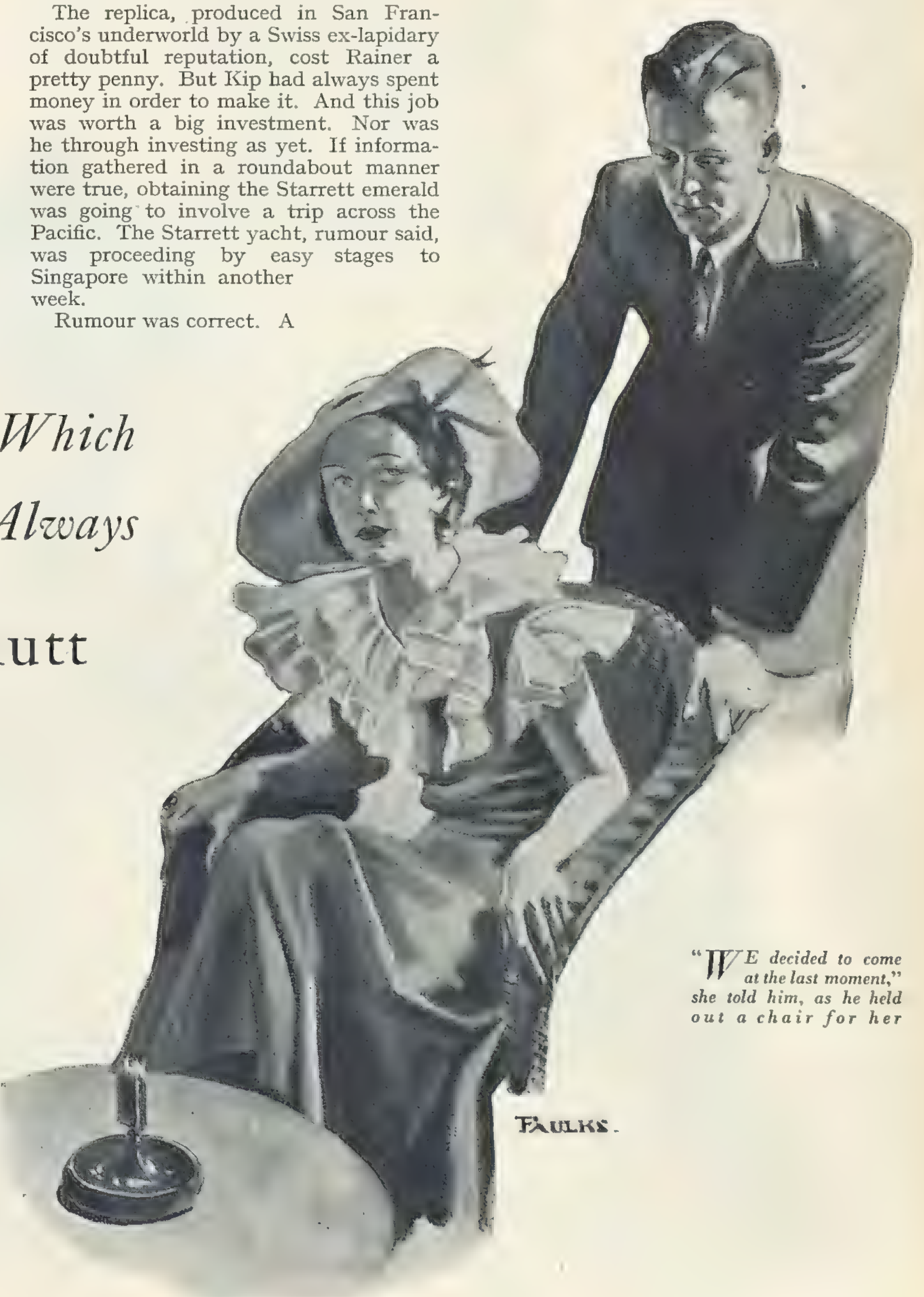
RAINER had splendid eyesight and a retentive mind. That one hasty glance at the emerald had been almost enough to acquaint him with what manner of replica would be required. The Starrett emerald was a fairly good-sized stone, square-cut and glowing from a plain, platinum setting. Rather easy to copy sufficiently well to deceive the untrained eye, Rainer thought.

All evening he sat there, ostensibly watching the dancers on the floor. But, from the corner of one eye, he caught many a glimpse of Helena Starrett's priceless jewel. And his mind studied it, filed away details of stone and setting. Almost dreamily he had pondered over its shape, size and lustre, his eyes like photographic lenses impressing the image of the Starrett emerald upon his memory. Of Helena Starrett's dark, breath-taking beauty he was hardly conscious. He was not concerned with her beauty, only with her gem.

WHEN at length the Starrett party arose to leave, Kip Rainer was satisfied. He never doubted that he could supervise the making of a replica which would deceive even the owner of the stone herself. He was satisfied, too, that no one in Helena's group had given him a passing thought. Her party had been gay, absorbed in its own conversation.

The replica, produced in San Francisco's underworld by a Swiss ex-lapidary of doubtful reputation, cost Rainer a pretty penny. But Kip had always spent money in order to make it. And this job was worth a big investment. Nor was he through investing as yet. If information gathered in a roundabout manner were true, obtaining the Starrett emerald was going to involve a trip across the Pacific. The Starrett yacht, rumour said, was proceeding by easy stages to Singapore within another week.

Rumour was correct. A few days later, from one of San Francisco's multitudinous hills, Raynor watched the *Moonstar* fade into the west where the dying, afternoon sun was dropping gold coins on the blue face of the water. He smiled, then drew the replica of the Starrett emerald from his pocket. It blazed up at him like the green, malignant eye of a fury, but Rainer patted it almost affectionately. The job that it was going to do for him might well be his last. So carefully had he proceeded during his ten years as a jewel-thief that he had stolen only a few other stones. But they had been such prizes that their acquisition had allowed him to tuck away a comfortable fortune in England. If he were successful over the business of the Starrett emerald, he would be on Easy Street, ready to say good-bye to this adventurous, dangerous life. Again he smiled, picturing the transformation of Kip



"WE decided to come at the last moment," she told him, as he held out a chair for her

Rainer, jewel-thief, into a leisurely English gentleman possessed of an adequate, safely-invested income. It had taken him but ten years to place himself within reach of that goal. And he had never been caught, never even dimly suspected by the forces of the law.

Back at his hotel he had gone through a strange ritual with an American silver dollar. Standing before a mirror he had made a quick pass over the coin. Instantly it had disappeared and his outspread hands showed empty in the mirror. Then, miraculously, the dollar had come to view again out of nowhere. After that, satisfied, he had replaced the coin in his pocket. He still had, he saw, a good pair of hands. Strong, brown hands with sensitive, tapering fingers. And once—so long ago now that it seemed almost like a vague dream—he had been on the verge of using those hands to aid humanity. But, he had reasoned back in those dim years, where was the use of aiding humanity when one could make a fortune in a third the time by preying upon it? So he had elected to prey. And his dexterity with the coin was merely the result of a pre-requisite course he had taken. Rainer had never regretted those months spent in working with a magician. His knowledge of sleight-of-hand had often been useful.

On the following day he had climbed aboard a twenty-thousand ton liner Honolulu bound. From there his plan was to trans-ship to Singapore where, eventually, Helena Starrett's yacht was due to put in. And everything had gone according to plan, as if directed by a destiny favourable to Kip Rainer.

Suddenly his mind swung back from the recent past. He looked at his watch, then darted a series of keen glances around the terrace of the Hotel des Indes. Only the usual crowd to be found in any Javanese hotel were there; Dutch men, huge and elephantine, in baggy linens; Dutch women, with their lustreless, oyster coloured faces; here and there a sparkly - eyed Eurasian, olive - skinned, kinky-haired; a few tourists, English, American, Australian. As yet Helena Starrett was not in sight to become the centre of all eyes with her vivid, dark loveliness. But that she would come, Rainer never doubted. The message from her handed him at the hotel desk had contained the word "urgent." She would keep the appointment, he was certain, since she had asked for it herself.

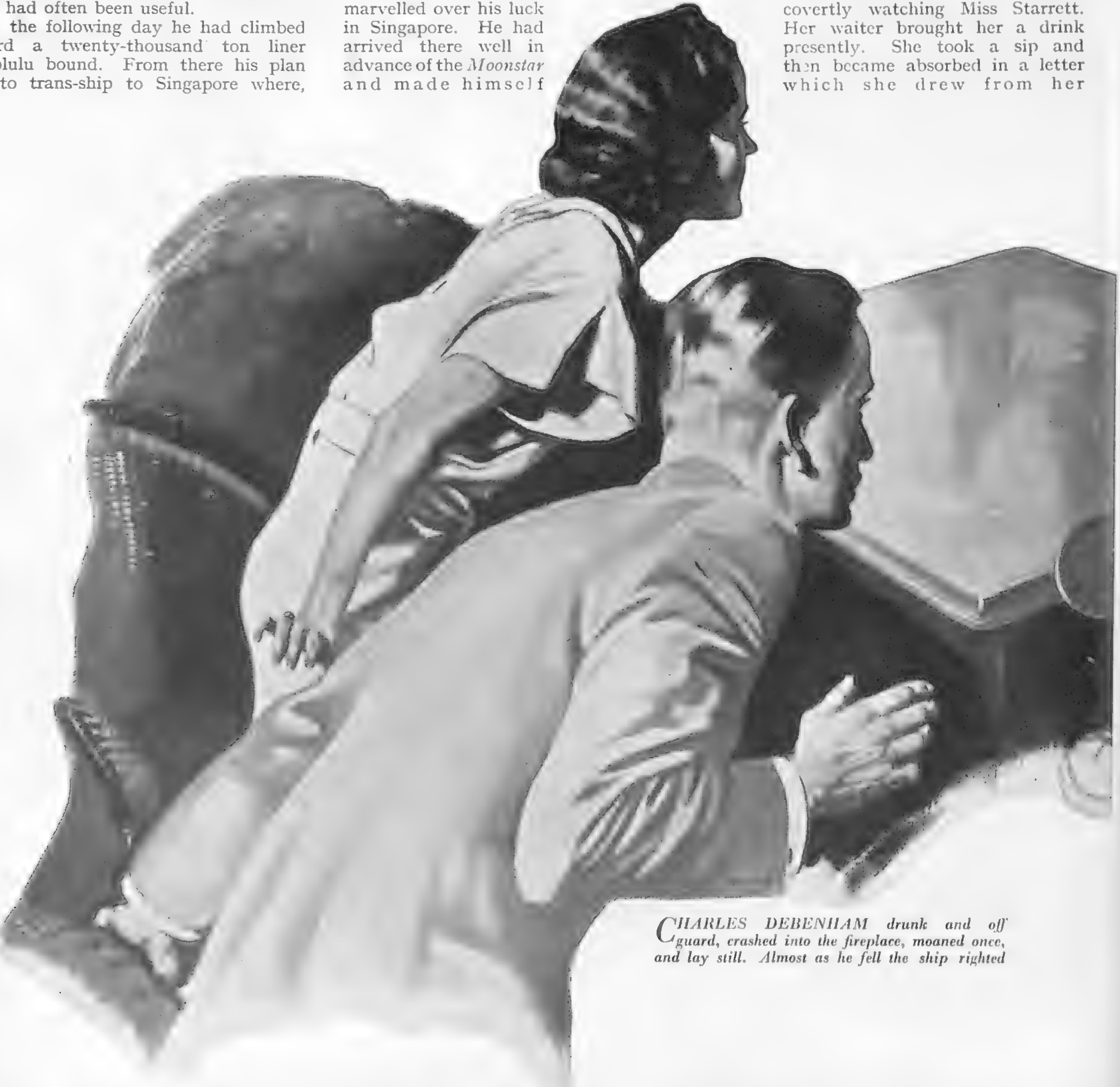
And when she did come . . . Rainer smiled. She would be wearing on the third finger of her right hand not, as she supposed, the Starrett emerald, but the spurious replica fashioned in the underworld of San Francisco.

Kip Rainer still marvelled over his luck in Singapore. He had arrived there well in advance of the *Moonstar* and made himself comfortable in Raffles Hotel. Days had passed. And then Helena Starrett's white yacht slipped into Singapore Harbour to anchor amid craft of all the world.

By what miracle he had found Helena Starrett alone on the terrace at Raffles, Kip Rainer felt that he would never know. But she had come into it unattended late on a sultry, golden afternoon, dressed in something cool and white. There was a jade necklace about her throat and, Kip's restless eyes saw at once, the Starrett emerald burned in its accustomed place on her right hand. Something of the pantherine seemed to mark her lithe, swinging walk as she came across the terrace. A waiter bowed her ceremoniously to a table not twenty feet away from Rainer's.

Suddenly he was glad that he had not attempted to make her acquaintance in San Francisco. This was the exotic East and people discarded much of their formality, cared less for convention, even, at times, lost their perspective. Yes, it was easier to force a chance meeting here and one might be the more easily forgiven for doing so, particularly with a glamorous Singapore night beating dark wings just around the corner.

He waited a short time, covertly watching Miss Starrett. Her waiter brought her a drink presently. She took a sip and then became absorbed in a letter which she drew from her



CHARLES DEBENHAM drunk and off guard, crashed into the fireplace, moaned once, and lay still. Almost as he fell the ship righted handbag. Rainer arose. As well commit the overt act now as any time.

In unobtrusive fashion he began threading his way towards Miss Starrett's table. He noted with satisfaction that the terrace of Raffles was nearly deserted. That was all to the good. The embarrassment which he was about to cause her would be mitigated somewhat for lack of an audience.

Rainer approached, his eyes fixed on a distant corner of the terrace. Helena Starrett's head was still bent over her letter. And then, suddenly, the head jerked up and she had jumped to her feet in astonishment.

Kip Rainer had stumbled, half-fallen, clutched at the table for support and tilted it. Miss Starrett's glass flew from it and landed in her lap before she was fully aware of what was happening. The next instant she was ruefully surveying a dripping stain on the front of her dress and, at the same time, regarding a tall, grey-eyed gentleman upon whose face consternation was written in capital letters.

"My Heavens," Kip had gasped then, gripping the table to steady himself. "That was a clumsy, stupid thing to do. I don't suppose you'll ever pardon. . ." He stopped, as if at a loss for words. But his eyes, a concerned look in them, swept her face. Kip Rainer, at that moment, had given a remarkable imitation of a man sincerely sorry.

"It—it's all right," Miss Starrett had murmured, embarrassedly. "I was a little su-surprised, that's all."

"But I've ruined your dress," Kip said, dolefully. "And wasted your drink. I didn't know I could be such an oaf." Even as he spoke, he had whipped out a handkerchief and stepped forward to wipe the liquid from her frock.

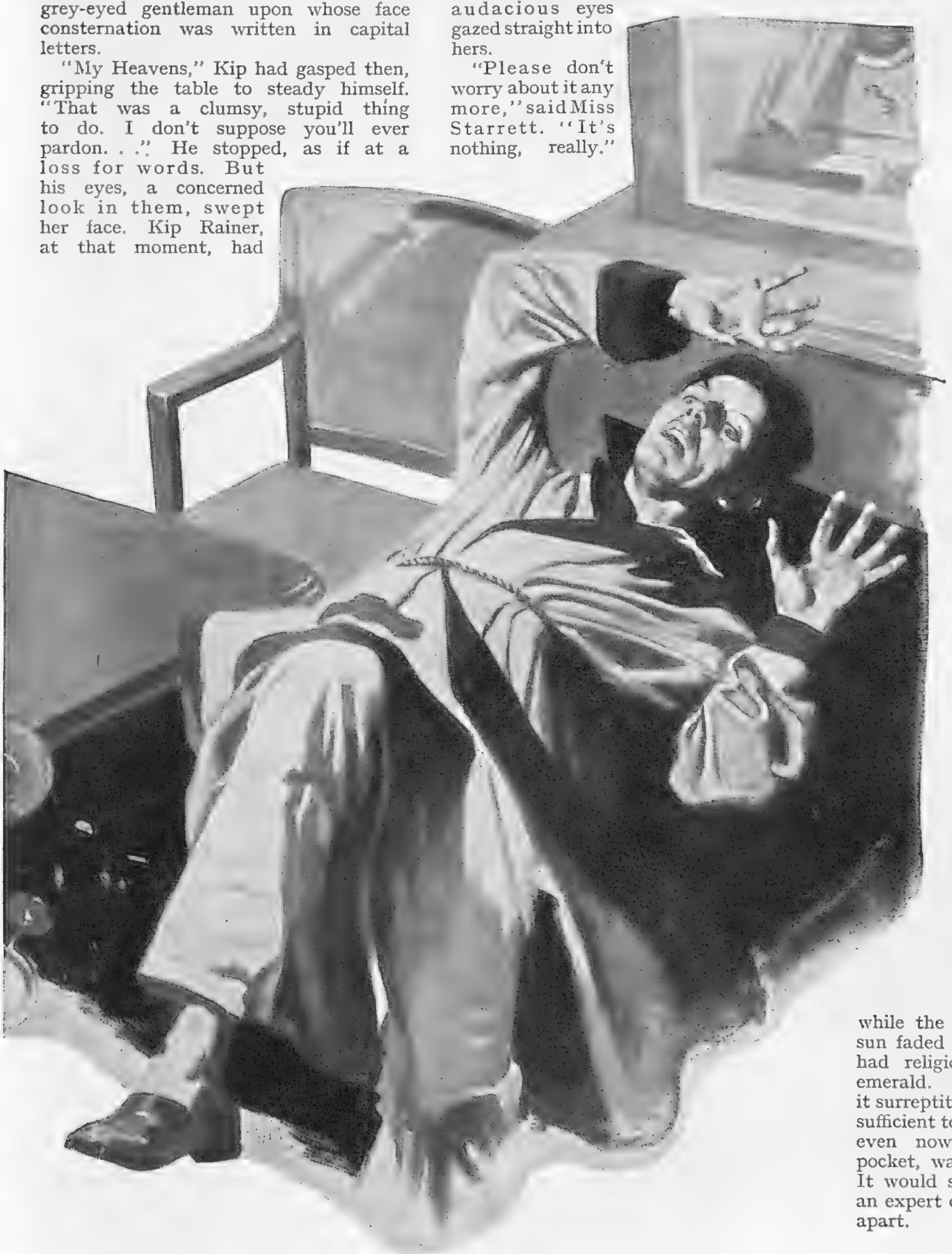
Helena Starrett had smiled, a blazing smile out of eyes like black flames.

"Both the drink and the dress are easily replaced," she had said. And then, surprisingly: "I'm sure you're not an oaf in the ordinary way. Never mind it. Accidents will happen."

Kip had continued his ministrations to the dress.

"That's very generous of you," he'd said. "But there's such a thing as trying to make amends." He had said it in a hesitant voice. But his cool, audacious eyes gazed straight into hers.

"Please don't worry about it any more," said Miss Starrett. "It's nothing, really."



She had seated herself at the table again.

"Look here," Kip had said, still looking at her earnestly. "I feel terribly responsible about this. And I—I don't mean to be forward or insulting, but won't you please get another dress and . . . well, charge it to me? I'm staying at this hotel and. . . ."

Miss Starrett had interrupted with a wave of her hand. "No, please. It doesn't matter in the slightest."

"Then," Rainer had paused before playing his trump card, "you will at least allow me to replace the drink, won't you?"

She had looked at him for a long moment.

"All right," she'd said, finally. "If you like."

Scarcely crediting his luck, Kip had dropped into a chair opposite her.

"Having introduced myself in such an outlandish fashion," he said, easily, "I'd like to try doing it properly as well. My name is Kipworth Rainer." Safe enough, he'd reflected, to tell her his right name. In all the years he'd worked at his trade, no one had ever got anything on him.

A mischievous light had seemed to dance in Helena Starrett's eyes. "So we're telling our names, are we? Well, why not? I'm Helena Starrett."

If that well-known name were supposed to make an impression on him, the tone of her voice did not suggest it. Nor did Kip give the slightest hint that it meant anything to him.

He had said: "Well, Miss Starrett, I'm sorry that I couldn't have accomplished an introduction in some less spectacular manner."

Helena Starrett laughed: "Still, it was an introduction. Of a sort."

"To," Kip had said, gravely, "a very charming lady who will, I hope, overlook inexcusable awkwardness."

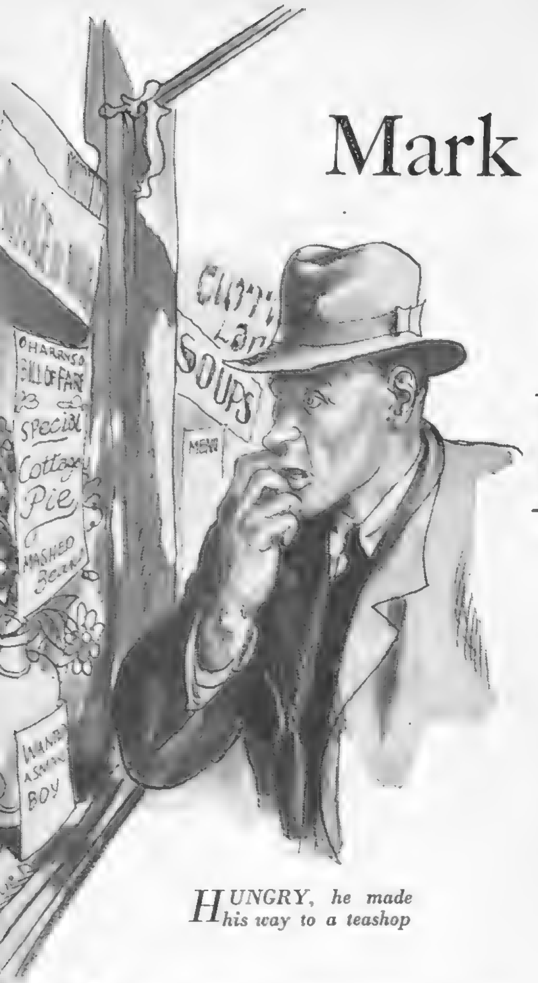
"Don't I make it clear that I've already overlooked it by letting you sit here with me?" Miss Starrett had said.

Kip hailed a passing waiter with a sharp "Oh, boy," and ordered drinks. When they came, he'd asked: "Are you, like everyone in Singapore, waiting for a boat to carry you somewhere else, Miss Starrett?"

"Not exactly. You see, I came on a yacht." He had noticed that she did not say "my yacht."

During that delightful hour, while the molten-gold of the Singapore sun faded into lavender twilight, Rainer had religiously kept his eyes off the emerald. Only once had he glanced at it surreptitiously. But that one look was sufficient to convince him that the replica, even now reposing in his waistcoat pocket, was an excellent piece of work. It would serve its purpose. None save an expert could have told the two stones apart.

(*Continued on page* 101)



HUNGRY, he made his way to a teashop

Mark Benney—*Ex Convict*—

Describes a Prisoner's *Reactions to* Freedom *on* His

First Day Out

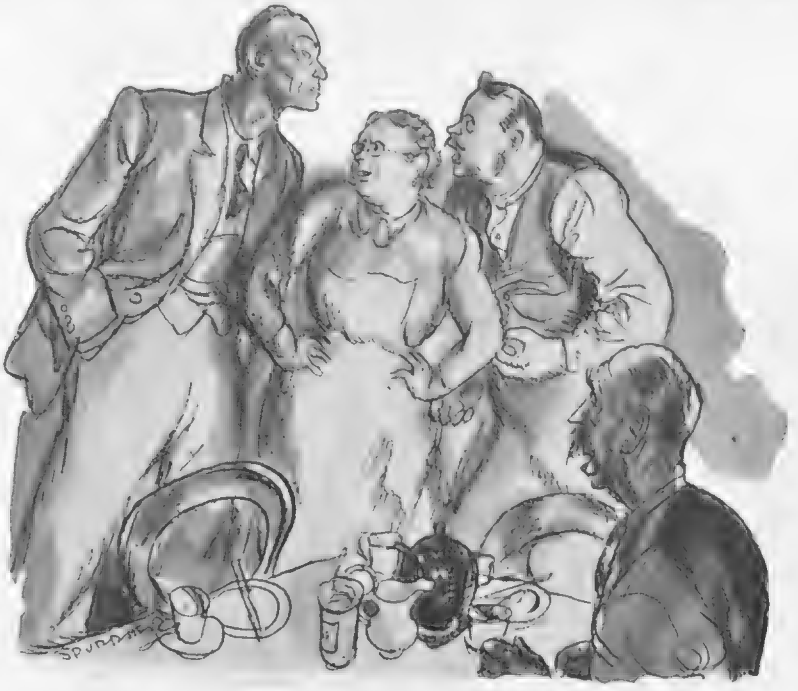
"YOU are a dangerous and incorrigible scoundrel and a menace to society. You will go to penal servitude for three years!"

What goes on in the prisoner's mind when he hears those words? Whether he staggers out of the dock, or politely says "Thank you, m'Lud," before walking smartly down to the cells, in nine cases out of ten he has already begun a little calculation.

"Three years . . . November 5, 1940, less nine months remission—November, October, September . . . February 5, 1939." So, before he starts his sentence almost, he has arrived at that magic date on which his thoughts will be focused throughout the weary months ahead. As one monotonous day succeeds another, that date, more than anything else, will fortify him and preserve his sanity. Without calendars, time would seem like eternity; but as the day draws perceptibly closer it lends substance to the conviction even prisoners cannot escape—that life is worth living after all.

A prison is a house of dreamers. Its grim walls are never high enough to prevent restless minds escaping to the world beyond. Trudging silently round the exercise yard, you will see men's eyes afire with imagined freedom. Amid the clatter of the prison workshop you will see a man slowly lay down his tools and gaze abstractedly into his past, a smile on his lips. And in the long bleak evenings, as you sit sewing at mail-bags, you will hear a soft humming from the next cell, where a fellow-prisoner sings to himself as he builds an airy world of fantasy. The prison air is hazy with dreams and, above all, with one pervading, persisting dream—the dream of the first day out!

Like a martyr consoling himself with the prospect of paradise, the prisoner turns his mind from the misery and frustration of the present to that heavenly day of liberation. He telegraphs its name jubilantly on the hot-water pipes, scratches it into walls, whispers it to his neighbours in chapel, repeats it to himself like a charm to ward off evil. For years he plans out his behaviour on that day down to the smallest detail. Days are spent solemnly deciding whether he will breakfast on eggs and bacon or mixed grill on that most glorious of all mornings; whether he will walk home or take a bus; whether he will go to a cinema or take a girl for a walk. Into those first twenty-four hours he schemes desperately to crowd satisfaction of all the desires so long frustrated by the prison. What comes after he may or may not care about; but on the day, he assures you, he will drink himself drunk with this rich rare vintage of liberty!



HE can spend a thoroughly enjoyable quarter of an hour telling them exactly what he thinks about them, himself, and things in general

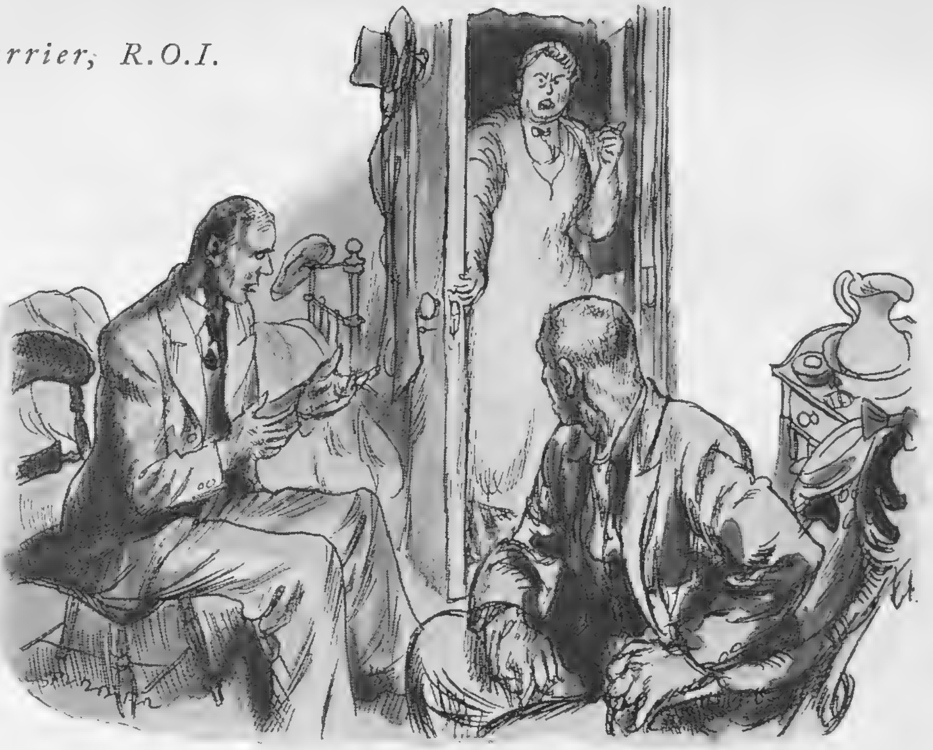
Inevitably, therefore, when the day arrives it is destined to one of disappointments. The sun is not so bright as he expected, or else it is too bright. The girls who from his cell-window had seemed all-worthy of the Song of Solomon are not so perfect after all; their faces have a "Made in Japan" appearance derived from cheap cosmetics, and their voices are shrill and foolish. "Players Please," the posters remind him, and for years he has been convinced that they more than please. But the anticipated ecstacy is not for him; after smoking half the packet he is violently sick.

And then there is the abrupt change of mental environment. For years in prison everything has been decided for him. His only rôle was to do as he was told. On his release he is like a child grown to manhood overnight; no gradual adolescence has prepared him for his new responsibilities. Yesterday he was a robot; to-day his freedom is taken out of storage and returned to him, a little rusty from disuse.

As a rule, he learns the use of it with a little practice; but in some cases the task of readjustment is too difficult. It was so with one of my fellow-prisoners at Chelmsford. Towards the end of his seven years' sentence his excitement rose to such a pitch that he could not talk or think of anything but release. The day came, and he went. I met him some time later and he told me of his experiences on that long-awaited day.

It was all right while he was on the train, but when he got out on to the platform he suddenly felt as abandoned as a foundling on a doorstep. He hung about on the platform, hesitating to pass the barrier that separated him from the infinite possibilities of the outer world until a ticket inspector began to look at him suspiciously; then he plucked up courage and stepped out into the unknown. Immediately he was in a quandary. Roads extended in all directions, and there was no one to tell him which to take.

Illustrations by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.



THE conversation was interrupted by my friend's landlady giving us ten minutes to leave the premises

He vacillated on the kerb until a Boy Scout, thinking he was blind, took him by the arm and led him across. Hungry, he made his way to a tea-shop. But there were two, side by side. Which should he go into? He looked in the windows for inspiration. Cottage pie, mashed and beans. That would be nice! Next door they had curried lamb and rice; that would be nice, too! Oh, for a voice to say, "One on!" and shove him over the threshold!

After lunch he thought over the plans he had formed in the prison. He had determined to go to a cinema in the afternoon. Very well—but which cinema? He walked for two hours from one cinema to another, but was unable to decide. Always it seemed that the next cinema might have a better programme.

At last, exhausted, he sat on one of the benches outside Hyde Park. Life was too hard, too complicated. He looked at an expensive car drawn up at the kerb nearby. "If I wait till a copper comes round the corner," he reflected, "then go and look inside that car, all my troubles will be solved." The moment came. A policeman strode majestically round a corner opposite. The ex-convict made one spasmodic move—and relapsed into paralysed immobility.

Since then he has wandered from night-shelter to soup-kitchen. He is aware that almost any alternative would be better than this; but he is quite unable to choose one.

THERE is another sort of prisoner, however, who is less interested in the first day than in the first night. Many criminals, and burglars in particular, know little about the commonplace world lighted by the sun; they live a post-post-meridian life, sleeping while more normal people are working, eating their breakfasts at the same time as most are eating their suppers, and going out to work or to play after the world has gone to bed. In prison they have to suspend these bat-like habits, and consequently their dreams of freedom have a nocturnal background of stars and neon-tubes. One such man who served a sentence beside me complained bitterly because the authorities insisted on sending him out at seven in the morning according to the usual routine.

"What the 'ell can a man do at *that* time?" he asked contemptuously.

Long before his time was up, he had decided to spend all his first day lying on a couch, in order to be fresh for the excitements of the night. And, when at last he was released, he actually did this; he took a room as soon as he got into London, bought a couple of pulp-magazines, and lay reading and dreaming through an entire day. It was probably the most virtuous first-day-out ever spent by an ex-convict. And, by the irony of circumstance, it was also a virtuous night. For in prison he had acquired the habit of going to sleep at half-past nine in the evening, and the habits of five years are not to be broken in a day. Much to his disgust, he awoke at six the following morning, stiff and sore from lying on an uncomfortable sofa, and with the dreams of five years unrealised.

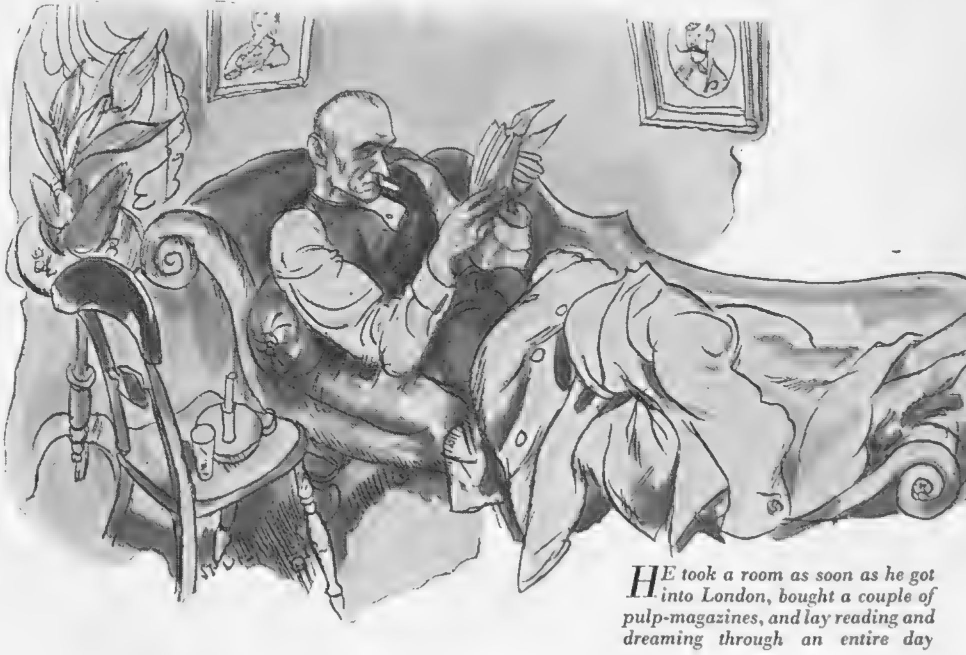
Freedom means different things to different men, but the stories of prisoners indicate that ideas of freedom fall into three broad catagories. Let us take first the sensual type of prisoner. Of the various mechanisms by which the outer world is converted into inner experience, the senses are for him the best developed and most important. The pleasures he looks forward to from prison consist for the most part in different means of exciting his senses. First on the programme, obviously, comes breakfast. One man I knew who had served a large number of small sentences had raised breakfast from a meal to a fine art. His conception of it had all the fluidity of the sculptor's conception of a statue before he takes up the chisel.

Week by week, fertilised by new items of experience and imagination, the germ of his first day's breakfast would blossom into ever more luxurious and recherché blooms. Whenever he had a new inspiration, he took the first opportunity of passing on to me his latest approximation of the idea to the ideal.

"I've decided to have grapefruit marmalade with the toasted milk-bread, not lemon. I think there's something, sort of, symmetrical about beginning and ending with the same flavour, don't you?"

A Turkish bath is generally an important item on the programme for this type—or a facial massage at the very least. But in point of brutal fact an attack of colic usually brings such sensual days to an inglorious conclusion.

ANOTHER type, the emotional, has quite a different conception of the perfect day. Nothing is so fatal to emotional satisfactions as disturbances of the digestive and visceral systems, so his diet is simple. If possible, he has his meals with friends who will make a fuss of him as a prodigal returned—and soon, perhaps, to depart again; or he will visit unsympathetic relatives who will goad him with admonitions until, boiling over with resentment, he can spend a thoroughly enjoyable quarter of an hour telling them exactly what he thinks about them, himself, and things in general. In the evening he has a few drinks and goes to a dog track, or perhaps harangues a crowd in Hyde Park on (*Continued on page* 86)



HE took a room as soon as he got into London, bought a couple of pulp-magazines, and lay reading and dreaming through an entire day

HEALTH

Tooth Technique

By Chrysis

If you require further details or want help for your individual problems, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," 32/34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

Soft foods, a sedentary life and sugar have been spiflicating our teeth during the last eighty years; no doubt about it, for all three spell ruin to enamel structure.

Yet it is only during the last twenty years that the nation has become tooth-conscious; and with such effect that, although we—whose ages range from thirty on—may be regarded as the toothless generation when they dig up our skulls in centuries to come, our children's snappers are likely to be as firm in their heads as ever were their great great grandfathers.

Children should take a capsule containing Vitamin D daily. One has recently been introduced on the market after years of research. Its efficacy has been proved to the hilt. Vitamin D in this form acts straight on the teeth, infusing them with an enamel-strengthening substance which not only renders them decay-proof during the period of taking, but decay-proof for all time subsequently, if taken over a period of eight years.

The best age to do this is from six to fifteen, starting just before the second teeth are piercing the gum.

Incidentally, these capsules also contain Vitamin A, which is supposed to keep pneumonia at bay. But the capsules are expensive, and only become cheap when considered in the light of a future health-insurance.

The habit of brushing the teeth after every meal should be started at three years old. Tek toothbrushes are so pliable, the bristles penetrate everywhere without ever irritating the gums. And to-day, when children have their friends to stay, the tooth-procession after meals is as natural as the hand-wash queue before lunch.

Even if children don't carry their toothbrushes with them, and many do, they should always rinse their mouths with half a teaspoonful of household salt in a tumbler of water, if nothing else is available.

As soon as the second teeth come through, a good toothpaste or powder should be used. Forhans keeps the gums firm as well as the teeth white, and cannot be bettered. Later, the children can learn to use one of the small syphon-sprays that grown-ups so often carry in their handbags, and which will fit in any coat-pocket. Then they can spray their teeth after eating out.

This mouth hygiene is vastly to be recommended at school, where they pick up so many infections. It would certainly combat those never-ending child-to-child colds.

And, if a child has to stay in bed, whatever the illness, gargling several times a day becomes imperative. It is at such times that teeth are neglected and decay and gum-trouble sets in. Alternate Listerine with a good carbolic mouthwash, obtained from the chemist.

In this way, you will keep visits to the dentist down to the minimum.

One last warning; if the child has to wear a plate to straighten the teeth and widen the distances between, see to it that at no time is the friction too great or it will injure the enamel of the teeth, and even cause the gums to recede—which should be avoided at all costs.

Plates, of course, should be cleaned with and lie in Milton.

When you are over twenty-one the great thing is not to have bleeding or receding gums: for these almost always indicate pyorrhea.

What is it that leads to pyorrhea? (*Continued on page* 94)

Quick Loveliness

Does your heart sink to zero when you catch sight of your face on a cold grey day and find that it looks all gone to ruin and lifeless like the weather?

It needed real courage to propel me out to look for restoratives, instead of putting my head in a sack and murmuring: "It's all over," which is a feeling that comes over most women mid-winter.

Remembering a certain Velva mask that usually does the trick—even if it's only left on for ten minutes while one has a cup of tea—I turned to Elizabeth Arden's, only to hear that Miss Arden had been feeling just like this herself, when she chanced to meet a specialist in electro-therapy.

"What we need," said the scientist, "is something to quicken circulation, which grows torpid during winter, so that waste matter accumulates, muscles sag, and health and beauty goes up the chimney."

So saying, he slipped Miss Arden's face into a mask and pipped on the electric current, and when she had been re-tingled into being, they talked over the experience and added improvements till the treatment looked like becoming a miracle-worker. So the Elizabeth Arden Intra-Cellular mask was born.

Have it. Seize the first opportunity you can to slip into the Bond Street salon for an hour and a half, and let the mask whisk away your headaches, and any other trouble that may be due to congestion; so that your eyes brighten, weariness is dispelled, contours are lifted and you are *re-faced.*

It will save time in the end, for whoever is the power you have to please will immediately fall in with your views. Taxi-drivers and conductors will call you Miss, and life will become simple.

You know what it feels *like* to be light-headed after a particularly invigorating shampoo. Well, you become light-faced after this treatment, because your nose seems to have been re-made, your eyes and all about your ears and temples are revived, in fact your own mask and everywhere behind it, is re-newed. *And the improvement lasts.* Do not fear any set-back from the electricity, or think that you will have to repeat the treatment frequently to maintain the effect, it is too genuinely restoring for that.

Half the good is achieved by the thorough face-clean given you by the assistant before the mask, and the fifty minutes manipulation, face-feeding and strapping that follows it, with the final make-up that sends you out like a January rose.

It was while the assistant was flipping in the skin-food, that I learned *what we should all do.* She was humming the waltz from *Congress Dances,* while the cushions of her finger-tips flipped over my cheeks, one hand after another, to strict time.

When spreading on a home-cream mask or feeding your face with skin-food, always use the cushions of your finger-tips in fly-weight movements up the cheek, following the contour of the jaw, but working outwards from the nose mid-way, and ceasing below the temples, *to the time of a brisk waltz.*

A brisk waltz most nearly coincides with the tempo of the blood pulse through the cheeks, and applied this way the skin-cells most readily assimilate the skin-food, or take the home-cream mask, without becoming distended.

Incidentally, a cream-mask or skin-food should be lavishly daubed on the face, so that it can be worked in without pulling the surface.

Finger-press the restorative or skin-food tenderly in under the eyes, so as to (*Continued on page 94*)

A Velva Cream Masque is a delightful lightning beautifier. First cleanse the face with cleansing cream and skin tonic, using light upward movements

Spread the masque lightly over face and neck. Place pads wrung out of eye lotion on your eyes, and rest, if possible, for half an hour. If this is not possible, leave the masque on for ten minutes while bathing or dressing

It tightens up muscles, refines the skin, leaving it like alabaster, smooth and young

PERSONALLY SPEAKING

Jean Burnup

As a woman who has been allergic to diaries and notebooks all my life, I am surprised to find myself embarking on almost a diary. However, as one or two other people have remarked, life is full of surprises, and I promise to keep these notes to the lighter side of feminine thought and activities, and not to get boringly intimate about my soul.

At a country week-end we were talking about being in debt. A stern disciplinarian said: "Change your standards immediately, cut down ruthlessly, pay off quickly, even if it means going and living in one room."

Someone else said: "If I did that, I should get into such a state mentally that I should do bad work, should undoubtedly lose my job, and so would never be able to pay my debts. A bout of extravagance helps me to regain my mental poise, and I pay my debts in the end. Something always turns up."

Myself, I think the right way lies between these two points of view. The real right way is never to get into debt.

On the bus this morning, an intelligent-looking woman was talking earnestly to another intelligent-looking woman. I strained to overhear them, because the overheard talk of strangers is an ever increasing joy. Suddenly these words came to me, with a beautiful clarity, "I don't know how its happened, but I haven't seen a Shirley Temple film for four years. I've *missed* her so."

The Silver Fox Exhibition . . . one hundred and sixty pairs of bright eyes looking at me reproachfully. Somehow it is a shock to see these gorgeous creatures *alive*. With their sharp ears and pointed muzzles and little pink tongues, they all looked like my dog. I'll never wear silver fox again I thought.

Then, looking at their wonderful heritage of silvery fur, I decided it wouldn't make any difference to silver foxes generally if I wore it or not.

Silver fox farmers look exactly like ordinary farmers, which is not surprising, for that is what they are. Somehow one expects them to look exotic. It is a thriving, growing industry in England, just now.

I heard a nice new word for the little itsby bitsy pieces of food that you eat along with cocktails and cherry . . . *appeteasers*.

Almost every other day, it seems, a bulky bulletin has been arriving from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer British studios, telling us all about *A Yank at Oxford*, Robert Taylor's first made-in-England film.

You have to be pretty fond of reading to keep up with it all. I can only remember that René Hubert has done Vivien Leigh's and Maureen O'Sullivan's dresses. That means they will be good. That Maureen O'Sullivan does petit point between shots. That Robert Taylor, now back in Hollywood, has become a confirmed afternoon tea drinker.

Jean Square, who guarantees figure reduction without exercises, drugs or dieting, tells me that you can build up a thin scraggy neck by eating the raw whisked up white of an egg every day. The albumen feeds some gland in the neck alone.

For those who like that sort of thing—and millions do—the Arts and Handcrafts Exhibition at Central Hall, Westminster, was a triumphant collection of pottery, modern tapestries, needlework pictures, needle-painting, hand woven stuffs, hammered metal jewellery, wood carvings, composite flowers and what nots.

Some quite nice looking lamp-shades and table mats turned out to have been made of bracken fern, parrots and budgerigars' feathers, pressed and specially treated. So that's what to do with all your old bracken fern, parrots' and budgerigars' feathers.

Somewhere about the place I saw a nailbrush with "Beware of Rabbits" painted on the back. Why rabbits? Tigers or hornets, yes, but poor little rabbits. . . At odd times during the day the question nagged me, and I haven't found a satisfactory answer yet.

I was buying a pair of black suéde gloves. "I am always buying a pair of black suéde gloves," I complained to the glove girl. She said, "Rub them with a rubber brush, just like you do suéde shoes. It brings up the pile, takes out the grease and keeps them fresh.

It does too.

Dilkusha, top-notch dress designer, does not think only of dressing rich and luscious women. She spares a few thoughts a few times a year to working girls like me, and gives them dress shows in the evening, with the most drastic reductions. I got a nice little pick up for five guineas, for instance.

The last show, one way and another, was quite a party, with witty, revue producer Dennis Freeman compèring the clothes, and beer and sausages circulating.

Let me warn you to be careful of zipp fastenings. This morning, casually fastening up a new dress which zipps high up the neck, I zipped my neck too.

I used to think that "Won't you come up to my room and see my etchings" was a modern satirical remark, world popularised by some American wit or other. Not at all. Sheridan used it first in *The School for Scandal* (given beautifully at the Queen's Theatre by the John Gielgud company). Only he said library instead of etchings. There is nothing new. . . .

Helen Burke, a colleague, has written a book. While I agree with lots of people that there are too many books written as it is, I must say this is a different kind of book.

It is called *Training Margaret* (Hutchinson 5s.), and is an amusing record of how the author trained a young servant in cookery and domestic work. It tells every woman all she can want to know about the house and the table. Especially the table. Some of the Burke recipes are mouth-watering to read, and delicious to eat.

JEAN BURNUP

LOOK PLEASANT, PLEASE

Secretly we are all flattered when we are asked for our photograph, but we invariably carry on about how we hate going to the photographers, and how we have not been taken since we were so high, and we take such a bad photo anyway.

But, modern photography being as good as it is, almost anyone can take a good photograph nowadays

Avoid that pose-y, soul-searching, secret-sorrow expression that so many women seem to present to the camera.

Don't dress up, wear something you feel comfortable in, something that will date as little as possible. (Hats are the worst offenders here). Wear something with an attractive neckline.

For make-up, keep your foundation matt, but go lightly with the powder and rouge. Concentrate on your eyes, whether they are your best feature or not. Brush them up with boot-black if you don't usually mascara them—photographers love it, and it gives a good shiny finish. Then smear the lids with vaseline if you want to get that glistening look, without the darker tinge of eye-shadow.

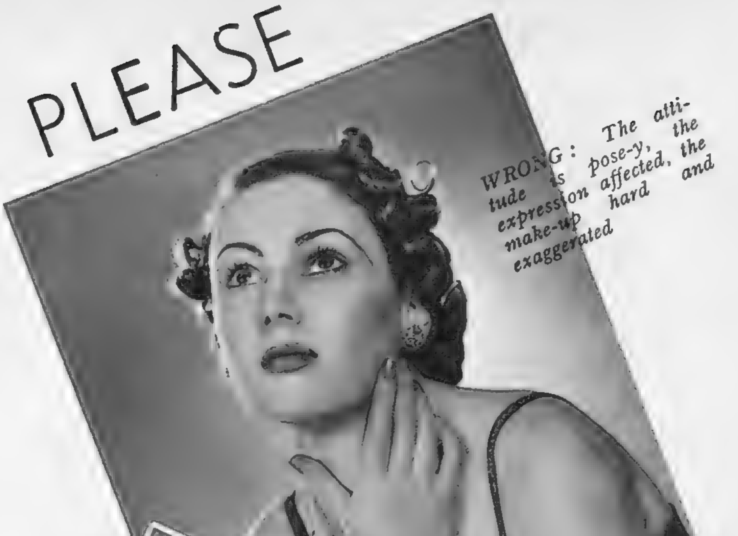
Lipstick colours are an individual problem, but keep away from orange shades, irrespective of whether you like them dark or light.

Even if you don't go in for casual hair styles, don't go straight from the hairdresser with your ears still red from the drier. You want to strike a happy medium between the presentation of a bird's nest and rows of wig-like curls.

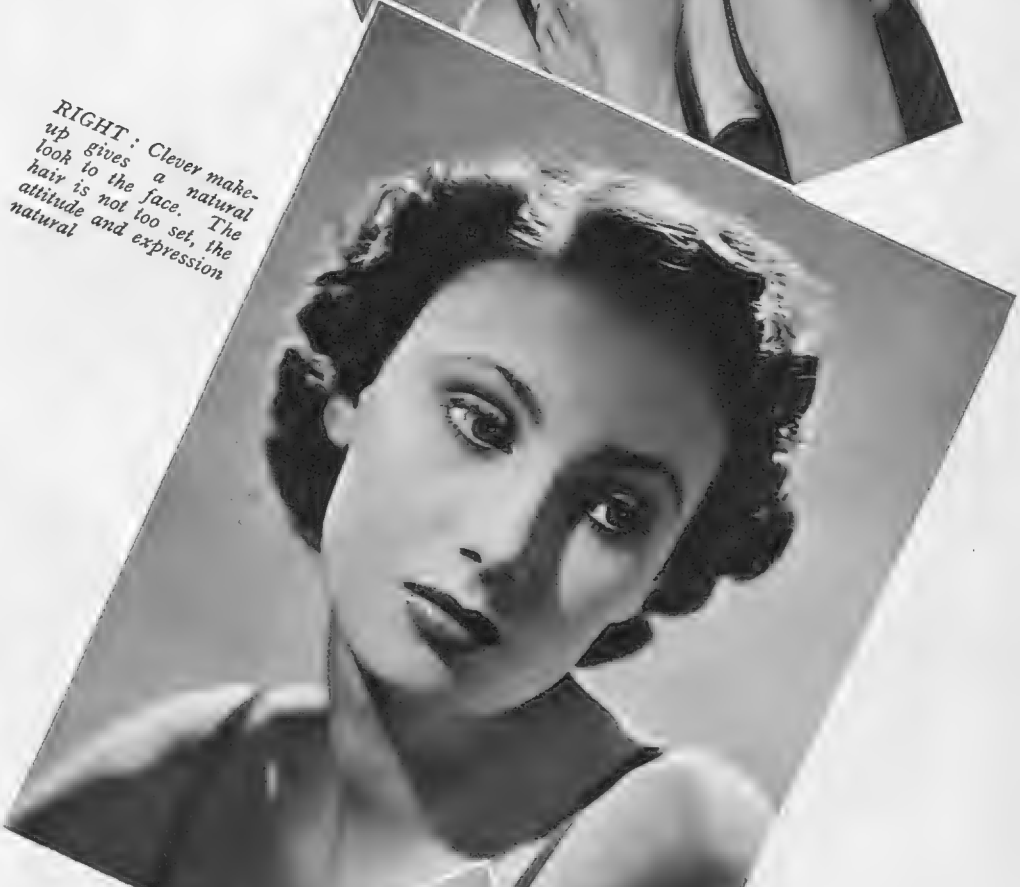
If you have got some specially good point, such as your hands, don't emphasise them to the extent of clutching your throat in Grand Guignol manner.

The photographer, poor man, will be trying to put you at your ease, so don't go telling him that it is worse than going to the dentist. Every other sitter says brightly to every other photographer: "Oh, this side of my face is the best side." After a time this remark makes him see red. So don't lay down the law about which side you are to be photographed from because your nose is like Uncle Edgar's. He will know which is your best angle—it is his job to—and he will light you accordingly.

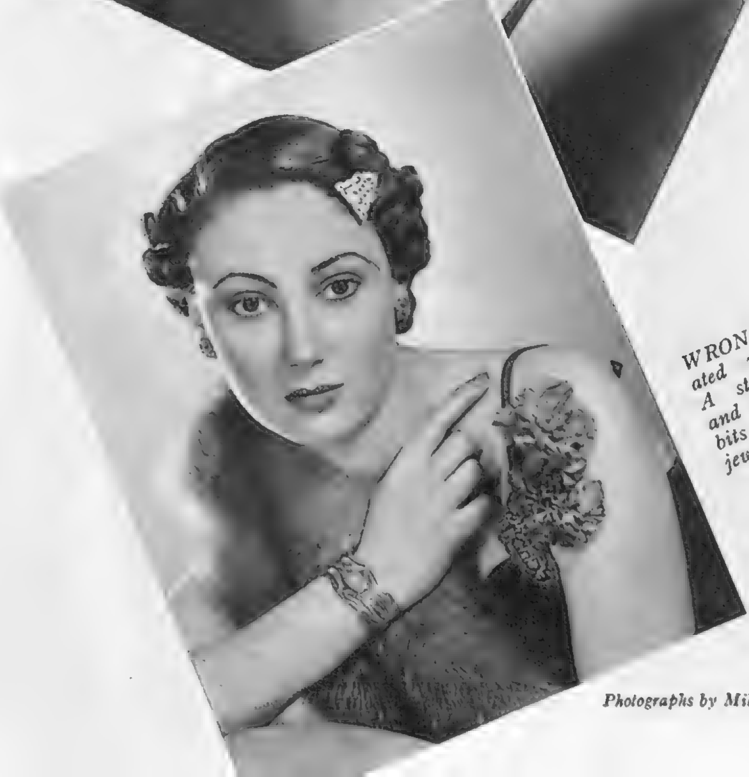
Finally, don't put on the sulks too heavily, even if the tooth-paste smile has gone out of fashion. You won't want to go down to posterity looking like a sullen tragedy queen. Y. M.



WRONG: The attitude is pose-y, the expression affected, the make-up hard and exaggerated



RIGHT: Clever make-up gives a natural look to the face. The hair is not too set, the attitude and expression natural



WRONG: Exaggerated make-up again. A staring expression and far, far too many bits and pieces of jewellery, flowers, furs

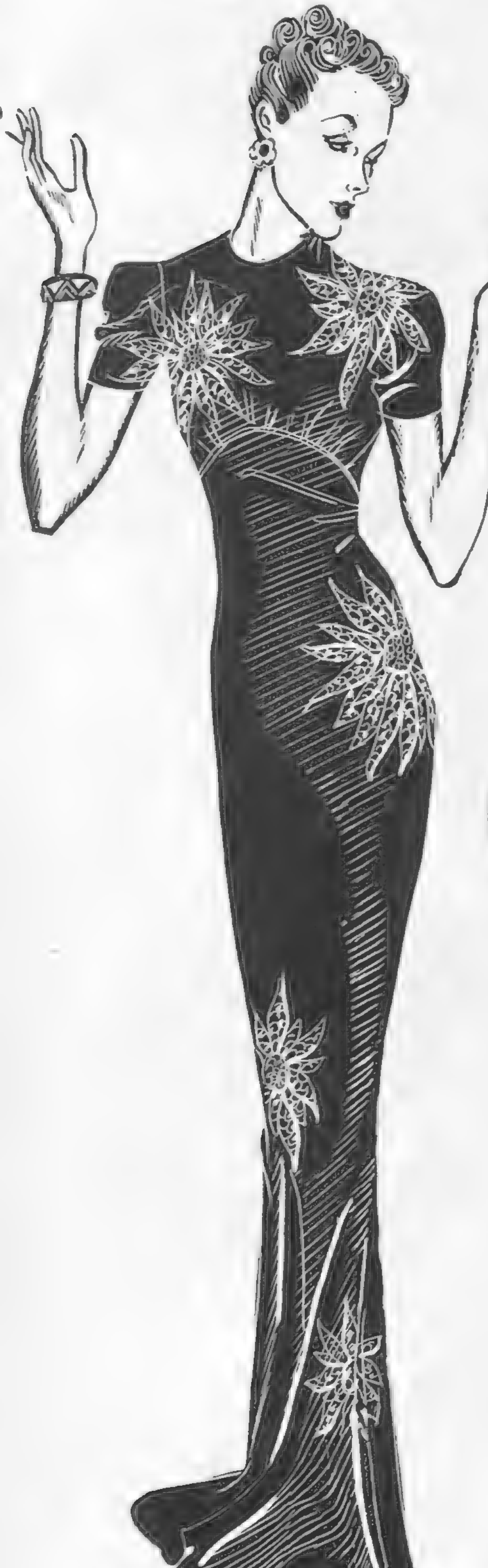
Photographs by Miles, Carlton.

FASHIONS: BY JEAN BURNUP

QUIETLY, the shape of clothes has changed from last autumn. Nothing definite. Just a slight modification of those difficult greyhound, body-hugging lines. Long-sleeved dinner dresses, heavily encrusted with embroidery, jewelled motifs, gold threadwork, are still snakily slim, but kinder round the diaphragm.

The popular evening dress silhouette is a naked top, often right off the shoulders, an adapted directoire bust, often a suggestion of more amplitude in the skirt. Generally, the line is less clearly defined. There is more breathing-room, in fact. Many dresses have trains.

Slipper satin is around everywhere. So is lamé brocaded in Oriental design for evening dresses and short evening coats. Piguet has a brocaded lamé, with swathed, high bust, a flowing body-line, a train, and over it a loose matching coat, whose sleeves end in gloves. He also offers a ruched high bustline on a praline slipper satin dress—welcome change from draping—and a black sash placed low on the moulded hips of a blue slipper satin—indication of a dropping waistline with which a few Houses are toying.



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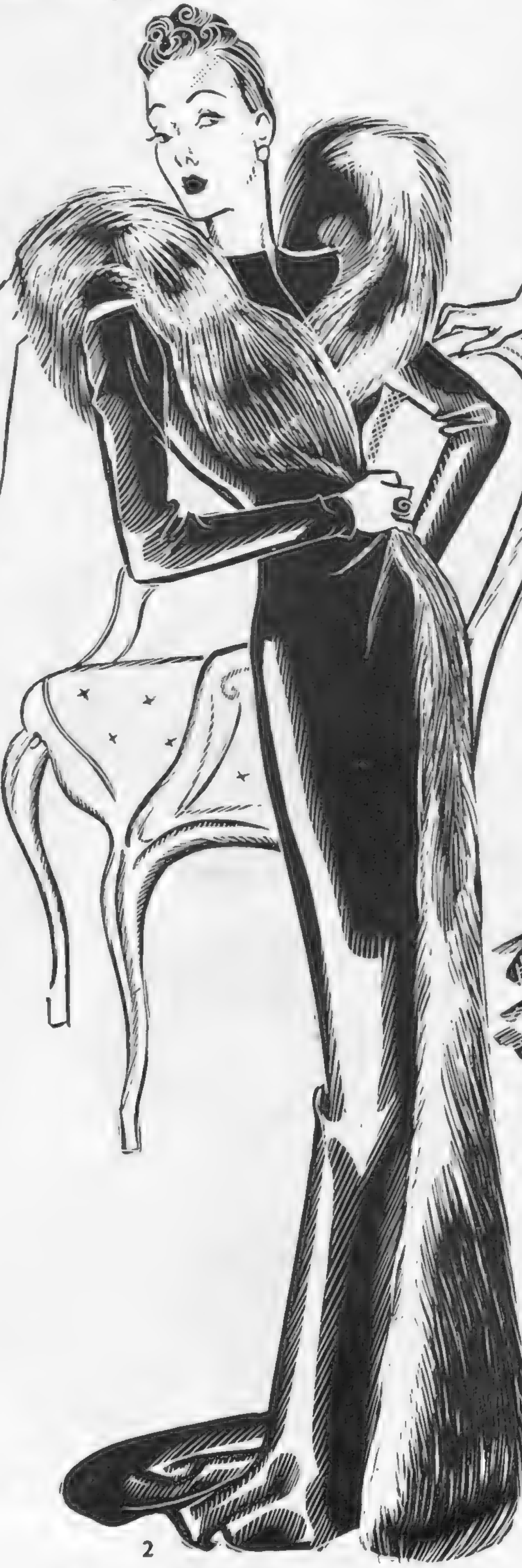

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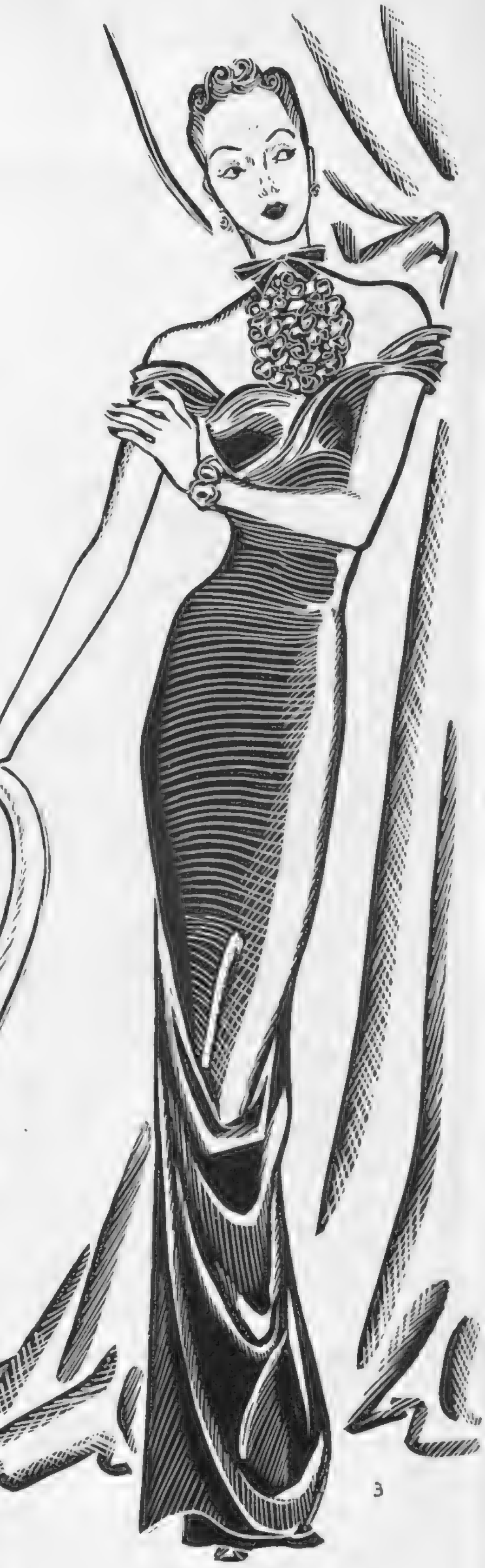

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1. Black crêpe dinner dress, high-waisted, slight bust-fulness, slight train, splashed about with large blue sequin motifs. *Stiebel.*
2. Black velvet evening coat trimmed with bands of natural blue fox over shoulders, down front. *Hartnell.*
3. Prune satin off shoulders, wrapped round bust and arms, with intricately draped skirt. Velvet bow of shocking pink, a " beard " of violets. *Schiaparelli.*
4. Brown woollen coat sumptuously trimmed with blue fox. *Maggy Rouff.*

There is a feeling for snaky trims. One black crêpe dress spiralling tightly round the figure has a silvery snake belt. Maggy Rouff does gilt snake bracelets and necklaces.

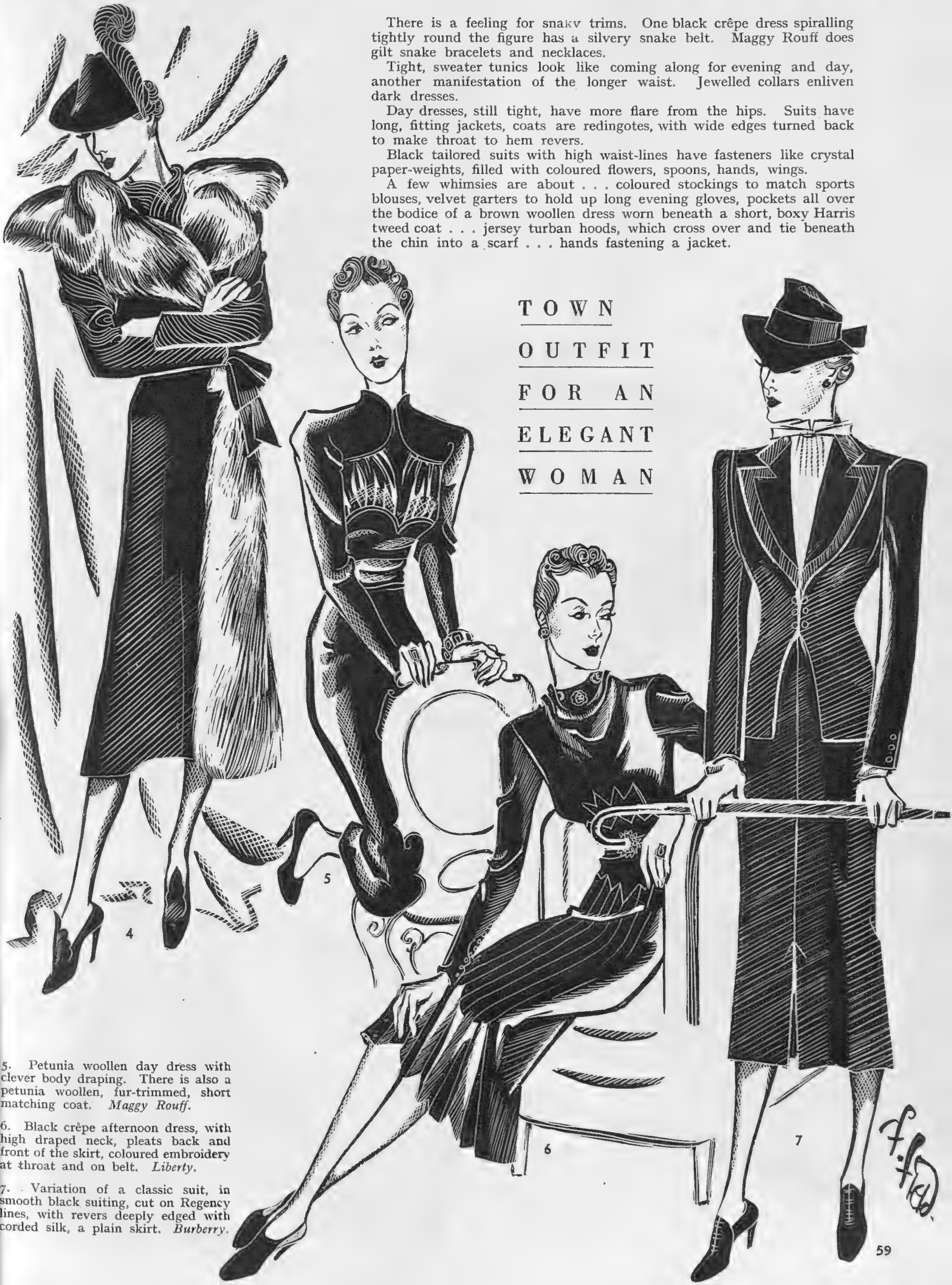
Tight, sweater tunics look like coming along for evening and day, another manifestation of the longer waist. Jewelled collars enliven dark dresses.

Day dresses, still tight, have more flare from the hips. Suits have long, fitting jackets, coats are redingotes, with wide edges turned back to make throat to hem revers.

Black tailored suits with high waist-lines have fasteners like crystal paper-weights, filled with coloured flowers, spoons, hands, wings.

A few whimsies are about . . . coloured stockings to match sports blouses, velvet garters to hold up long evening gloves, pockets all over the bodice of a brown woollen dress worn beneath a short, boxy Harris tweed coat . . . jersey turban hoods, which cross over and tie beneath the chin into a scarf . . . hands fastening a jacket.

TOWN OUTFIT FOR AN ELEGANT WOMAN



5. Petunia woollen day dress with clever body draping. There is also a petunia woollen, fur-trimmed, short matching coat. *Maggy Rouff.*

6. Black crêpe afternoon dress, with high draped neck, pleats back and front of the skirt, coloured embroidery at throat and on belt. *Liberty.*

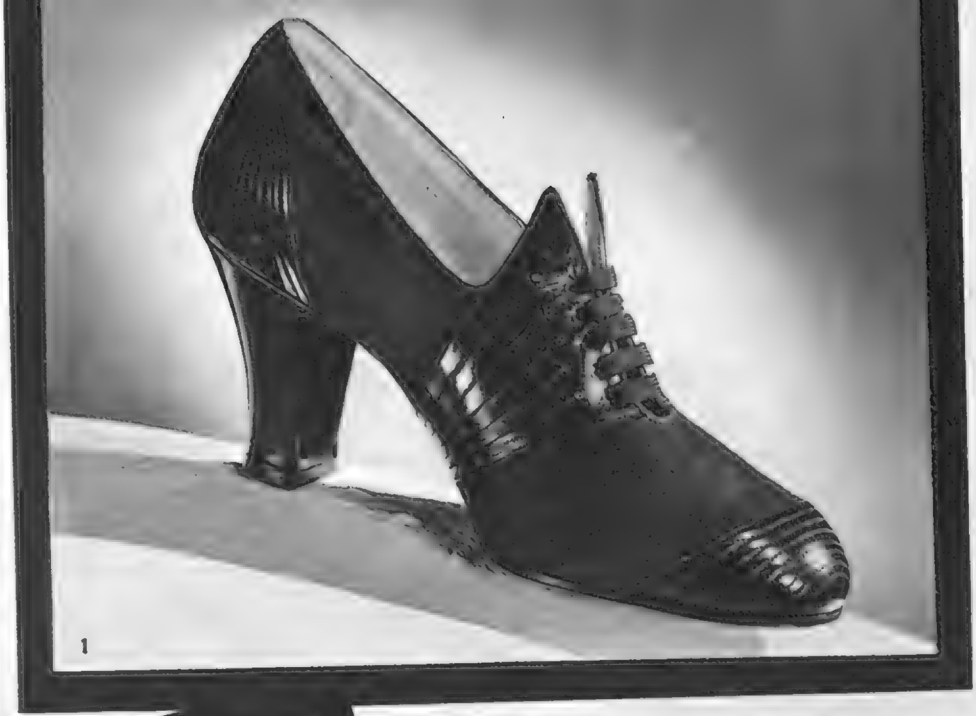
7. Variation of a classic suit, in smooth black suiting, cut on Regency lines, with revers deeply edged with corded silk, a plain skirt. *Burberry.*

1. This is an American-styled, English made Vani-Tred shoe, navy suède, with a stitched leather high tie front. Vani-Tred shoes are made in up to 00 fittings, and give you a natural tread base, which distributes the body-weight evenly from toe to heel. 25/9

2. Flare-fit is a feature of Styl-Ees shoes, again American designed, British made. It means that they have an inner sole which is in itself a firmly reinforced support. The model illustrated is black suède, with patent toes and heels, a high front with suède elastic insets. 29/9

3. An Arch-Preserver shoe, black suède and patent, with a high-pointed front. Besides the ordinary shoe fittings, Arch-Preserver shoes come in three arch-curve fittings — low, medium, high, combining ease and freedom with fashion rightness. 39/9

4. Black suède court, trimmed with a winged bow—an Arch-rite shoe, which means you have real comfort from real arch support with elegant styling. 29/6



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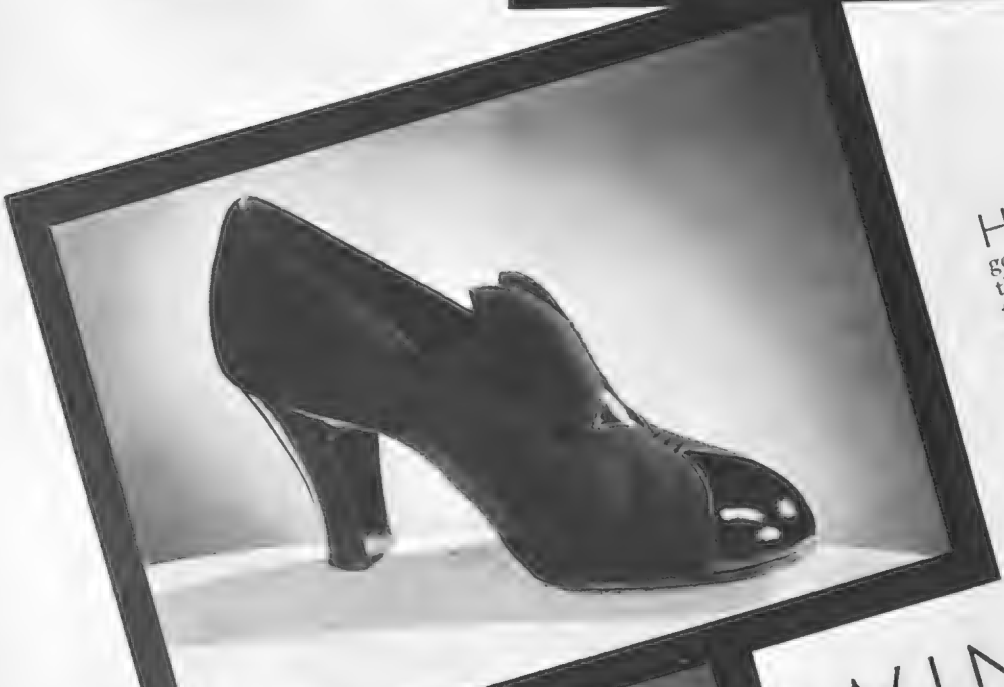
Higher and higher up the instep go the new shoes, splitting as they go to give a winged line to the foot. A winged bow on a suède court and an alliance of suède and patent in a high tie shoe, are elegant details.



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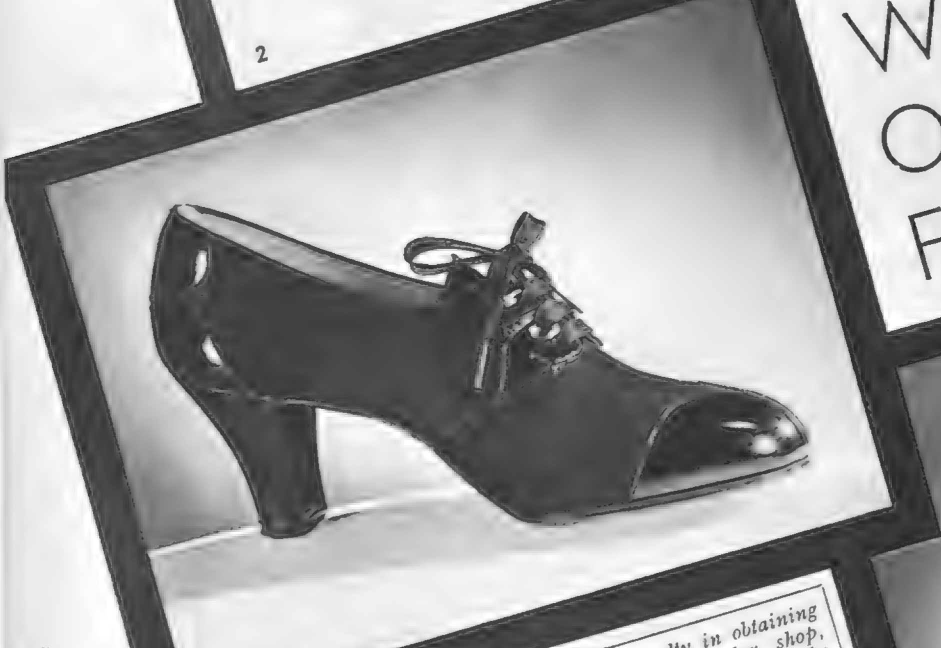
WINGS ON YOUR FEET



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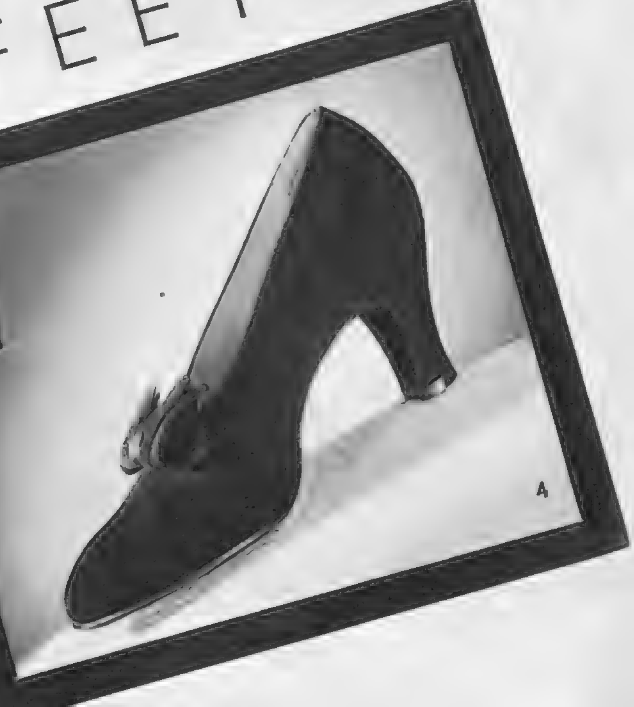

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If you have any difficulty in obtaining these shoes from your regular shop, we shall be happy to supply the addresses of stockists. Write to the Editor, Woman's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4

ADORNMENTS

Since women have discovered that an exciting piece of jewellery can do almost everything to a dress, semi-precious jewellery gets more and more massive, fantastic and barbaric. While you still see simplicity of design and colour, the big idea is jewels in the semblance of something else—fruit, flowers, animals, anything so long as it is sufficiently odd, impertinent, original, or precious, on this word's other meaning.

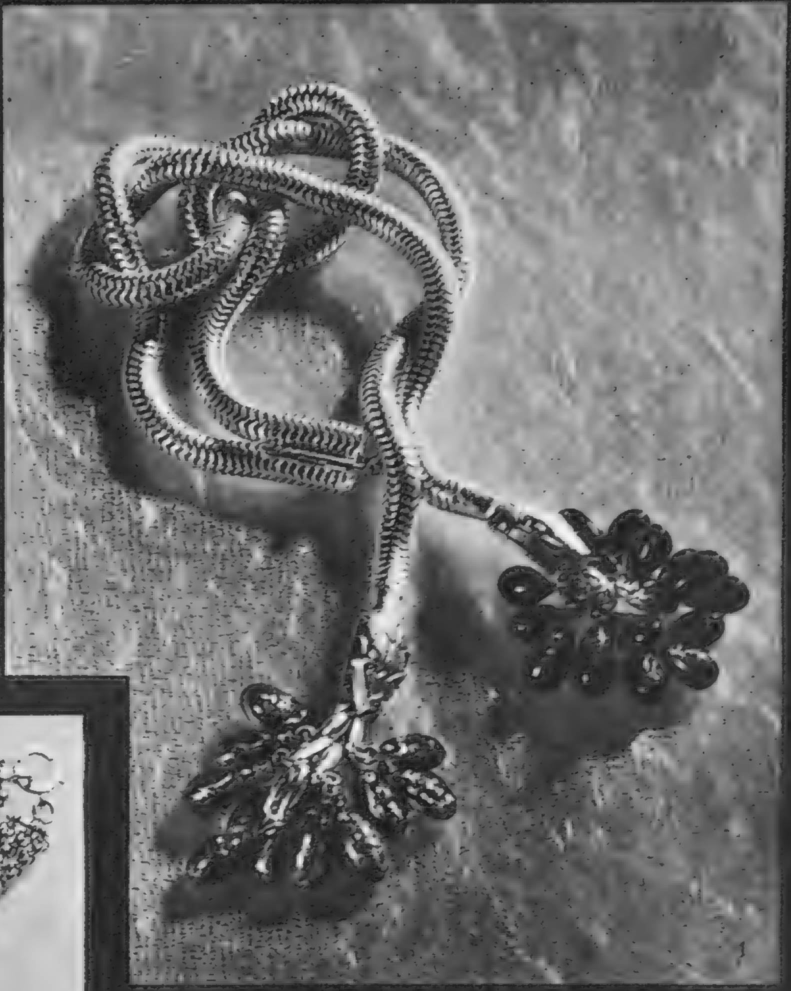
1. *Gilt serpents twist to form a bracelet. The dangling heads hold red and green bunches of grapes.* *Maggy Rouff*

2. *Gilt chain necklace with drop stones in brilliant emerald green.* *Robert Douglas*

3. *Set of clip and earrings in coral and emerald stones, forming an orange grove.* *Robert Douglas*

4. *An enamelled hand, with red nails, and a wide gilt bracelet, holds a red rose, with green leaves. The whole makes a brooch.* *Schiaparelli*

5. *Gold metal clip enamelled in the form of a negro's head wearing blue stone earrings.* *Marjorie Castle*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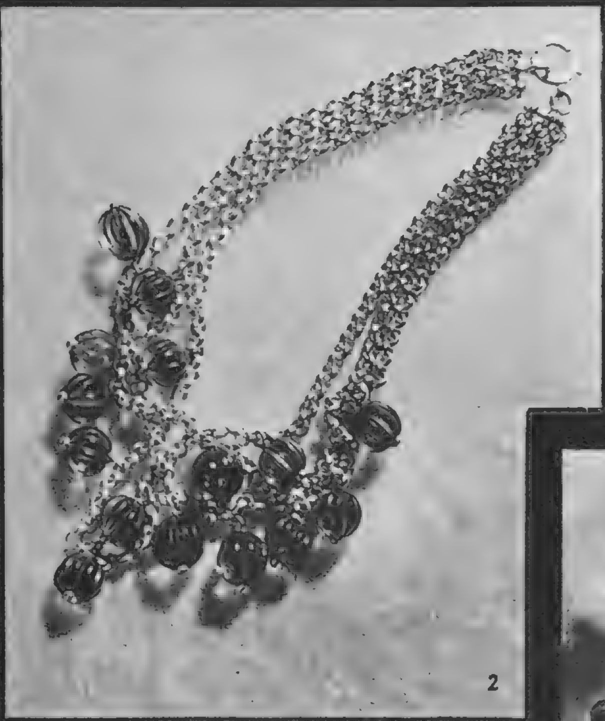
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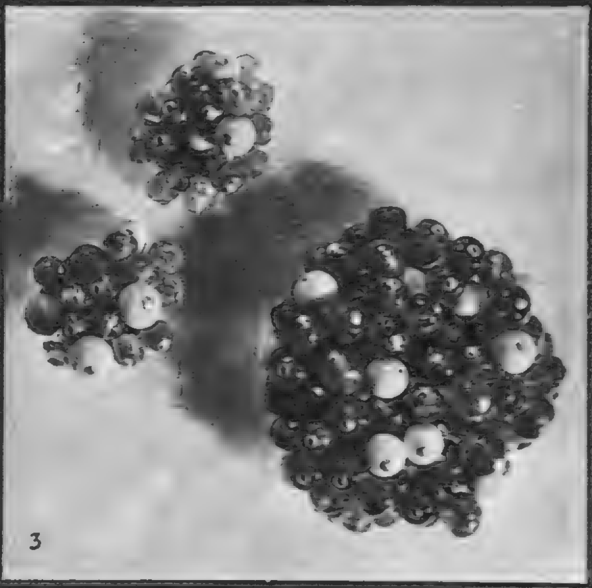
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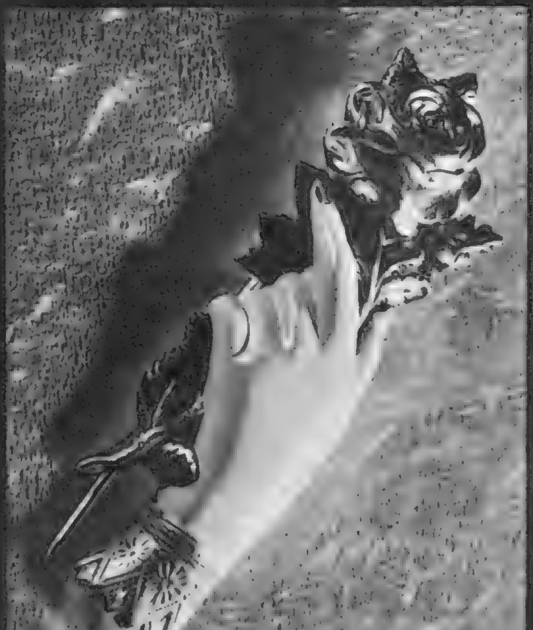
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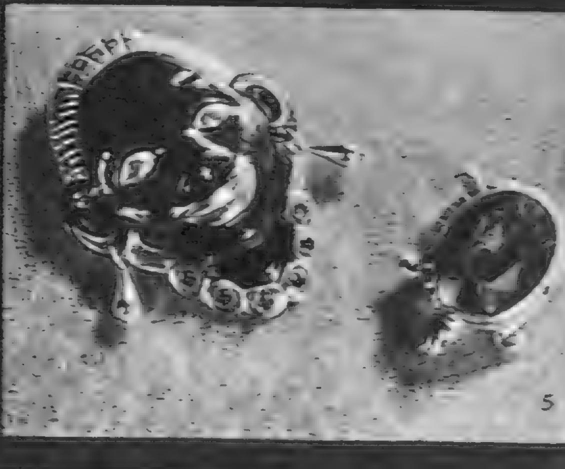
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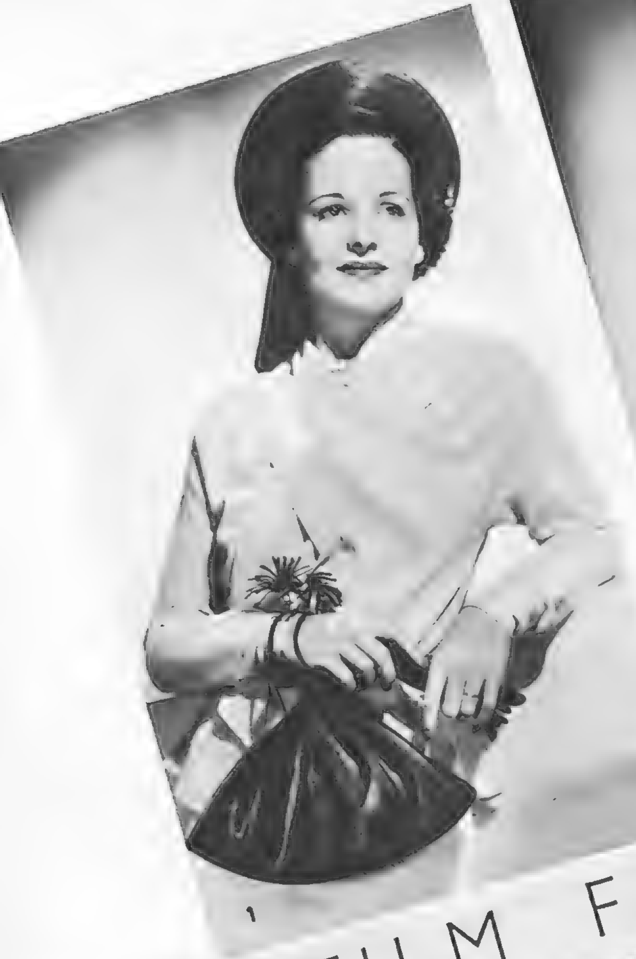
Photographs by Miles, Carlton.

FILM FASHIONS FOR 1938

"Vogues of 1938" is the first important colour film to exploit modern fashions. It is a witty, glittering, grandiose musical, in colour so good you forget it is there. Joan Bennett wears outfit after outfit of beauty and elegance, and there are adroitly produced fashion parades by New York's twelve most famous photographic models. Some exclusive photographs of the clothes appear on these pages. Hollywood is excited over these fashions; says they give the style trends of 1938. They may give you some good idea for your own clothes.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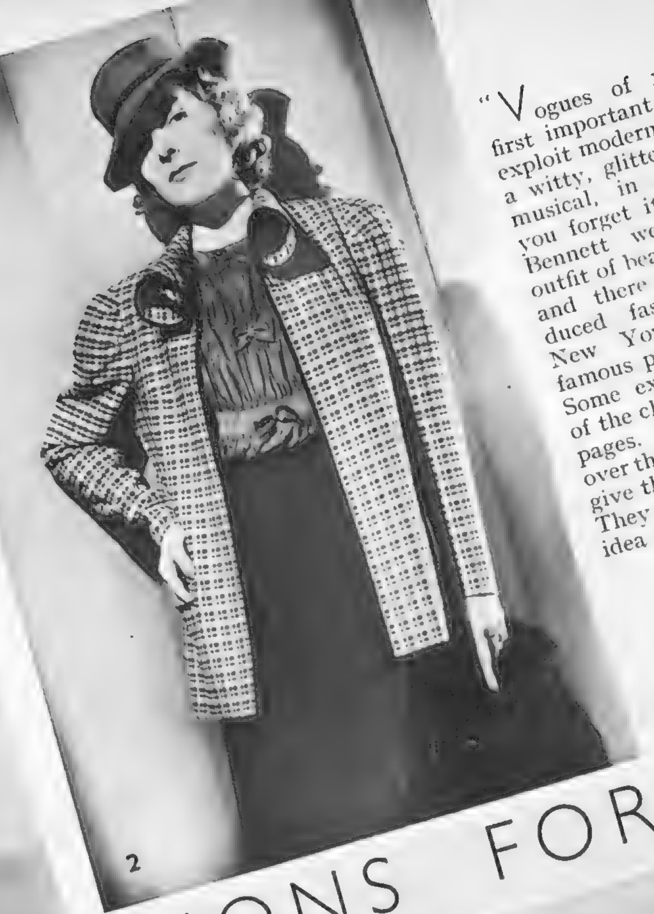
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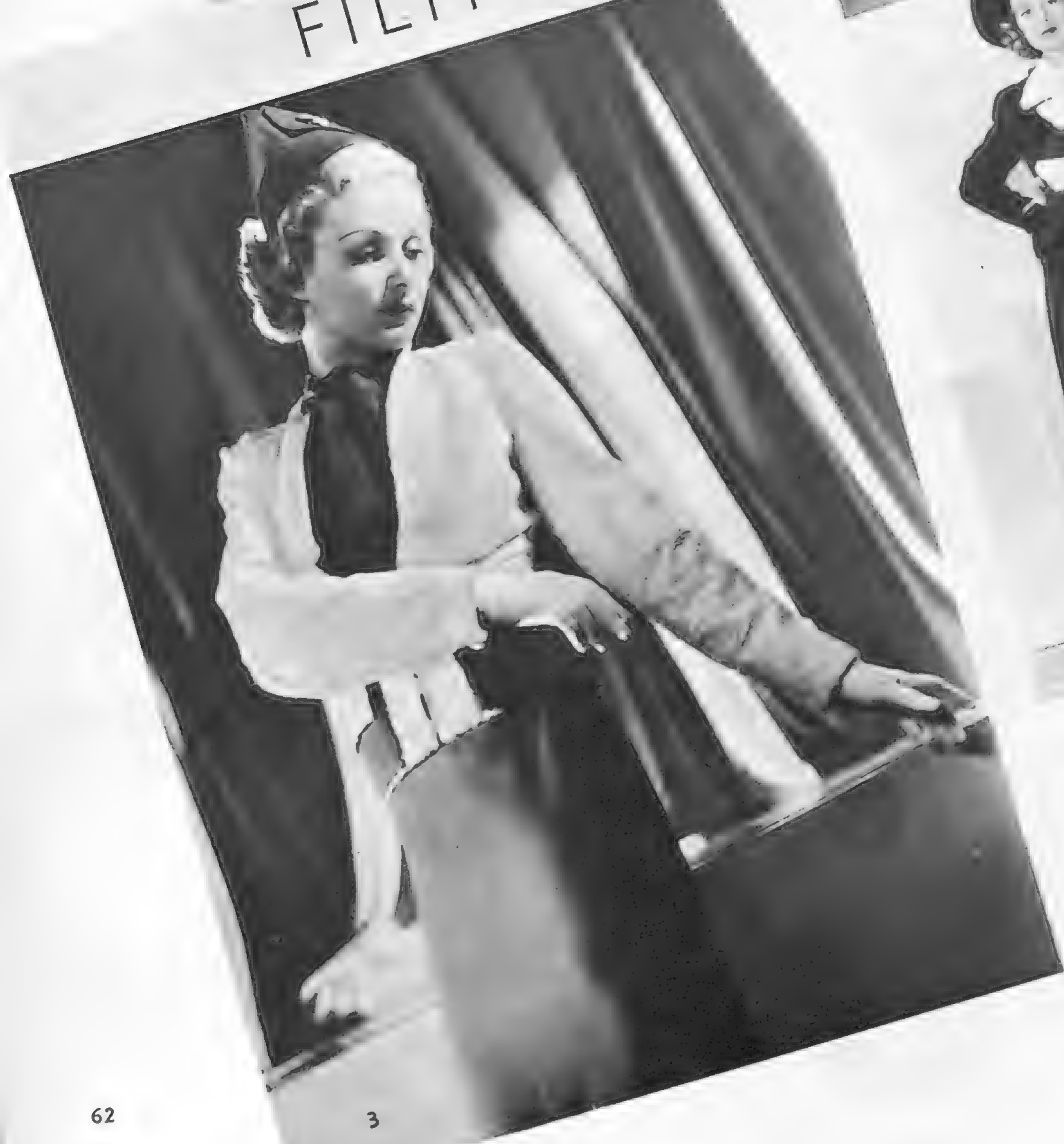
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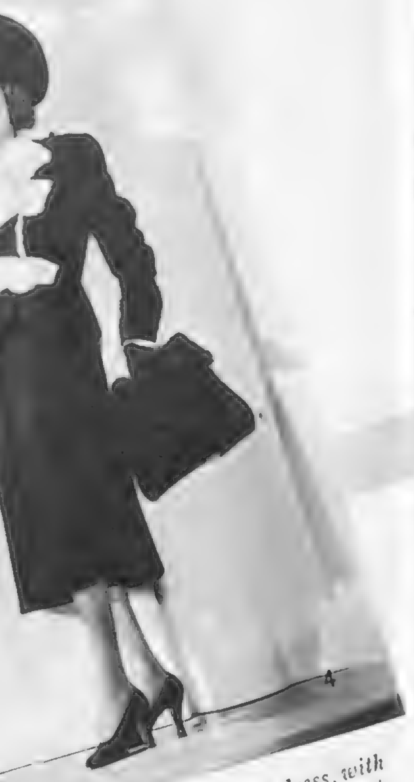
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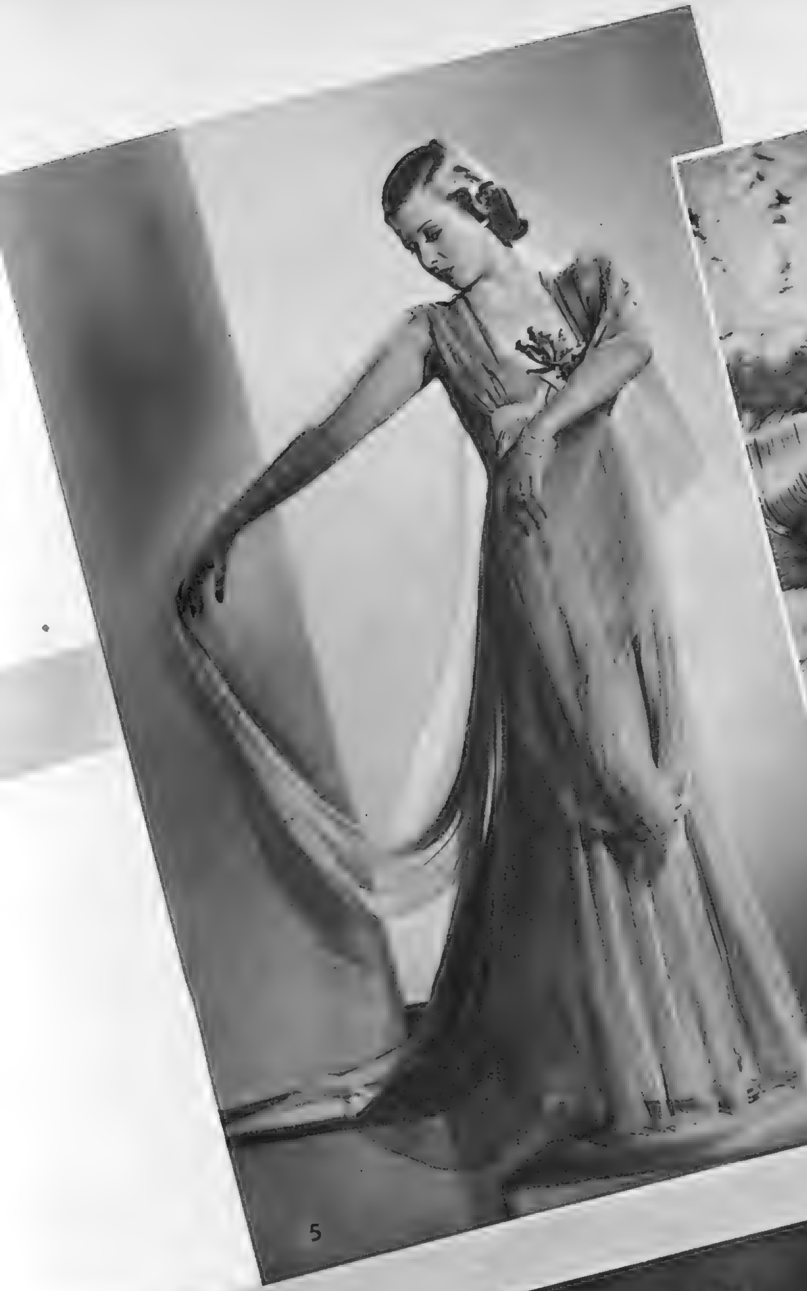
1. *Hyacinth blue afternoon dress, with cross-over scarf neckline. Navy hat, gloves and "dorothy bag" handbag.*

2. *Shepherd's plaid boxy coat with a new ice cornet collar over a green blouse, a black skirt.*

3. *Short, collarless white lamb coat, over a black woollen dress with a high-draped neck.*

4. *Black afternoon rough woollen dress and jacket, with ermine trims.*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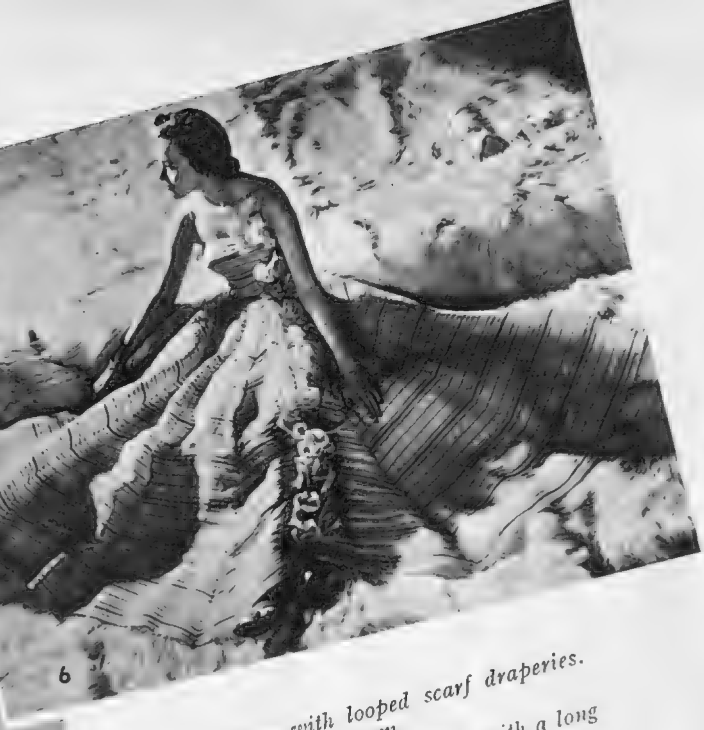
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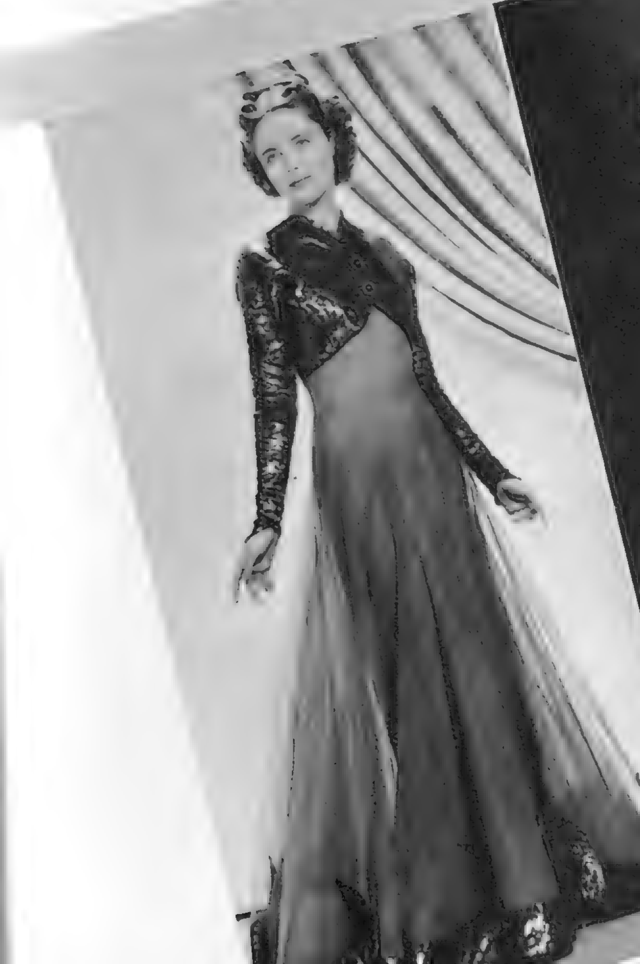
5. *Chiffon, with looped scarf draperies. One orchid at the bosom.*

6. *Pale blue striped organza, with a long side-line of fluffy bows.*

7. *Blue tulle over red, with a bolero bodice and hem crescents of red and blue metallized fabric.*

8. *A draped column of pale green silvery brocade, with a silver belt.*

9. *Ice-blue satin and lamé, with a slashed halter neckline.*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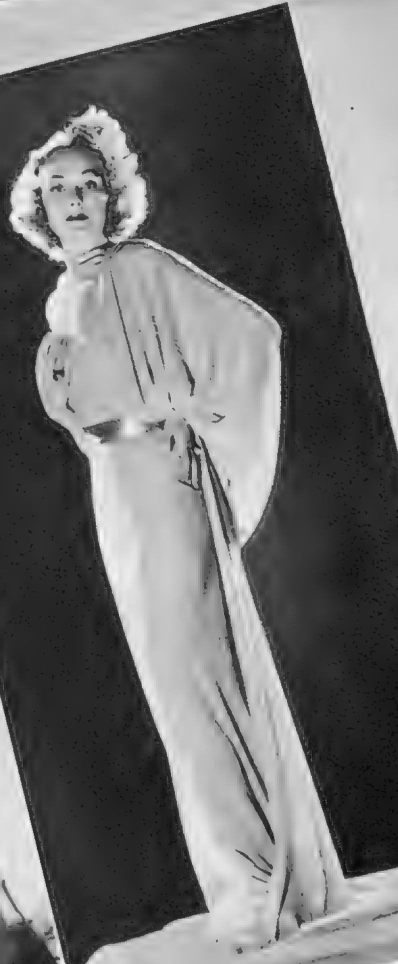
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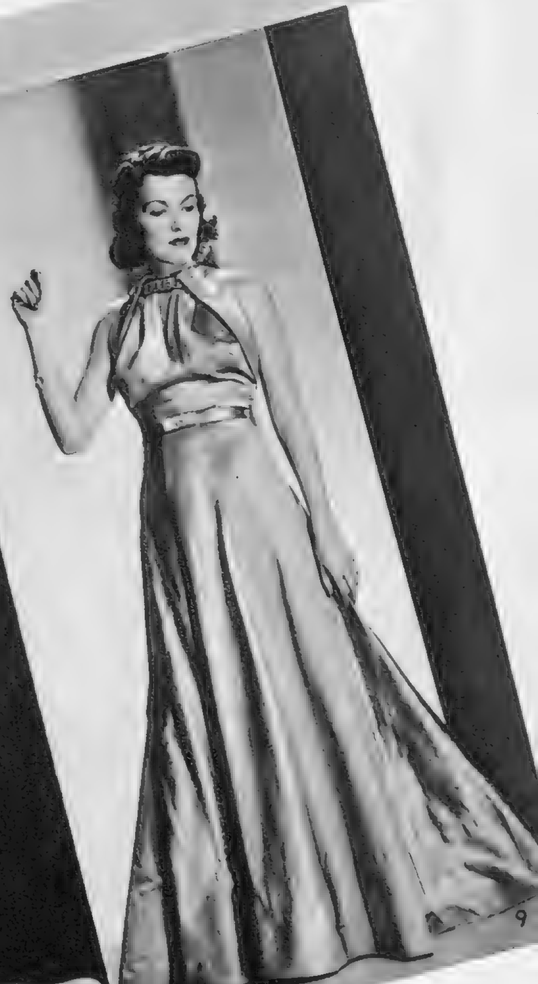
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NO SERVANT PROBLEM

By Elizabeth Hughes Hallett

This maid's schedule is done on a one-maid basis, where there is a father, mother, and two children. The house is modern and has two reception rooms, three bedrooms, a maid's bedroom, small kitchen. The mistress takes her fair share of the work.

6.45 *a.m.*—Air own bedroom, clean and light kitchen fire. Take up tea and fruit juice. Pull up blinds in bedrooms, call the house generally. Prepare breakfast and attend to children, the mistress assisting.

8 *a.m.*—Breakfast.

8.30 *a.m.*—Clear table and wash up. Sweep and tidy kitchen. Do front door and sitting-room. Mistress and maid then make beds together and do bedrooms.

11.15 *a.m.*—Prepare mid-day meal and, while it is cooking, continue with cleaning and dusting of the house generally, taking in bathroom and hall as convenient.

12.30 *p.m.*—Set the mid-day meal.

1 *p.m.*—Serve and have mid-day meal.

1.30 *p.m.*—Clear and wash dishes.

2 *p.m.*—Tidy kitchen and make up fires for the afternoon, filling coal-boxes. Dress in afternoon uniform.

3 *p.m.*—
4.30 *p.m.*— } Leisure time or walk with the children.

4.30 *p.m.*—Tea.

5 *p.m.*—Ironing or other odd jobs.

6.15 *p.m.*—Prepare supper or dinner, and while it is cooking fill bottles and make down children's beds. Draw curtains in all rooms. Set the meal.

7.45 *p.m.*—Supper or dinner.

8.30 *p.m.*—Clear and wash up.

9 *p.m.*—Make down beds and fill hot-water bottles. Lay out sticks and coal for the morning and prepare fruit juices or early-morning tea-tray, lay breakfast table.

Monday.—Sitting room turned out thoroughly. Clothes soaked if washed at home, or sorted out if sent to the laundry.

Tuesday.—Washing day, also kitchen and own premises.

Wednesday.—Two bedrooms turned out.

Thursday.—One bedroom and bathroom cleaned thoroughly.

Friday.—Dining-room turned out. Putting away laundry.

Saturday.—Hall and staircase thoroughly done.

To the right-thinking mistress, there is no servant problem. She treats her maid as she would any other person, and forgets all the traditions of the good—or was it the bad—old days of domestic service.

The only real way to run a house is by organised housework. Where there is no method, things are bound to go wrong, with the result that tempers are frayed and mistress and maid are in constant friction.

To keep things right, work to a plan and draw up a schedule of duties. See that it is a workable one and you will find that by keeping to a timetable, method soon becomes a habit.

Make out a family menu sheet for a fortnight at a time. This will not have the same monotony as a weekly one. The maid soon masters these scheduled dishes.

A girl with average intelligence can be taught how to cook, and she picks up wonderfully well if a little patience is taken over her. Daintiness and efficiency in serving can be arrived at by constant practice.

The chief grievance in domestic service is the long hours. The average maid is on duty for about sixteen hours a day—not working hard all the time perhaps, but the bell must be answered, the casual caller given a cup of tea, or the telephone attended to. These and many other trivial matters break into any little leisure time she may have, which means that she is never really off duty.

If the work is organised properly, all this can be avoided and the number of working hours reduced.

Breakfast can be set the night before, if covered with a light piece of muslin to keep out the dust.

See that your maid gets to bed at a decent time of night. Don't keep her hanging on for an after-theatre supper, or late snacks.

Invest in useful utensils for table cooking. Make your preparations early in the day and the rest is simple. Keep away, however, from anything too elaborate for a late meal.

There is always some part of the day when the work slacks off. A maid should be allowed to look upon this as leisure.

To manage this free time, speed up the work during the forenoon, try to avoid having parcels delivered during her leisure hours, and if you must have your afternoon tea, have the tray set in advance. With an electric kettle, you can quite easily perform this little duty yourself.

In the one-maid household where there are children, this leisure time is difficult to arrange. It means taking a little responsibility yourself as long as the children are young. Few maids, however, object to taking the children out walking, provided some time off is allowed later on.

You will find that this short break will help a maid to carry on cheerfully during the strenuous hours round about dinner or supper time.

With regard to regular time off, the allowance is generally one complete afternoon and evening off each week. Allow the girl out until such an hour when the cinemas close. If there is a dance, trust her occasionally till a late hour, on the condition that the work next day does not suffer. Never change her time off at the last moment. She has made plans, too.

A whole day a month is sometimes advocated, but it is not always possible to arrange such a lengthy period, especially where there is a young family. A Sunday afternoon a week and perhaps Church in the evening is a much appreciated privilege, but if this is impossible, then alternate Sundays must certainly be given.

Servants have many little grievances; chief among them perhaps is the mistress who nags and stands irritatingly over the maid while she goes about her work. There is also the mistress who spies, who watches the illicit 'phone calls, checks up the notepaper, locks the food cupboards.

This surveillance is sometimes justified, but in the majority of cases it pays to trust a maid.

Give your maid a decent bedroom, and a comfortable bed. Make a point of giving her good food without being extravagant, and see that her table appointments are well kept.

Do not forget that a word of praise is a marvellous incentive, but at the same time do not be afraid to call her in question for carelessness. Take an interest in her personal life. Respect her privacy and give her facilities for an occasional visitor. In fact, treat her like a human being and she will repay you a thousandfold.

I'll Tell You All I Know

By Mary Young

All things considered, prospects for any girl interested in beauty as a profession are pretty rosy. Take a look round any of the beauty establishments in the West End of London. You will find growing pains everywhere; while the suburbs and provinces have, as yet, hardly been tapped.

One of the most flourishing schools of beauty has its headquarters in Park Lane, and is affiliated to the Academic Scientifique de Beauté. The dynamic secretary apologised for being slightly hoarse after giving three hours' counsel to an ex-student who was opening up in Bond Street.

One class was having a manicure and ankle slimming lesson; in another, a lecture on anatomy was in progress. Besides Paris and London Diplomas, this school gives a special diploma for proficiency in its celebrated figure slimming treatment. You couldn't find a better place for learning all there is to learn of this fascinating and remunerative new profession.

You wouldn't think that saucepans could let you down socially? But they can. One of these nights when its cook's night off, someone is going to raid your kitchen and insist on doing a bit of cooking; or there will be an egg and bacon rush at 2 a.m. after a party.

Cook is a grand girl in every way, but her washing-up sometimes . . . You thought you had got her all set about the china, but those pans needed a bit of laughing off. They looked all right outside, but the edges inside . . . oh my!

May I suggest you give cook a present (it will only cost you 6d.) of a kitchen aid that will do the trick. It is a handy little gadget that gets any kind of food hangover from the inner edges of pans. It is invaluable, too, for cleaning bottles and for scraping food cleanly off chopping and pastry-boards.

Here is quite a new idea in shampoos. If you do not have the pioneering spirit and prefer to mess about with bits of soap and eggs, at least let your husband in on it for this shampoo is made for him just as much as for you.

My discovery comes in a tube and is used straight. Wet the hair; squeeze about a third of the contents of the tube into the palm of one hand, and with the fingers of the other, apply to the scalp. Dip the hands in warm water and rub the hair vigorously. See that lather? Rinse off and dry in the usual way. The shampoo is only 6d. a tube (there'll be enough left over for Junior) and it is scentless.

Every beauty writer in every article about eyes tells us to "wash out that mascara brush each time after use."

But who does?

So mascara brushes go on getting all clogged up and making park railings of our lashes instead of giving us glamorous silken fronds. So you will be interested to hear of a brushless mascara like an ebony lipstick which can be used for shaping and darkening the eyebrows as well as for the lashes.

For the brows, the end of the stick is used, just like an eyebrow pencil. For the lashes the stick is dipped in water and the grooved sides applied with an upward and outward movement to the upper lashes, the tip of the stick being used for the lower ones. The mascara comes in black, brown and blue, and is perfumed.

News of another quickie cleanser. This time it is for the face . . . ladies' faces only. It calls itself a facial freshener—that is modest. For one of these little pads, besides whisking off every bit of grime and make-up, is impregnated with a mild astringent lotion which makes quite an excellent base for powder. Think; or are you thinking already, what a joy a packet of these cleansing pads would be on a journey, or at journey's end when you arrive to find the washing arrangements at Ye Olde Worlde Inn are too Olde Worlde for a Newe Worlde face to take. Grand for a clean-up after office hours, too, and especially useful for taking dirty make-up off your nose and chin when the rest of the face doesn't need re-doing.

The pads, a hundred of them, come in a good-looking black glass container with a white top. With them are packed a separate handbag supply; a dozen pads in a special flat holder. These can go with you everywhere, and are easily disposed of, when used, as a bus ticket.

Price of the outfit complete is 4s. 6d.

Lots of women who would never dream of economising on powder or on face cream become meanies when buying a lipstick.

Does this pay? Of course not. If they realised how much they spent on ruined handkerchiefs, table linen, sheets and so on, they would save up and buy themselves something really good and indelible. It may cost more, but look how long it lasts.

(*Yes; but aren't these indelible lipsticks terribly drying?*)

Some are. Not all. The one I have been hearing about claims to be the only greasy lipstick that is really indelible.

It is a discreet lipstick, too, and will not, I am told, leave any incriminating evidence behind on a cigarette end or a tea-cup. There are seven tints from which to choose: orange, nasturtium, light, medium, dark, claret, flame.

If any of the subjects discussed here are the answer to your own problems write to me at "Britannia and Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4

100 YEARS

Looking at interior decoration over the last hundred years, perhaps the most striking thing is the resemblance that exists between the fashions of 1838 and 1938.

It is true we have passed through many phases. Design, convention in decoration has fluctuated as far and as wide in the past century as in the three or four previous ones together. Yet the furnishing fashions of to-day take us, in essentials, right back to the early Nineteenth Century.

Discredited as that period was in relation to domestic art, it had many beautiful features and there is much evidence of an exquisite feeling for form and craftsmanship underlying the rampant sentiment which expressed itself in wax and fringe and similar excesses.

From 1838 to the early fifties marks a period of affectation in furnishing. The French influence was much in evidence, and many distorted "revivals" of earlier French styles found their way into English schemes. The sad lack of restraint with which the swooping curves, the elaborate inlay of the Empire period were used has given this period an almost comical complexion, yet its character had much of beauty in it.

It is true of much of the furniture of the early Nineteenth Century that in essence it was elegant, in presentation vile.

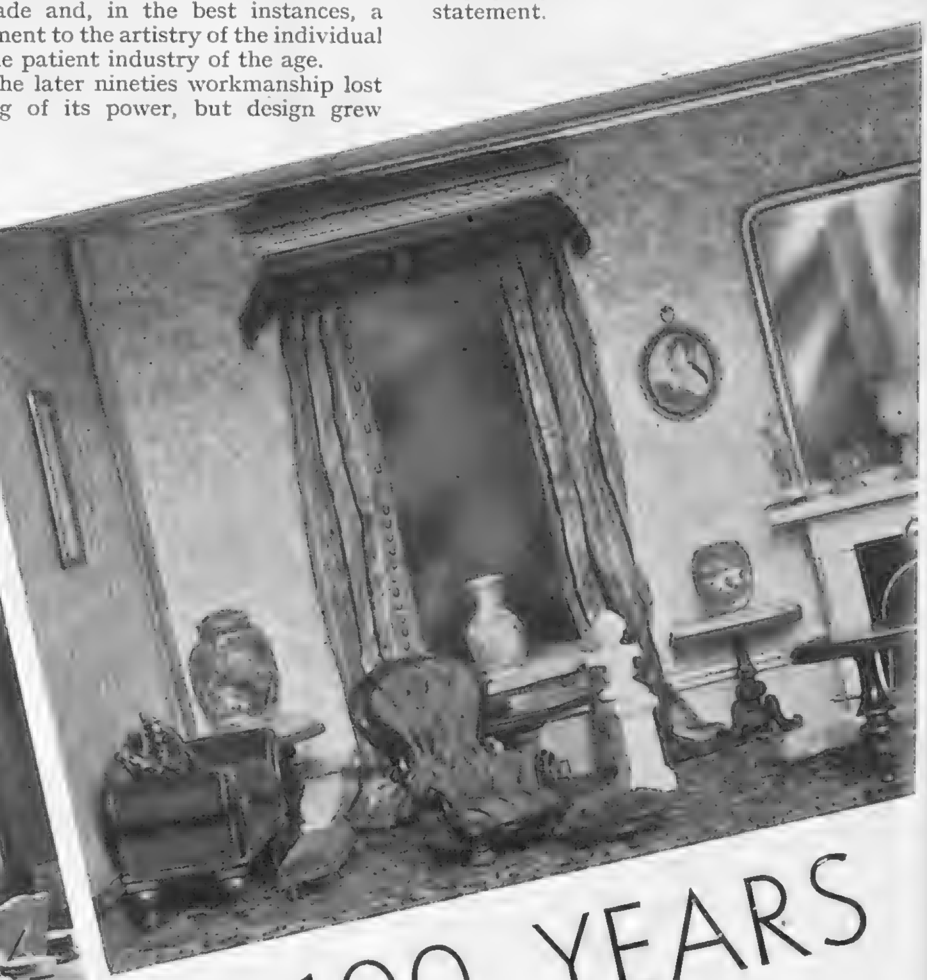
The workmanship of this time can hardly ever have been surpassed. Those were the days when a cabinet maker was an artist of the highest achievement. The pride he took in his craft and his consummate skill are exemplified in the tool chests that still exist to bear him witness.

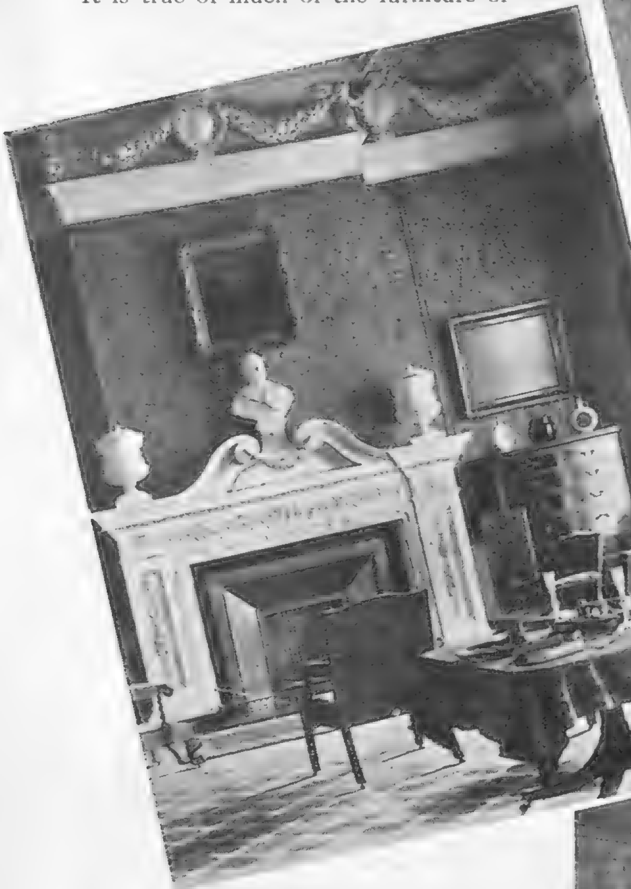
It was the ambition of the craftsman of that time to make a chest that would show his ability as well as hold his tools. Often he made it in mahogany, intricately fashioned and inlaid with satinwood and boxwood. The finished chest was a practical receptacle for the implements of his trade and, in the best instances, a monument to the artistry of the individual and the patient industry of the age.

In the later nineties workmanship lost nothing of its power, but design grew more and more delirious. Papier-maché furniture, exquisitely wrought, heavily inlaid—often with mother of pearl—typified the mania for decoration in its most bountiful form.

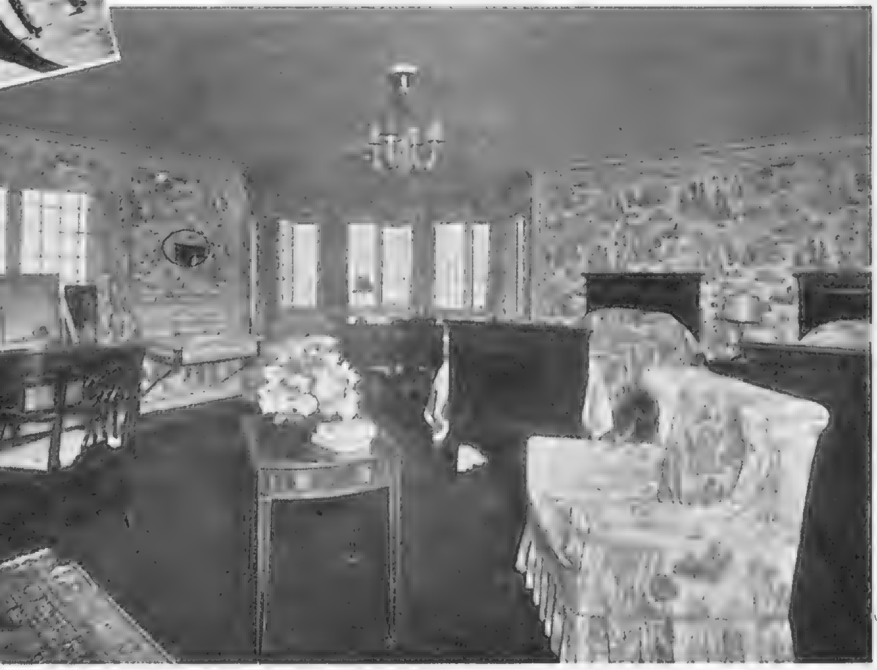
A bedroom suite of papier-maché preserved in the Bethnal Green Museum is a perfect specimen of the period. Its exquisite workmanship reproaches the slipshod methods of this machine age, and its ornateness is a striking symbol of the ineffectiveness of skill without taste.

It is impossible to look at the furniture of the nineteenth century without reflecting that what we have lost in skill is largely regained in the new art of understatement.





Typical of the late Edwardian style of interior decoration. Pompous, ornate, solid and prosperous as the period it represents (Courtesy of *Country Life*.)



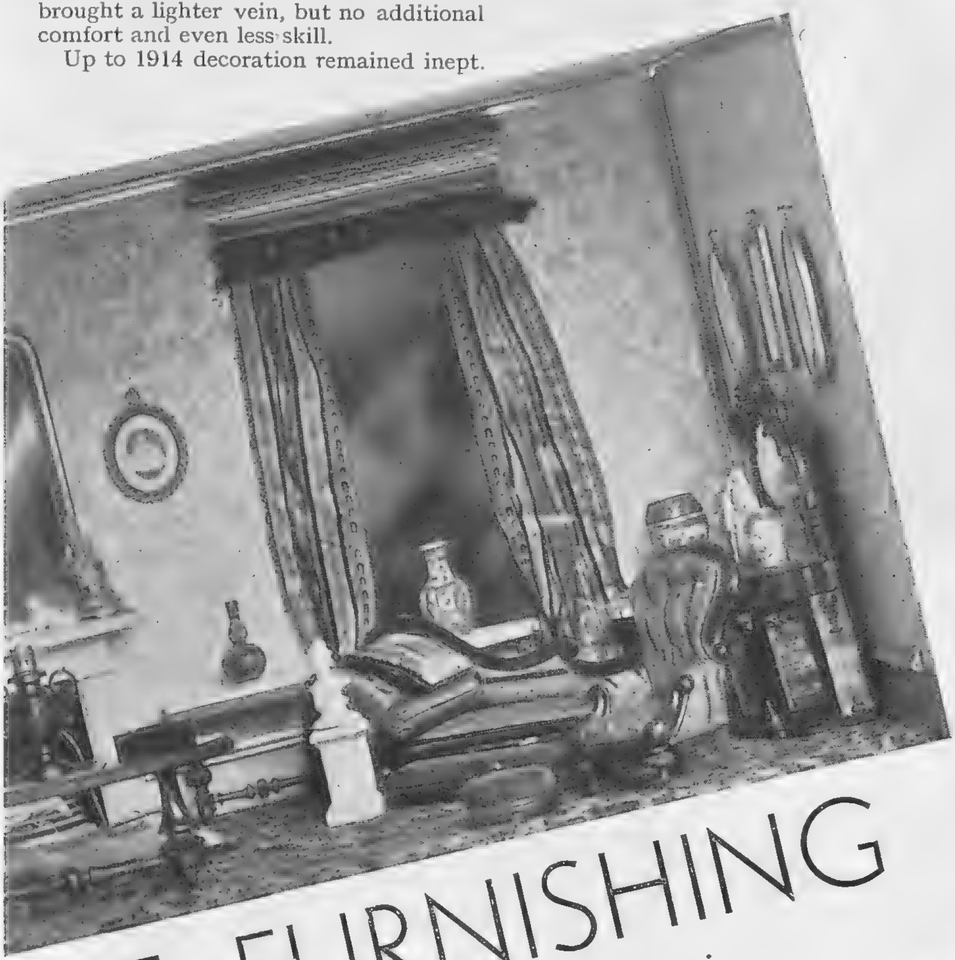
Right:
Pre-war. A lightening of decorative effects. More simplicity in form but a lavish use of design. This room has a quite delightful wallpaper of French influence with chair covers to match

The Edwardian and early neo-Georgian scarcely leave a mark in the annals of furnishing history. It is a phase without character and without charm.

Loud wallpapers, gilt mirrors, tapestry upholstery were almost gay after the gloom of the late nineties. Bamboo furniture and woodwork painted and grained a dashing "marmalade" colour brought a lighter vein, but no additional comfort and even less skill.

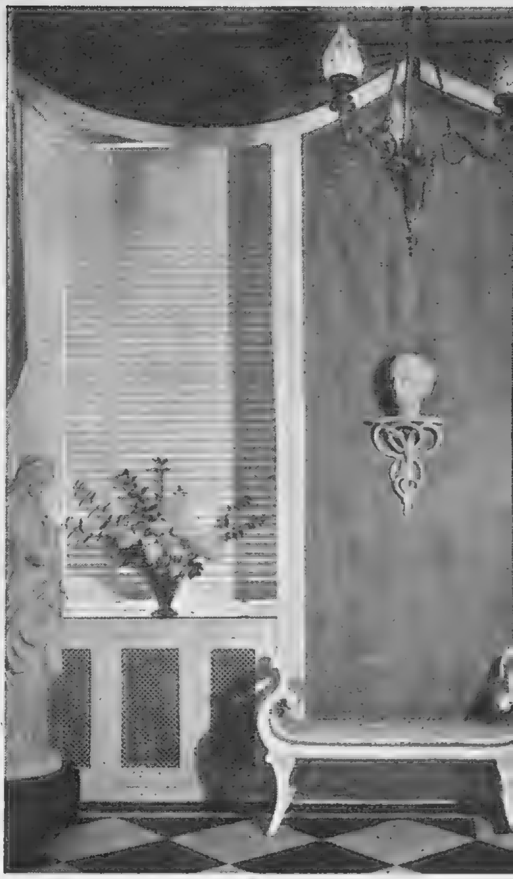
Up to 1914 decoration remained inept. The war came and brought its cultural and emotional changes and from the aftermath sprang the futurist decorator who was no less given to excess than the wildest of the Victorians.

But futurist decoration was only the nucleus of a new understanding of comfort, a new conception of beauty and taste in the domestic scheme.



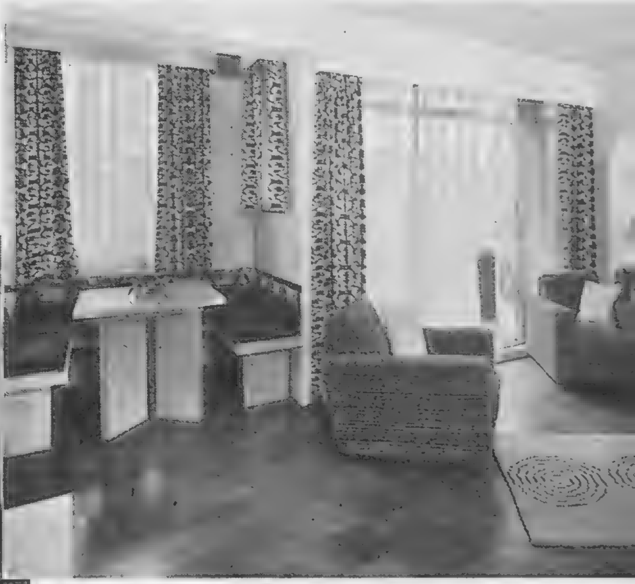
OF FURNISHING

By Winifred Lewis

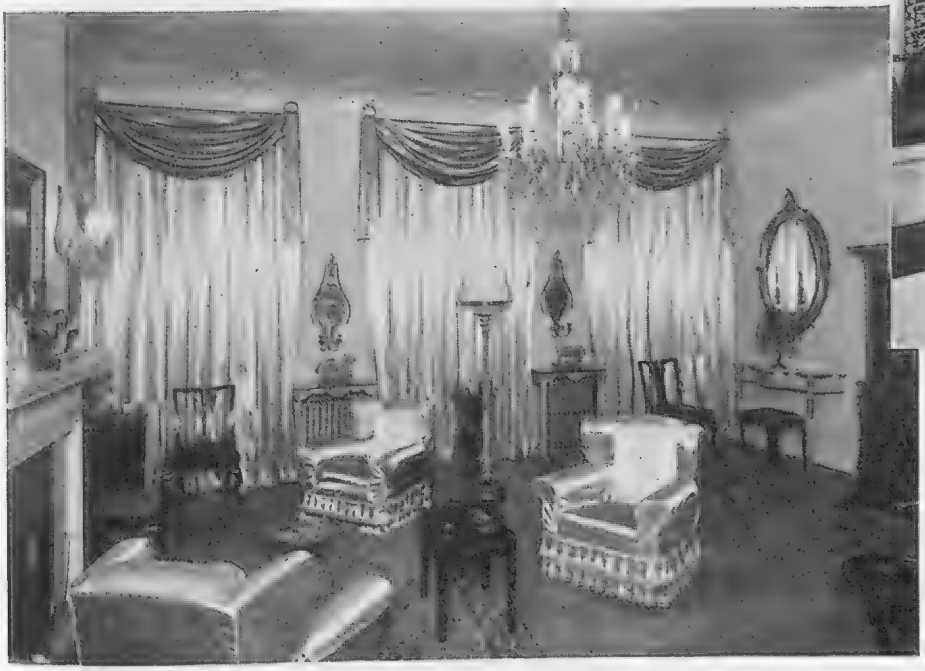


This exquisite entrance hall in the home of Patricia, Countess of Cottenham has panelled walls and sheer white paint. The elegance of form and delicacy of colouring is almost classical in this, one of the loveliest rooms of the year

Centre:
An exquisitely faithful reproduction of a typical Mid-Victorian sitting-room, date about 1840. This photograph was from a dolls house of the period, in the possession of the Bethnal Green Museum by whose permission we reproduce it



" Modern " decoration as it is generally understood is typified in this room with its bleak but effective colour contrasts. The dining recess is a typical concession to the cult of space saving



Left:
A fine example of the Regency influence in the decoration of 1938. This charming room has oyster satin curtains and chair-covers with many other gracious aspects of the most elegant period of all

Home in the Clouds

Don't let your house of dreams stay for ever in the clouds when a few well chosen resolutions may bring it nearer to earth. Here are some—

To be more methodical in the household routine. To finish one task before beginning another and to make up my mind, once and for all, how I want the furniture arranged and to *stick to it.*

To cease waiting for helpless male members of the family to put the hinge on the front gate or to cure the bathroom door of flapping and to send for a handyman at once.

To make a weekly and exhaustive inspection of supplies and thus to protect myself from the familiar trial, in the midst of mixing a cake, of having to run out for more currants.

Never again to make disparaging remarks to Gladys, the maidservant, about the new curtains over the way thereby inviting the conveyance of my ill-considered views to the owner via Gladys's girl-friend who works there.

To keep an emergency shelf well stocked with tinned food and the essential ingredients for quickly prepared dishes so that unexpected guests and husband's demands at weird moments for a snack can be met with aplomb.

In no circumstances whatever to rifle the emergency shelf unless the emergency solemnly and truthfully says I may.

To expend a trifling sum at the clock-makers on having the sitting-room as well as the hall clock attended to so that, at least, they agree.

To use the occasion to hint to all interested parties that my birthday approaches and that electric clocks are inexpensive.

To protect myself from the monotonous flavour of scorched food and to put an end to chips of enamel in the porridge by slowly replacing saucepans and cooking utensils from the sixpenny store with more costly articles that even Gladys's vim and vigour cannot chip or bend.

Keep an emergency shelf well stocked with tinned food

To turn spare bedroom into dressing-room and private sanctuary for husband's clothes, also much disputed assortment of worthless and jealously guarded possessions. Complete good work with solemn promise never to "tidy up" or criticise the state of affairs in there.

To turn my back—and if possible Gladys's—upon all waste. To do over cold vegetables in glamorous disguise with cream sauce or with a few magic strokes to transform yesterday's cauliflower into cream soup.

To study science of "thriftiness with glamour" by inventing ways of reheating yesterday's joint so that it has no relationship to hot linoleum and never to let zeal for economy lead me to reheat the coffee.

Go down to the general store and lay in a stock of fuse wire, candles and a new battery for the torch

To go down to the general store and lay in a stock of fuse wire; a pound of candles and a new battery for the torch, so that when household is plunged into darkness at critical moment I can be spared the unreasonable charge of inefficiency.

To see that the tool box is kept in one place. That there are tools in it and that the edge is not chipped off the screwdriver.

Never again to ask Gladys to refrain from scorching my breakfast toast but to bear it patiently, remembering her sterling qualities.

To protect the drawing-room carpet from further destruction by getting our handyman to fit rising butts in place of present door hinges so that, when opened, the door will rise clear of the carpet without sticking or scraping off the pile.

COMFORT FROM GAS

The last argument against the gas fire as a decorative as well as a practical unit in the domestic scheme was vanquished when architects and interior designers began to introduce gas fires into some of their most attractive and important schemes.

The decorative aspect of the gas fire merely began with the coloured finishes that are now so well known. Since this innovation they have improved rapidly in the decorative sense. Indeed, whereas gas heating was once mainly reserved for bedrooms and places where the fireplace was not essentially the focal point, they are now quite commonly used in sitting-rooms where the fireside is all important.

This is attributable equally to the fact that the modern gas unit lends itself to important decorative effects, as to the unquestionable appeal of its more practical qualities.

You can have your gas fire now built into a conventional fireplace setting of tiles, marble or polished wood. You can, in fact, adapt its setting to the character of your decorative scheme with consummate ease.

Still another advantage to bear in mind is that the gas fire can be fitted at the most convenient point of the room, as dictated by the disposition of the furniture. No need to think of chimneys.

In the smaller modern house, this is a very distinct aid to comfort and spaciousness.

Automatic ignition is a fairly recent addition to the list of advantages claimed by the up-to-date gas fire. No matches are needed, for the simple turning of the gas tap ignites the radiants.

A further interesting and important innovation is the inclined fire.

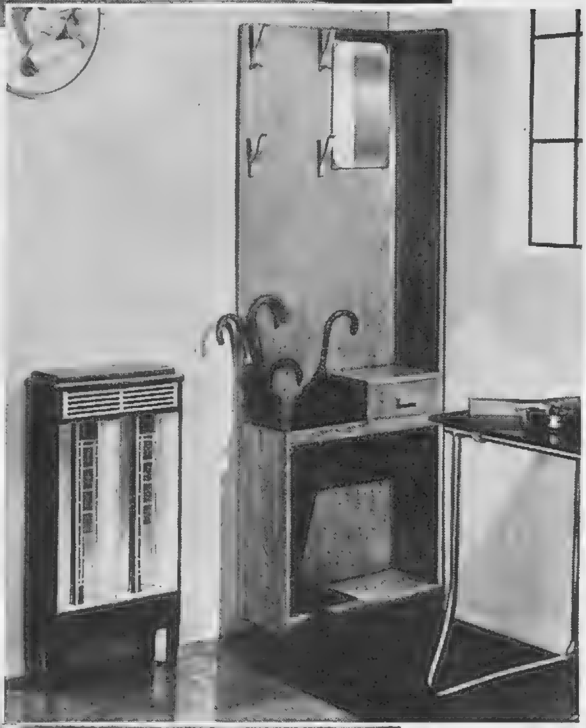
In this type the forward inclination of the radiants at a specified angle, ensures a more even and efficient distribution of warmth about the room.

Gas panel heaters for halls, passages and other places where a gentle, even temperature is required are growing in popularity very fast.

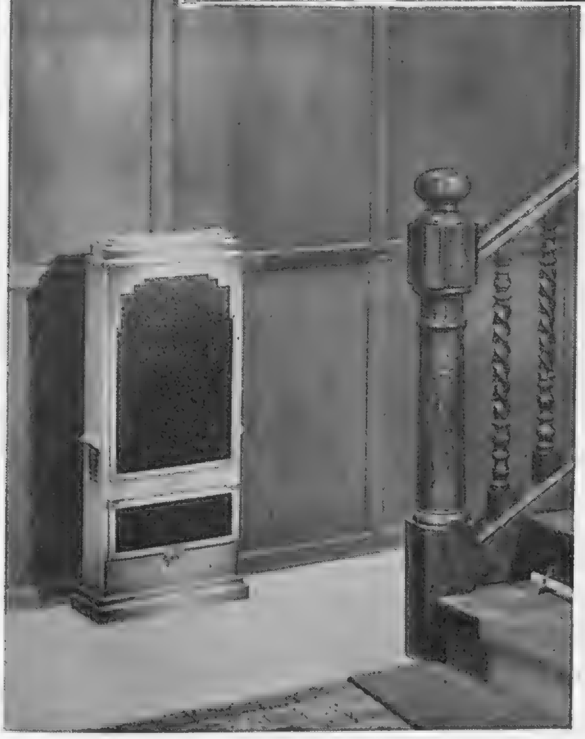
They are pleasant in appearance (being finished in many different colours), reliable in performance and satisfactorily economical to maintain.

The gas panel heater's greatest advantage perhaps is that it is so easily installed. No reconstructions are necessary at all. It is, in fact, an almost portable unit, inasmuch as it can be connected in a few moments wherever a gas point is available.

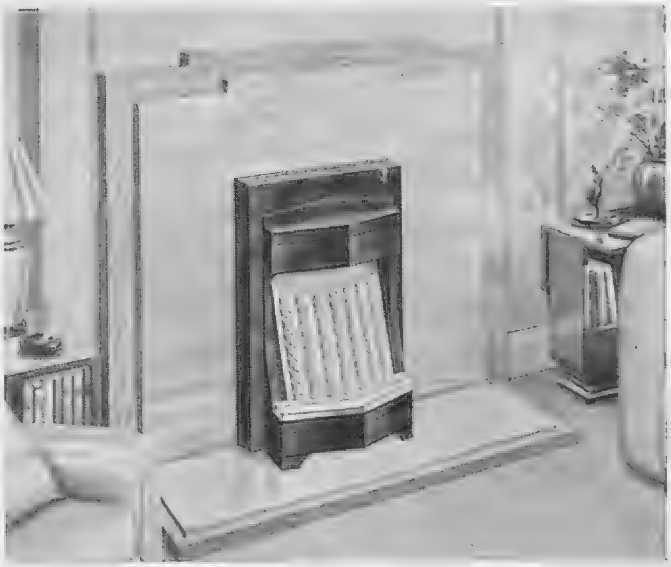
A High Beam fire. Showing that a comparatively simple gas fire can take its place in an important scheme of decoration and acquit itself with credit. This modern interior was designed by R. W. Symonds



A Parkinson Ubic Reflector gas radiator, shown in a hall. This unit throws out a comfortable heat and is cosy to look at



This panel gas heater gives soft warmth and occupies little space. It is made in eighteen different colour finishes



The Inclination of the radiants in the Cannon V Inclined Fire gives a more useful vertical distribution of heat. This stove is fitted with a self-ignition tap

CHEAPER GAME

Many people complain that they cannot afford to have game dishes. Although this is true of the grander birds (some of them now out, in any case), there are many good, though humbler creatures, which lend themselves admirably to the clever treatment of a good cook.

I mean those birds belonging to the "black game" variety, such as ptarmigan, teal, widgeon, plovers (not the expensive golden one, of course) hazel hen and other poor relations. Here are some recipes for the cooking of these birds, which will make really perfect dishes for any dinner party.

About the quantities, remember that for a plainly roasted *small* game bird you should allow one for each person, though if you have a dish with a sauce and trimmings, half a bird should be ample. As I am not dealing with plainly roasted game in this article, half birds will be used in most cases.

All game, even birds which are by no means perfect, can be most successfully used in a terrine. You should always take the chance of buying cheaper game to make a supply of these delicious pâtés, for, covered with a good coat of fat, they will last for weeks.

The following recipes can be used for any of the above-mentioned birds.

Gibier Braise—ptarmigan done in a casserole with a vegetable sauce

Salmis de Gibier

One bird (for two or three people) prepared as for roasting.
Liver, etc., of the birds.
Shallots, lemon juice, salt, pepper, butter.
Tablespoonful of tomato purée.
Small glass of Madeira wine, herbs.
Croutons of bread.

Have the birds prepared as for roasting, but see that you are given the livers, etc. Salt and pepper the birds inside and out, put inside a small piece of butter, a few tiny pieces of butter on top and roast in a quick oven for ten to fifteen minutes, according to size, basting occasionally.

Meanwhile, chop two or three shallots and put them in a small saucepan with a tiny piece of butter, the juice of half a lemon, salt, pepper, a tablespoonful of tomato purée, a small (port) glassful of Madeira. Simmer all this gently.

Carve the birds into neat pieces, keep them hot, and put the carcasses, necks, etc., into the saucepan with a bunch of thyme, parsley and bay leaf, all the gravy from the roasting and enough boiling water to cover the bones.

Let this sauce simmer for about fifteen minutes, after which you strain it into a clean saucepan, squashing the sides well to get all the goodness out.

Put your pieces of birds into this sauce, make it all thoroughly hot, taste to see if it is well seasoned, and your salmis is ready to serve, usually with a few crisp croutons fried in butter. Some people also add a few slices of fried mushrooms.

Gibier Braise

One bird for two people.
Carrots, onions, tomatoes, salt, pepper.
Butter, one rasher of bacon, two or three mushrooms.

Use a pan which can go in the oven and first fry the rashers (one for each bird) in it, cut up. Remove them and keep them and put a tiny piece of butter in the pan. Put in the birds, prepared as for roasting, also salted and peppered, and just brown them all over, after which you take them out.

Cut up all the vegetables, put them in the pan and fry them for a few minutes with salt and pepper. Add a small cupful of boiling water and stir well together.

Place the birds on this bed of vegetables, cover the pan with a close-fitting lid and put it in a moderate oven for about thirty-five minutes, or longer if the birds are large or tough. You can judge if they are done by piercing the tough part of the leg with a sharp pointed knife.

About ten minutes before the birds are ready, put in a few mushrooms sliced and just tossed in butter for a minute or so.

Take out the birds, also the mushrooms; put the birds, carved in two pieces, in a hot serving dish, arrange the mushrooms round them and pour over the sauce through a strainer.

You can, of course, serve the sauce as it is with all the vegetables; but in that case you might have to cook the carrots partly, also you should peel the tomatoes.

Terrines de Gibier

One bird carved raw.
Equal quantity of minced meat (half pork, half veal).
One shallot, half an onion, parsley, bay leaves.
One rasher of streaky bacon, salt, pepper.

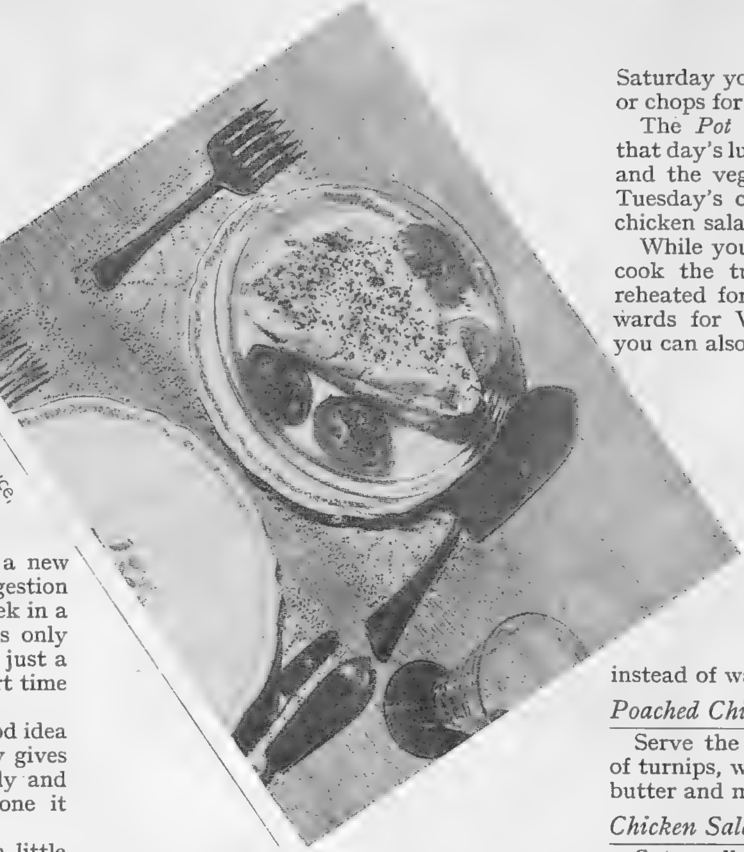
These are the proportions for any small game bird, but of course you should use several at

(Continued on page 112)

COOK TWICE A WEEK

Better Cooking

By A. H. Adair



Turbot baked in cider sauce, garnished with tomatoes

It is always refreshing to try out a new method, and my New Year's suggestion for the housewife is to plan her week in a novel form, setting aside two days only for the main cooking, and leaving just a few things that will take a very short time to prepare for each meal.

I do not suggest that this is a good idea all the year round, but it certainly gives the housewife a rest, both mentally and physically, so for that reason alone it should be well worth trying.

A scheme of this kind requires a little thought and planning in advance, so let us see how it will work out in practice by making a chart of the week.

MONDAY	
Luncheon	*Dinner*
Hors d'oeuvre. Pot au feu. Riz au lait.	Baked turbot. Poached chicken. Mashed turnips. Cheese.
TUESDAY	
Scrambled eggs. Chicken salad. Dessert.	Clear soup. Curry pie. Rice croquettes. Jam sauce.
WEDNESDAY	
Creamed turbot. Spaghetti. Baked apples. Cheese.	Cream soup. Quick mince. Potato balls. Fruit.
THURSDAY	
Boiled ham with carrots. Stewed fruits.	Bouillon de Legumes. Chartreuse de Faisan. Cheese and celery.
FRIDAY	
Hors d'oeuvre. Sausisses aux Choux. Fresh fruit.	Soupe Paysanne. Cold pheasant and ham. Fried potatoes. Pastries.
SATURDAY	
Grilled steak or chops. Fried potatoes. Ham on toast.	Minestrone. Rissoles. Fruit Charlotte.
SUNDAY	
Hors d'oeuvre (sardines, potato salad). Ham omelette. Green winter salad (Batavia or chicory) Junket.	Minestrone. Mixed cold meats (bought cooked). Baked potatoes in their jackets. Toasted cheese.

The main cooking is done on Monday and Thursday morning. I do not mean that you will never have to light the stove for the rest of the week; a few small things may have to be cooked or something rearranged on the other days. On Saturday you will have to get some steak or chops for luncheon.

The *Pot au feu* for Monday provides that day's luncheon, the chicken for dinner and the vegetables for Monday evening, Tuesday's curry pie, the soups and the chicken salad and quick mince.

While you are about it, you could also cook the turbot, leaving it to be just reheated for Monday's dinner and afterwards for Wednesday's creamed turbot you can also cook the *Riz au lait.*

On Thursday you make another kind of soup stew; this time it provides you with a piece of cooked ham, a pheasant and vegetables.

I will now explain most of the dishes briefly, giving full recipes for the main dishes later.

Riz au Lait

This is rice cooked in the ordinary way, but in milk instead of water and well sweetened.

Poached Chicken, Mashed Turnips

Serve the chicken whole with a purée of turnips, well seasoned and with a little butter and milk.

Chicken Salad

Cut small dice of chicken and mix with cooked potatoes, hard-boiled eggs, tomatoes and seasoning, cream or plain dressing according to taste.

Clear Soup

From the Pot au feu.

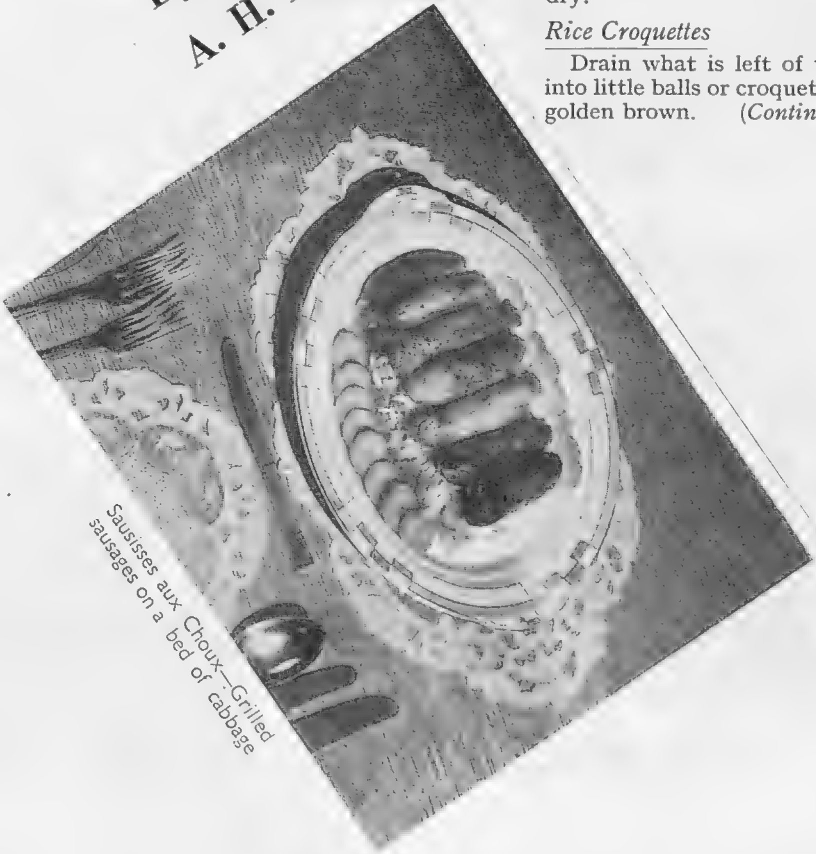
Curry Pie

The remains of the beef and vegetables chopped and made into a curry. Cover with purée of potatoes and brown in the oven. The curry will only take ten minutes or so, as it is supposed to be very dry.

Rice Croquettes

Drain what is left of the rice, form it into little balls or croquettes and fry them golden brown.

(*Continued on page* 112)



Sausisses aux Choux—Grilled sausages on a bed of cabbage

BABY IS BORED

By Louisa Kay

Difficult feeders are not confined to nurseries. They crop up, all too frequently, in the adult sphere. But in both cases they are an anxiety and a trial.

The full-grown faddist is about as easy to live with as a plague, but whereas he can hardly ever be cured, the infant of the species will nearly always respond to firm and tactful treatment.

To draw the happy medium between the Victorian practice of forcing children to eat what was hateful to them and allowing them to indulge unreasonable fancies is the objective of every wise parent, but to achieve the happy medium one must study the psychological make-up of the child as well as his food.

What makes a baby bored with his food and consequently life in general?

If it is his digestion, you will know it by his state of health, his tendency to sickness, flatulence, and even skin complaints.

Usually the dyspeptic is easy to deal with, since the symptoms are plain. Occasionally, however, a digestive disorder will manifest itself in a way that is not so clearly recognisable.

Children who refuse fat, butter, and sometimes even milk may be accused of faddiness, whereas they are merely relaying the emphatic denial of the system to assimilate hydrocarbons in the form given.

It is kind and proper in such cases to consult a doctor in regard to the wisdom of cutting down the fats in the diet or of administering them in some more digestible form.

If some nervous disability is at the root of his capricious appetite, the task is more difficult because upon your judgment depends the decision as to how far his difficulties are genuine or assumed.

Perhaps the trouble will show itself suddenly in a refusal to eat at all.

So long as the attack carries with it no symptoms of physical sickness, it is fairly safe to assume that the young rebel has hit upon a new and satisfactory way of wielding the big stick.

That is to say, he is capitalising your anxiety and achieving for himself in the process a most gratifying position in the limelight.

This may be a normal phase of development, the beginnings of the realisation of personal power (sweet at all times) or the expression of some repression such as shyness or jealousy.

Children behave like this only to people who respond. To a mother who is persuasive and hurt or to a Nannie who is anxious or even angry. The form of the emotion stimulated is not so important to the offender as the fact that he is the core and centre of it.

To be utterly indifferent at meal times, apparently not minding at all whether baby eats or not, is to defeat the object of his endeavours. When the aim is to make a scene, with himself as the central character, it is disarming to find himself playing it alone.

But though this form of coercion is not to be encouraged, mothers are wise to consider if some genuine grievance lies at the root of the outburst.

The child, for instance, whose position has been usurped by a new baby may suffer pangs of emotional stress that leave an unfortunate mark upon his character unless tenderly smoothed away.

Parents seldom consciously deprive the first born of importance when younger ones appear, but there are subtle differences of status of which he may be dimly and painfully aware if left to make the difficult adjustment alone.

This is only one of the occasions upon which the food bogey referred to may assert itself.

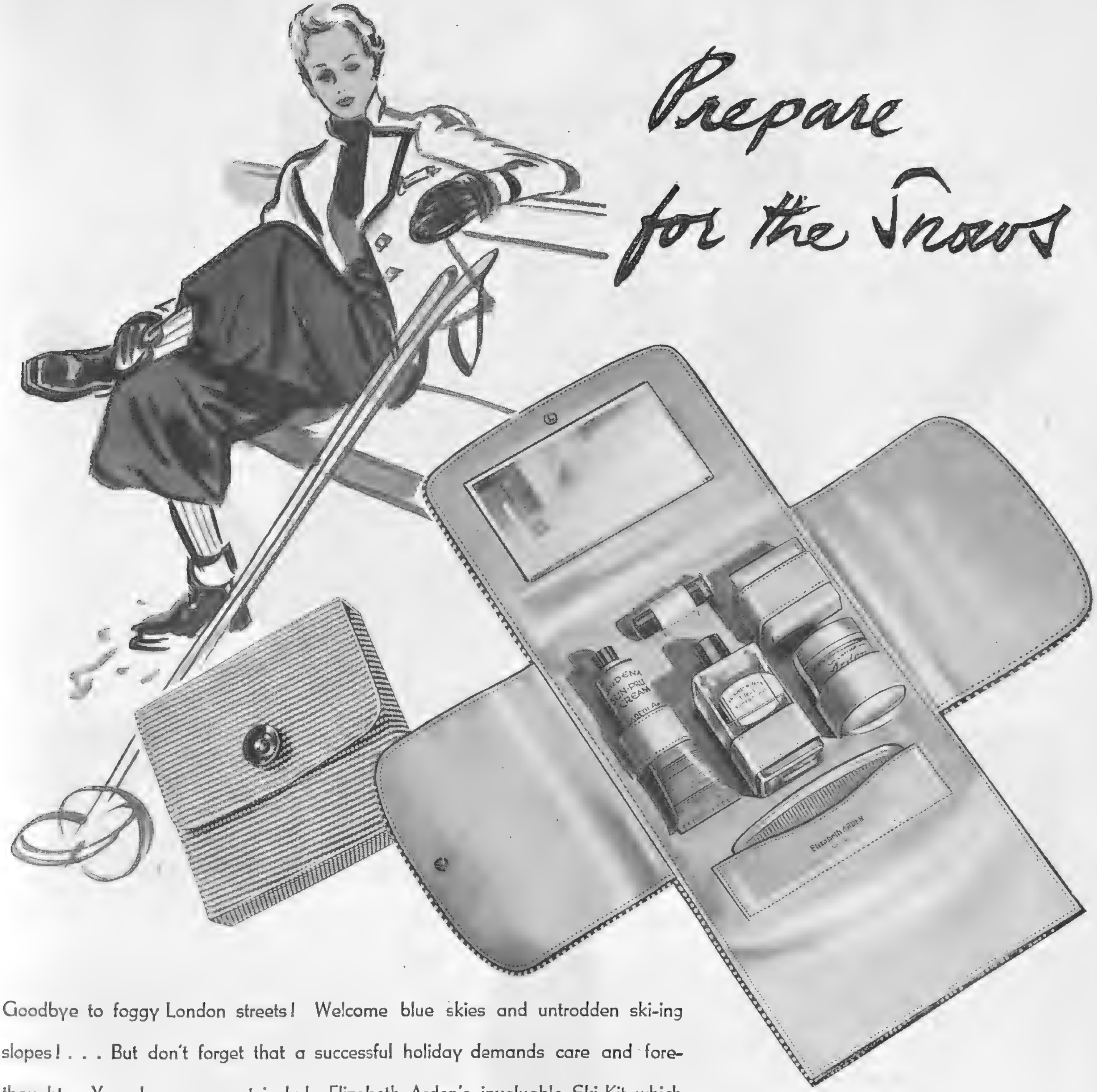
A type of nervous temperament which manifests itself in a more serious and prolonged indifference to food is more difficult to combat.

The highly strung, æsthetic type is not capricious so much as apathetic in the matter of feeding. A difficult feeder, in fact, requiring unremitting patience and care if his physical well-being is not to suffer for his nervous inhibitions.

This child will peck at food, appears not to eat enough to sustain him, yet suffers no visible ill effects from his self-imposed fast. He is invariably of a highly strung disposition and often a bad sleeper.

The child who draws so heavily upon his nervous energy for sustenance will continue in comparatively good health on less than the normal quota of food, but the condition is not a permanent one and he is sure to suffer in later life for the abnormal taxation of his

(*Continued on page* 94)



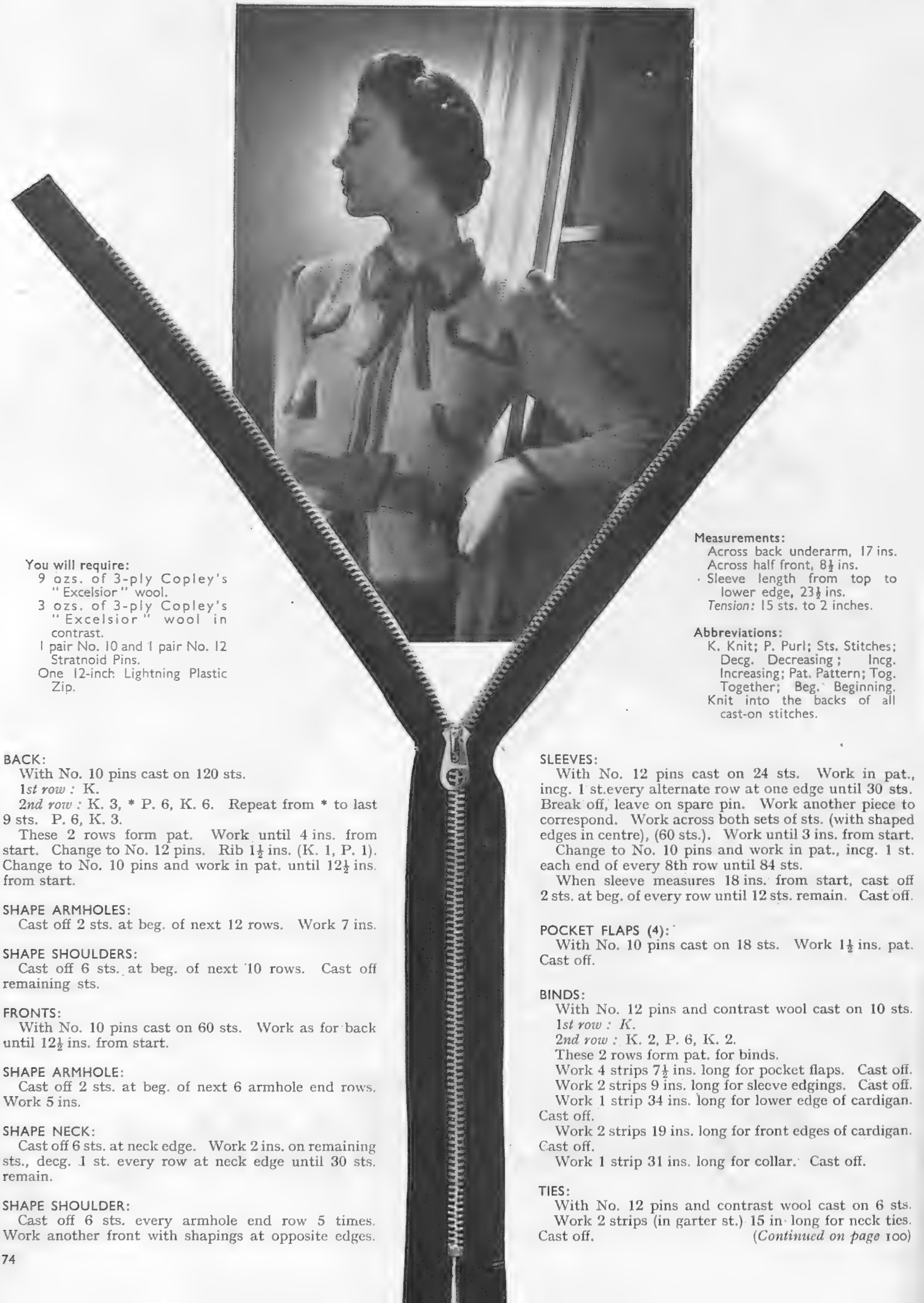
Goodbye to foggy London streets! Welcome blue skies and untrodden ski-ing slopes! . . . But don't forget that a successful holiday demands care and forethought. Your luggage must include Elizabeth Arden's invaluable Ski-Kit which contains everything you need to protect your skin perfectly . . . It will also interest you to know that the Elizabeth Arden St. Moritz Salon at Surselva House is now in full swing. Here you will find all Elizabeth Arden's Winter Sports preparations and a trained staff ready to give you any Elizabeth Arden treatment.

Elizabeth Arden

Elizabeth Arden, Ltd.

25, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

IT FASTENS WITH A ZIP



You will require:
- 9 ozs. of 3-ply Copley's "Excelsior" wool.
- 3 ozs. of 3-ply Copley's "Excelsior" wool in contrast.
- 1 pair No. 10 and 1 pair No. 12 Stratnoid Pins.
- One 12-inch Lightning Plastic Zip.

Measurements:
- Across back underarm, 17 ins.
- Across half front, 8½ ins.
- Sleeve length from top to lower edge, 23½ ins.
- *Tension:* 15 sts. to 2 inches.

Abbreviations:
K. Knit; P. Purl; Sts. Stitches; Decg. Decreasing; Incg. Increasing; Pat. Pattern; Tog. Together; Beg. Beginning.
Knit into the backs of all cast-on stitches.

BACK:

With No. 10 pins cast on 120 sts.

1st row : K.

2nd row : K. 3, * P. 6, K. 6. Repeat from * to last 9 sts. P. 6, K. 3.

These 2 rows form pat. Work until 4 ins. from start. Change to No. 12 pins. Rib 1½ ins. (K. 1, P. 1). Change to No. 10 pins and work in pat. until 12½ ins. from start.

SHAPE ARMHOLES:

Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 12 rows. Work 7 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDERS:

Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 10 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

FRONTS:

With No. 10 pins cast on 60 sts. Work as for back until 12½ ins. from start.

SHAPE ARMHOLE:

Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 6 armhole end rows. Work 5 ins.

SHAPE NECK:

Cast off 6 sts. at neck edge. Work 2 ins. on remaining sts., decg. 1 st. every row at neck edge until 30 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER:

Cast off 6 sts. every armhole end row 5 times. Work another front with shapings at opposite edges.

SLEEVES:

With No. 12 pins cast on 24 sts. Work in pat., incg. 1 st. every alternate row at one edge until 30 sts. Break off, leave on spare pin. Work another piece to correspond. Work across both sets of sts. (with shaped edges in centre), (60 sts.). Work until 3 ins. from start.

Change to No. 10 pins and work in pat., incg. 1 st. each end of every 8th row until 84 sts.

When sleeve measures 18 ins. from start, cast off 2 sts. at beg. of every row until 12 sts. remain. Cast off.

POCKET FLAPS (4):

With No. 10 pins cast on 18 sts. Work 1½ ins. pat. Cast off.

BINDS:

With No. 12 pins and contrast wool cast on 10 sts.

1st row : K.

2nd row : K. 2, P. 6, K. 2.

These 2 rows form pat. for binds.

Work 4 strips 7½ ins. long for pocket flaps. Cast off.

Work 2 strips 9 ins. long for sleeve edgings. Cast off.

Work 1 strip 34 ins. long for lower edge of cardigan. Cast off.

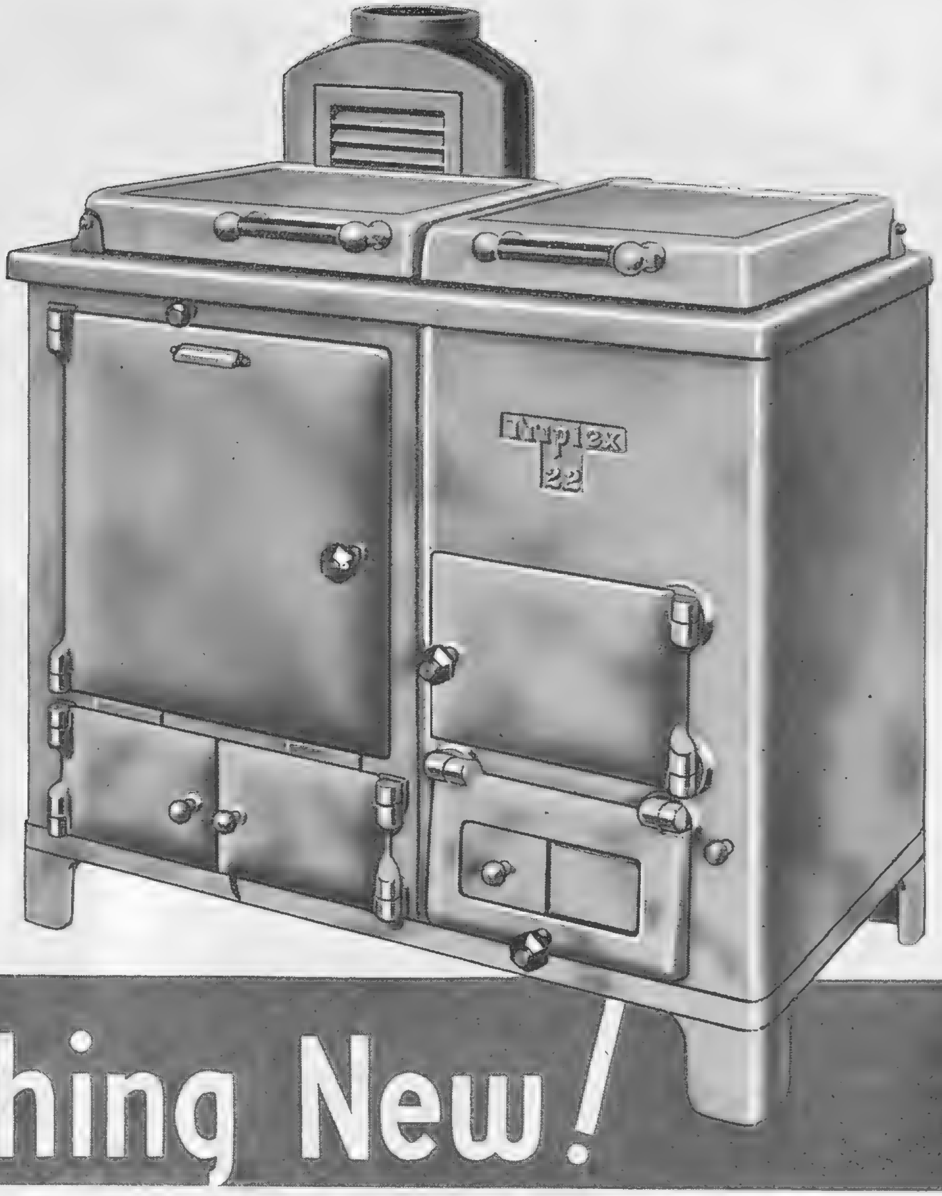
Work 2 strips 19 ins. long for front edges of cardigan. Cast off.

Work 1 strip 31 ins. long for collar. Cast off.

TIES:

With No. 12 pins and contrast wool cast on 6 sts. Work 2 strips (in garter st.) 15 in. long for neck ties. Cast off.

(Continued on page 100)



Something New!

The New TRIPLEX "22" COOKER guarantees you day-and-night satisfaction with kitchen service. It can rise to any occasion—cooking meals of all varieties, providing hot baths instantly, caring and catering for your whole household.

TRIPLEX "22" is a slow-combustion cooker. It burns continuously, yet needs but three stokings, with coke or anthracite, in the 24 hours. Carefully insulated, it conserves its heat, and no matter when cooking is needed its roomy oven is splendidly hot, its large hot-plate ready for boiling and simmering, its big plate-warmer heated perfectly!

Automatic draught regulation, oven thermometer, simple stoking and cleaning, hot water for domestic use, hot baths—constantly supplied from a 40-gallon cylinder—nothing that can improve service and comfort has been forgotten in the TRIPLEX "22."

Finished in the famous easy-to-clean Triplex Porcelain Enamel Finish, in Mottled Grey, Mottled Green, Shaded Green or Shaded Brown.

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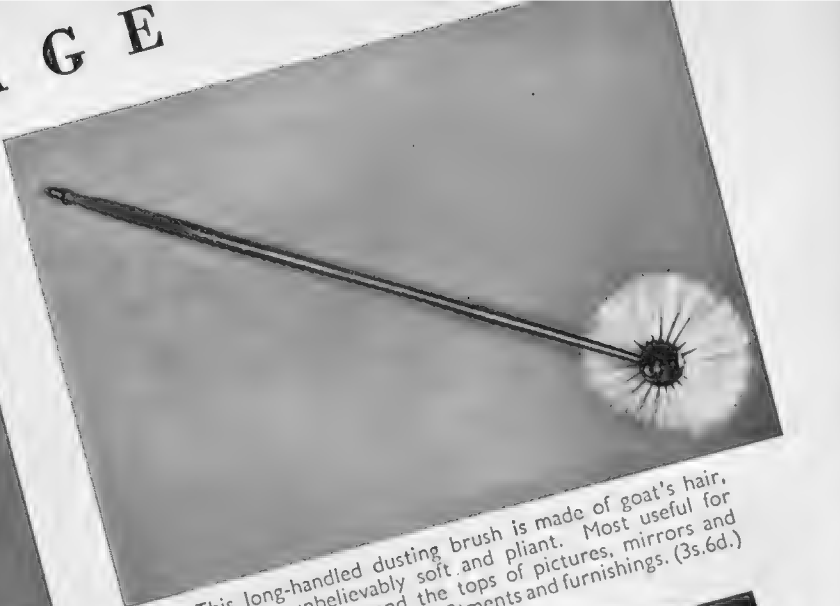
TRIPLEX "22" COOKER

KITCHEN PAGE

A useful trio comprising a "Lola" saucepan brush, which has a brass wire centre surrounded with black bristles (9d.), a special wood cooking spoon with a pointed corner (4d.), and a "Lola" dish brush (6d.)



This long-handled dusting brush is made of goat's hair, which is unbelievably soft and pliant. Most useful for dusting panelling and the tops of pictures, mirrors and other rather out-of-reach fitments and furnishings. (3s.6d.)

The "Inca" Kitchen Balance made almost with the precision of a watch, weighs up to 14 lbs. and is fitted with a bakelite pan. It is available in ivory, green or blue. (21s.)

Lightness, durability and silence are features of this "ADT" pulp ware pail. This one is 12 ins. in diameter and costs 5s. 6d.

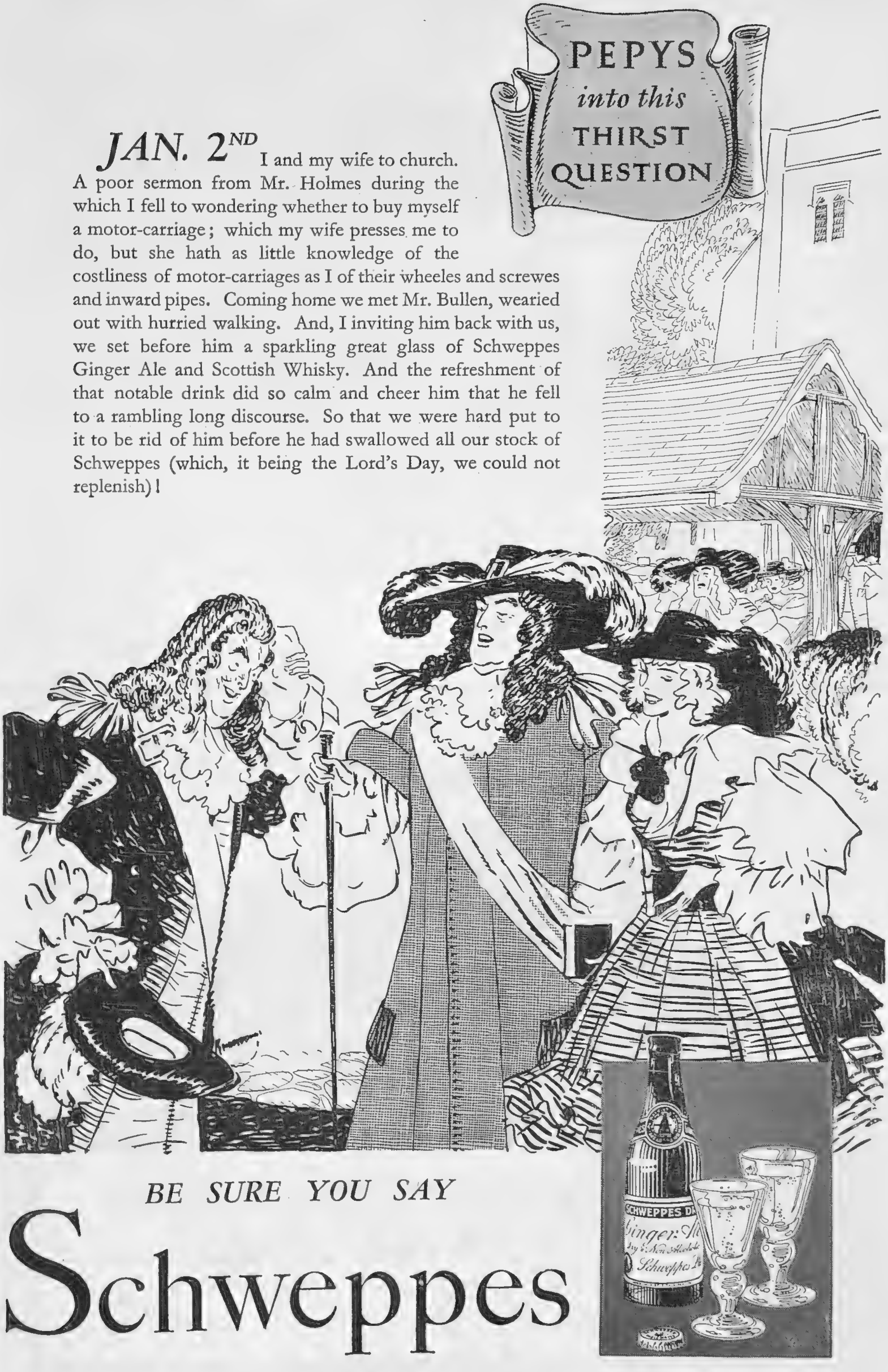
Addresses from which these articles can be obtained on application to Editor, Woman's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4

The new Universal Automatic Toaster toasts two slices at a time on both sides and has a selective toast-minder which will toast light brown, dark brown or medium, and deliver the toast automatically when it is ready. (£4 4s. 0d.)

Mincing, grating, shredding, pulping are all undertaken with the greatest facility by the "Passe-Vite," which, for making purees is really almost indispensable. To get any idea of how many culinary jobs this wonder worker will do for you you must own one. Price 4s. 6d.

PEPYS *into this* THIRST QUESTION

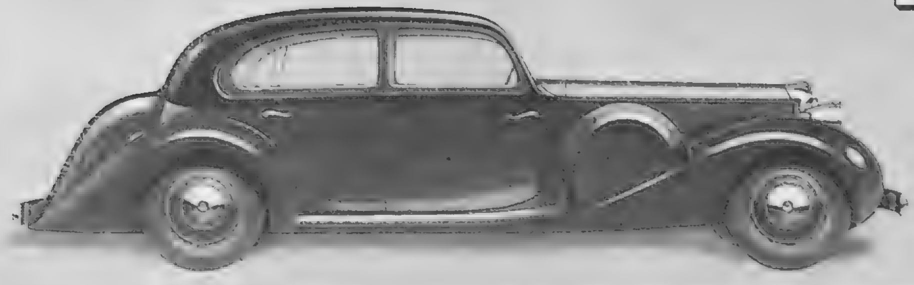
JAN. 2ND I and my wife to church. A poor sermon from Mr. Holmes during the which I fell to wondering whether to buy myself a motor-carriage; which my wife presses me to do, but she hath as little knowledge of the costliness of motor-carriages as I of their wheeles and screwes and inward pipes. Coming home we met Mr. Bullen, wearied out with hurried walking. And, I inviting him back with us, we set before him a sparkling great glass of Schweppes Ginger Ale and Scottish Whisky. And the refreshment of that notable drink did so calm and cheer him that he fell to a rambling long discourse. So that we were hard put to it to be rid of him before he had swallowed all our stock of Schweppes (which, it being the Lord's Day, we could not replenish)!



BE SURE YOU SAY

Schweppes

PURVEYORS OF NOBLE REFRESHING DRINKS DURING EIGHT REIGNS



LAGONDA

entirely new
MOTOR CARS
by
W. O. BENTLEY

The new Twelve Cylinder Lagonda De Ville, Price £1,625

12 Cyl. SPORTS SALOON (10' 4" w.b.) £1,550
Creating new concepts of coachwork distinction with which is allied a wider range of performance advantages than is obtainable in any other car to-day. (5-110 m.p.h.)

12 Cyl. Five Passenger DE VILLE (11' w.b.) £1,625
In a class containing some four other luxury cars of international repute this Lagonda model inaugurates a new type of DUAL-PERSONALITY motor car. Exciting performance with the optimum of comfort, space and silence

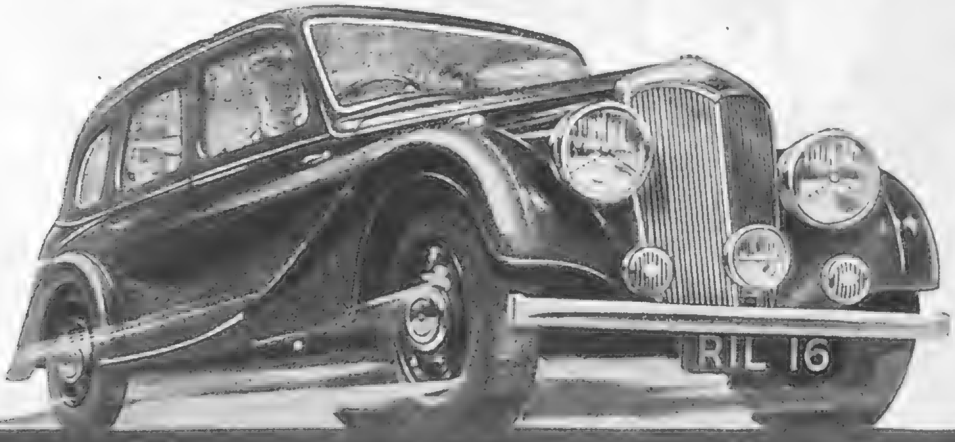
12 Cyl. Thrupp & Maberly
Seven Passenger LIMOUSINE (11' 6" w.b.) £1,850
A truly magnificent town car possessing qualities of dignity and accommodation impossible in other types . . . a car in which to uphold the tradition and ceremonial of great occasions and the prestige, also, of those who ride in it.

6 Cyl. SPORTS SALOON (10' 7½" w.b.) £1,195
Possessing all the features of the senior model but incorporating the improved Six cylinder engine of immense power and stamina . . . with 100 m.p.h. potentialities.

6 Cyl. Five Passenger DE VILLE (11' 3½" w.b.) £1,275
Merges two and more hitherto opposing qualities in one and the same car – inter-axle travel and unrestricted comfort with all those exciting characteristics of verve and speed for which the name Lagonda is internationally recognised.

LAGONDA MOTORS LTD. STAINES, MIDDLESEX.
TELEPHONE: STAINES 1122 (5 LINES)

THE BIG FOUR WITH *lightning* PERFORMANCE



Here is the best "big four" that has ever been built—all the efficiency, the simplicity, the terrific surge of power that only a "big four" can give, plus the almost unbelievable smoothness of Riley "Silken Torque." There's a new thrill to be experienced in driving this car—the first of its type, incidentally, to have Dual Overdrive Transmission; Three lever positions, five forward speeds! Prices from £405. Tax £12. Dunlop and Triplex.

Catalogue from
RILEY (COVENTRY) LIMITED, COVENTRY

RILEY "SIXTEEN"

HARD TIMES FOR MOTOR CARS

By The Earl of Cardigan

IT is notorious that the worst of the winter weather comes to us after Christmas, between the months of January and March. The careful motorist, to be sure, may begin to concern himself in October about the protection of his car from cold-weather ailments; but it is rather at the present season that the need for such protection begins to be acutely and generally felt.

It is common knowledge that all cars to some extent "suffer from the cold"; but the exact manner in which they are affected is not always understood. With a little imagination however, one can easily see that it is in the first five minutes of a car's day that winter conditions are most trying. Once this period is successfully past, exterior cold can do no great harm.

During these first five minutes, we must realise that the engine sump is filled with almost freezingly cold oil. Even if the finest grade of oil is used, there is not as much fluidity about it as one could wish. If the oil is inferior, there is practically no fluidity at all!

In the latter case, trouble at once threatens from two directions. In the first place, congealed oil makes for a "sticky" engine, which the starter is hardly able to turn over. A great strain is placed upon the battery—the more so since an immediate start under such conditions is most unlikely. The starter will probably need to have several "goes," depleting the battery seriously on each occasion.

Secondly, when the engine does start, it has to run without any effective lubrication. True, the oil is there, ready to perform its function as soon as it has warmed up and "thinned out" to some extent. There is an interim period, however, extending over two or three minutes, when the bearings are lubricated—if at all—in an appallingly haphazard manner. Before proper circulation is established, any amount of damage may be done.

One most obvious precaution to be taken against this is of course to use, not just any oil, but a really first-class oil. In winter, I would go so far as to say that there is no such thing as a "goodish" oil. Any oil is either really good or dangerously bad.

There are just a few brands on which one knows that one can rely (more especially if one is careful to see that the correct grade is supplied to suit the particular car concerned). Personally, I am at the moment relying on the new Shell oil. A few months ago, I drained the crankcase of my car and refilled with Shell—and I am bound to say that the results have been uncommonly good.

However excellent the oil, it is inevitable that *some* extra strain should be thrown on the battery. No car starts quite so freely in winter as in summer—and we must remember that the lighting system also is absorbing more than its normal share of current. Altogether the battery has a hard time—and unless it was a good specimen to start with, and has been given continual care in the matter of "topping up," it may well be reduced, in the course of a hard winter, to a mere shadow of its robust summer-time self!

In this connection, it always seems to me that the Lucas scheme of guaranteeing battery service is an attractive one. A Lucas battery should, with care, last three or four years; but for two years it is positively guaranteed. The arrangement is, broadly speaking, that if it lasts only half that time, half the purchase price is refunded, and so on *pro rata*.

Where proper attention is given to the battery, there should, as I say, be no occasion for making a claim. At the same time, it is nice to know that one is protected if, "once in a blue moon," some trouble occurs prematurely.

We cannot leave the question of possible winter starting troubles without mentioning sparking plugs. Most modern plugs are so reliable as to require very little attention; but the gaps between the points should be adjusted sometimes. There is a tendency for points to "burn away," and for gaps to become excessive.

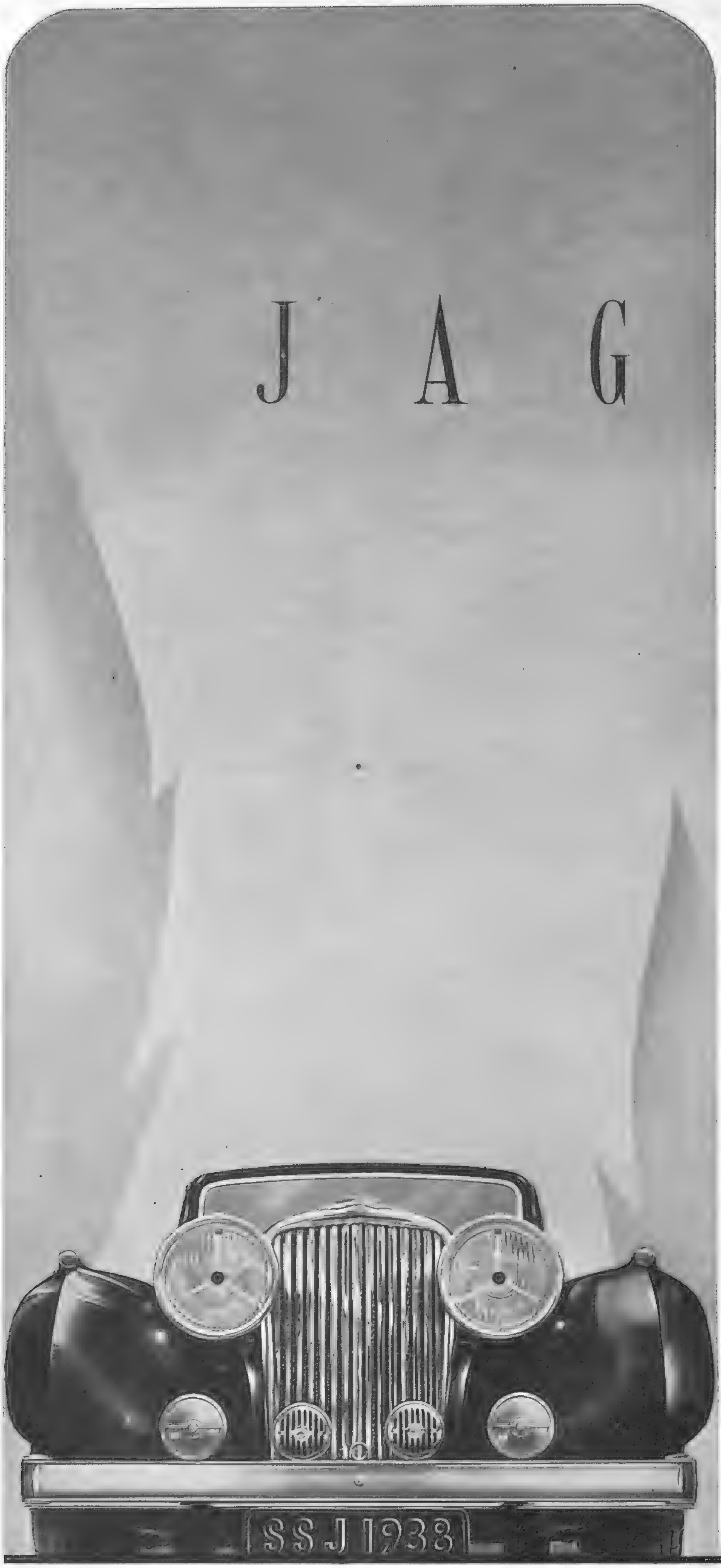
Since no sparking plugs will last for ever, and since winter-time plug failures are always the most trying, we should be grateful for the pleasing modern custom which is growing up, whereby a set of plugs is often given as a Christmas present. I was one of the lucky recipients this year of a set of Lodge plugs—and I certainly *was* grateful to the donor. I feel that I can now enter 1938 with certainty on all four cylinders!

THERE is one other form of protection from engine trouble which I personally have always felt to be very important. According to a most interesting map published by Messrs. S. Smith & Sons, I find that I live in an area of Great Britain which is subject to a possible 35 deg. of frost. (Curiously enough, I should not have to fear more than 25 deg. if I lived twenty miles to the south-west, or more than 15 deg. if I lived a hundred miles away in the same direction!)

Where there is any risk of a sharp frost occurring, there is no doubt that one ought to make use of a reliable anti-freezing mixture. Smith's "Bluecol" naturally suggests itself—for, with this preparation, one can protect oneself against almost any degree of frost, according to the proportion of "Bluecol" which is mixed with the radiator water. It is undoubtedly very comforting if one is able to provide so "stiff" a mixture as to ensure that one's car is un-freezable, even with the weather at its worst.

USE, not just any oil, but a really first-class oil

JAGUAR



"Best looking car in the Show"

vide T. H. WISDOM
in "Everywoman," Nov., 1937

In his review of the Motor Show Mr. Wisdom wrote: "At the risk of making myself unpopular with my friends in other camps, I will say that the cars we saw on the S.S. Stand were the best looking in the Show. For sheer value these cars were in a class apart, comparing favourably with cars costing three times as much. Low lines, high-class finish, full five-seater accommodation, large luggage space and almost unsurpassable performance (the new 3½ Litre Saloon does a genuine 95 m.p.h.) combined to make the S.S. range one of the most attractive in the whole show, regardless of price. No wonder there was always a vast crowd round the stand!"

MODELS AND PRICES:

1½ Litre Saloon £298. 1½ Litre Drophead Coupé £318. 2½ Litre Saloon £395. 2½ Litre Drophead Coupé £415. 3½ Litre Saloon £445. 3½ Litre Drophead Coupé £465. "100" 3½ Litre model £445. "100" 2½ Litre model £395.

Manufacturers: S.S. Cars Ltd., Coventry

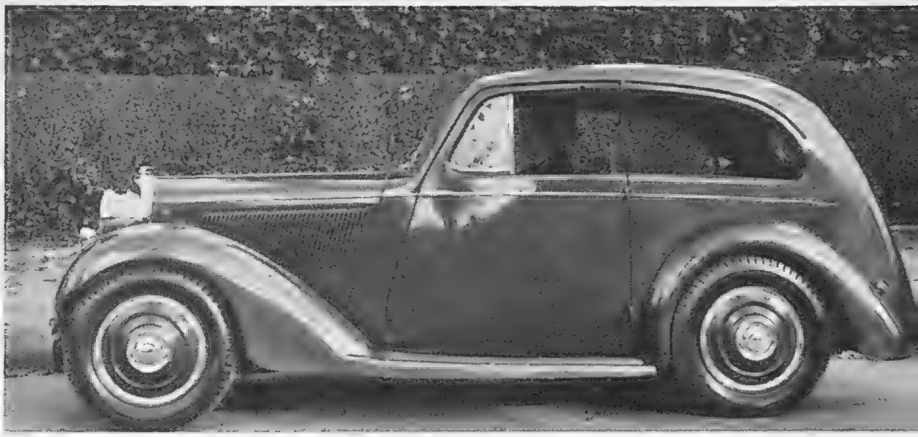
HENLYS

Distributors for southern half of England,
DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, PICCADILLY,
LONDON, W.1. 'Phone: GROsvenor 2287

The 10 H.P. TALBOT

A Small Car with a Sporting Performance

By The Earl of Cardigan



THE 10 h.p. Talbot is a car of unusual appearance, having continuous window space, unbroken by any door pillar, from front to rear. The "Jewelessence" paintwork gives an attractive iridescent effect

THE out-and-out sports car, in the low horse-power class, is rapidly becoming something of a rarity. The average 10 h.p. car is now of the "family" type, designed to give a useful performance while carrying coachwork which is practical and roomy.

The 10 h.p. Talbot, however, without going to extremes, displays more of a tendency towards sporting characteristics. One sees this as soon as one begins to study its outward appearance. Owing to the chassis being underslung, and to the use of foot-wells at the back, the over-all height of the car has been kept down to a minimum. In the lines of the coachwork also, a certain rakish influence is to be detected.

A trial run reveals that the performance of this "Ten" is above the average. It can register a top speed which is nearer 70 than 60 m.p.h., while its low build makes it uncommonly stable on corners. Altogether, it can "get over the ground" in a way which would astonish those whose experience of 10 h.p. motoring is not quite up to date.

With all this, the Talbot by no means abandons that docility which is the hall-mark of the "family" type of light car. Its side-valve engine is extremely flexible, and gives an impressive performance by means of high "revs" which are attained quite silently and with evident ease. A certain amount of gear-changing may be desirable; but the driver is hardly ever forced to change if he is not so inclined.

Actually, there is every inducement to use the gearbox with freedom and confidence. All four of its ratios are synchromesh, so that there is never any question of some changes being difficult and others easy. Anything which the driver wishes to do in the way of a gear-change can be done—and it is an equally simple process in every case.

Third gear perhaps deserves a special mention by reason of its extremely wide range. It will take the car from a mere crawl up to 50 m.p.h. Changing into top gear, one can go on to 65 m.p.h. and even a little more. In the open models, which have slightly higher ratios, one could safely anticipate 70 m.p.h.

These are high figures for a "Ten," and it is obviously necessary that road holding should be good. The car's low build, as I have mentioned, is helpful in this respect; but it would be a great mistake to suppose that this is the only factor involved. It will generally be found that proper springing is even more important.

The Talbot, in my opinion, has the (*Continued on page 84*)

The 10 h.p. Talbot in brief

Engine: Four cylinders with side valves, 10 h.p.

Transmission: Four-speed gearbox, all ratios synchromesh.

Performance: Third gear 50 m.p.h.; top gear 65 m.p.h. or more.

Springing: Semi-elliptic; good road holding.

Brakes: Of powerful Servo type.

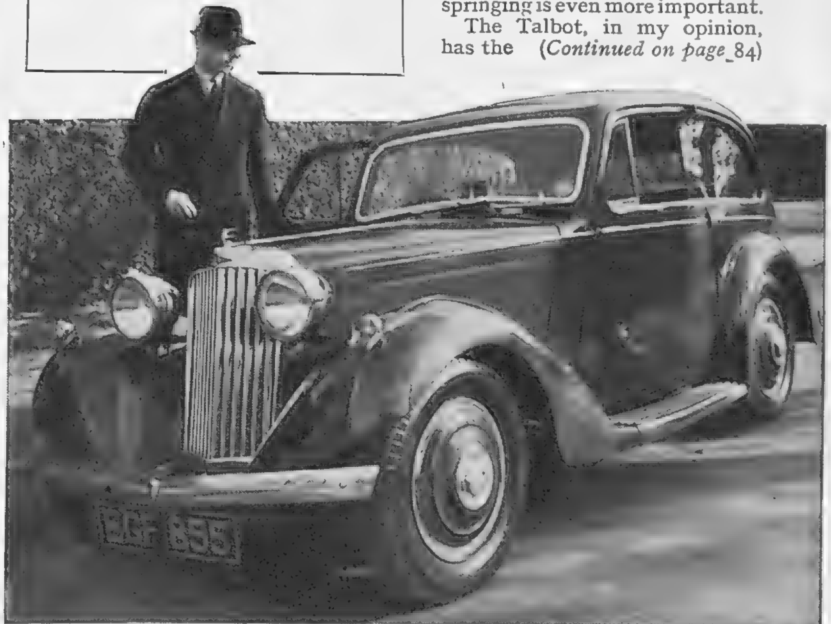
Steering: Light, self-centres well.

Coachwork: Attractive; comfortable, especially in front.

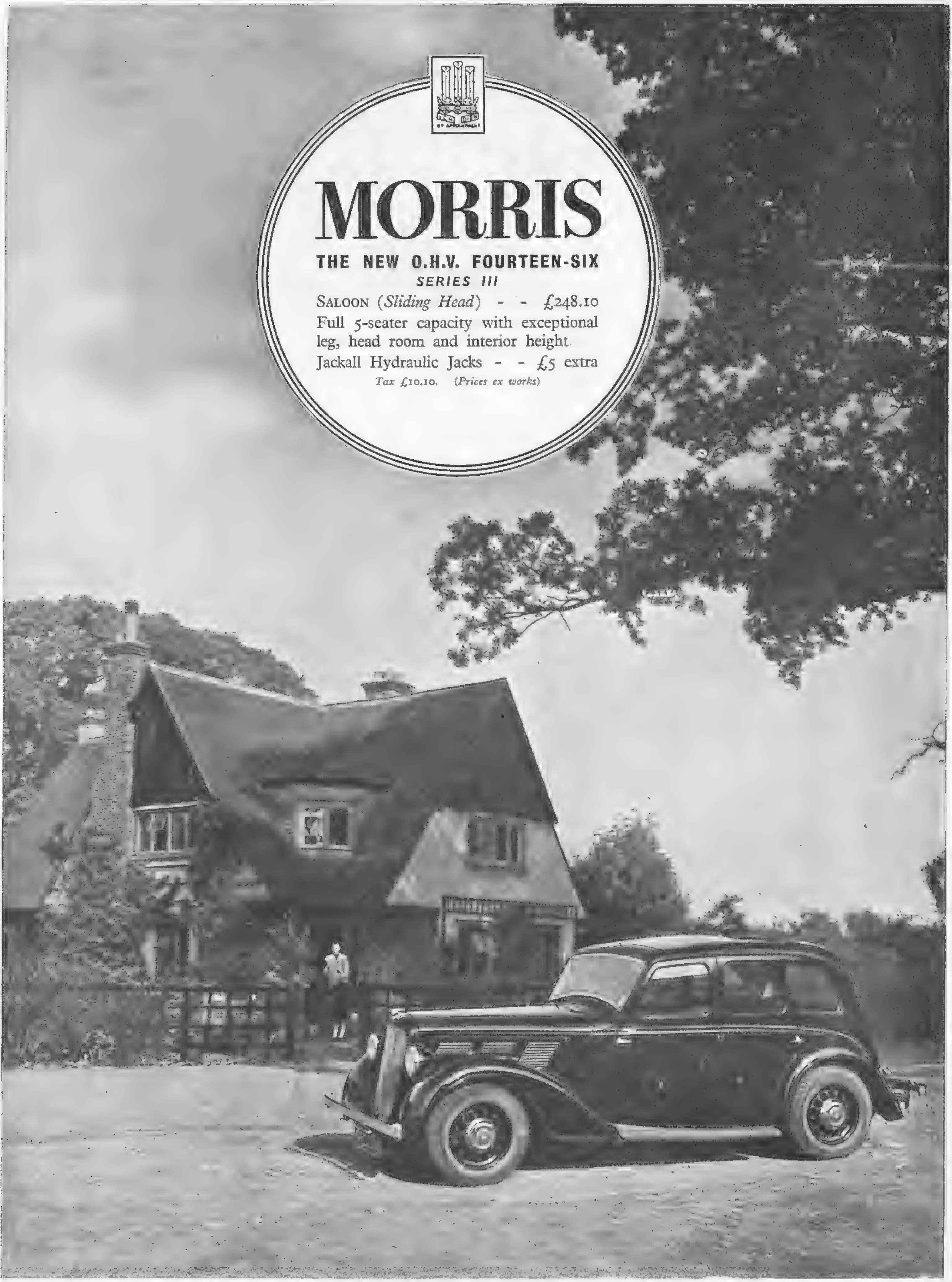
Price: Sports Saloon, £255.

THE side-valve engine develops as much as 40 h.p. The battery is in a position where it can quickly and easily be got at for attention

THE instruments are well grouped, and the large speedometer is marked both in miles and kilometres. A good minor point is that the gear lever is substantial and rigid



THE chassis is underslung, and although there is a sufficiency of head-room, the over-all height of the car is thus kept down to a minimum. This makes for great stability on corners



MORRIS

THE NEW O.H.V. FOURTEEN-SIX

SERIES III

SALOON (*Sliding Head*) - - £248.10

Full 5-seater capacity with exceptional leg, head room and interior height

Jackall Hydraulic Jacks - - £5 extra

Tax £10.10. (Prices ex works)

IF YOU DON'T BUY MORRIS AT LEAST BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

MORRIS MOTORS LIMITED, COWLEY, OXFORD (*Sole Exporters: Morris Industries Exports Ltd., Cowley, Oxford, England*) M.216

THE Riley "Sixteen" is a car of really generous size, having a big four-cylinder engine under the bonnet. The wheelbase is relatively long, so that there is no cramping of body space. The whole car is built low to the ground, and this, in conjunction with a firm type of springing, enables it to "sit down" very steadily on the road at speed

The Riley "Sixteen" in brief

Engine: *16 h.p., four cylinders with overhead valves.*

Transmission: *Three-speed gearbox with free-wheel and overdrive, giving five ratios in all. Highest 4 to 1.*

Performance: *With overdrive, second gear 65 m.p.h.; top gear 80/85 m.p.h.*

Springing: *Firm, semi-elliptic.*

Steering: *Admirable, with adjustable column.*

Brakes: *Excellent, mechanical.*

Coachwork: *Comfortable and well planned.*

Price: *"Kestrel" saloon, £415.*

THE RILEY "SIXTEEN"

A New Car of Marked Originality

By The Earl of Cardigan

WHEN one has been testing and reviewing cars for a matter of ten or twelve years, it is not very often that one is able to praise a new model for its sheer originality of conception. The Riley "Sixteen," however, is original in at least two separate respects. In each case, it gives a lead which I believe public opinion will be glad to follow.

In the first place—so far as I am aware—it is easily the largest British four-cylinder car which is now built, or which has been built for many years past. My belief is that one would have to go back to 1930 or earlier to find a comparable four-cylinder car of 16 h.p.

And yet this is not a retrograde step. The makers of medium-sized cars abandoned the "four" some ten years ago, not because it was inefficient—on the contrary, under the British system of horse-power rating, a 16 h.p. "four" must always deliver a little more power than a 16 h.p. "six"!—but because in those days a four-cylinder engine was invariably somewhat rough and could be disagreeably so.

The modern "four," however, is not rough. It may not be quite so smooth as a good "six," but the difference is slight. With the Riley, I think one is conscious that a difference exists only when the car is stationary, with the engine "ticking over." At such times—but only at such times—is vibration discernible. When the car is on the move, with the engine turning at a reasonable pace, I really question whether anyone can be sure, without referring to the catalogue, whether four or six cylinders are functioning under the bonnet!

Certainly, on the open road, this Riley engine earns nothing but praise. It gives a really grand performance, having all the sturdiness and virility which any four-cylinder enthusiast could ask for. In acceleration and pulling power it is first-rate. It has also the ability to run at high "revs" while remaining always quiet and free from "flurry."

We come now to the second unusual feature. From the engine, the drive is taken to a three-speed gearbox, and thence, via an "overdrive" device, to the rear axle. Again I am subject to correction, but I believe that no other British car has hitherto adopted this novel feature as a standard part of its transmission.

In cars of American design the overdrive is, of course, quite well known. It has proved its value, and also its reliability. Briefly, it acts as a purely automatic two-speed gearbox, functioning in addition to a normal three-speed, hand-operated 'box. It comes into play only when the free-wheel, with which (*Continued on page 84*)

THE controls in general are well placed, although the gear lever is perhaps a little remote

THE 16 h.p. engine follows the familiar Riley design, and has overhead valve gear. Can probably claim the distinction of being the biggest "four" on the market

The 10 h.p. Talbot

(*Continued from page* 81)

right sort of springing for a car which is likely to be driven fairly fast. One could not call it "hard"—for the riding is quite comfortable—but it verges on being hard rather than soft. It certainly avoids the recent tendency in springing, which is to be soft almost to the point of sloppiness. On the whole, its firmness is very well calculated to give confidence to the man at the wheel, while providing satisfactorily for the well-being of the passengers.

The steering is pleasantly light in action, and self-centres in an efficient manner. The Servo-type brakes are very powerful, and have the great merit of being progressive. By that I mean that there is a proper and constant relationship between the degree of pressure on the pedal and the amount of stopping power actually applied to the brake drums.

The coachwork of the sports saloon body is of unusual interest. Its most noticeable feature is that the window space is continuous from front to rear, with no door pillar to divide it. This undoubtedly gives the passengers an exceptionally wide field of vision.

A single wide door is provided on either side, and the backs of the front seats are made to tilt, so that access to the back of the car is quite easy. Indeed, as is always the case with two-door bodies, the business of getting any bulky object in or out of the car is greatly simplified on account of the wide opening which is available.

The amount of seating space is ample in front, and adequate at the back, with the uncommon luxury of pneumatic upholstery which of course adapts itself to suit the contours of the individual. The spare wheel is housed in a compartment at the extreme rear, (although the particular mounting of it seems rather wasteful of space) and the flap of this compartment folds down to form a sturdy luggage platform.

I do not often mention paintwork; but the "Jewelessence" finish of the exterior is something quite novel. I can only describe it by saying that it has an attractive sort of iridescence about it, well worth examining. The car as a whole is justly making a name for itself at the price, complete with sliding head, of £255.

End

The Riley "Sixteen"

(*Continued from page* 83)

the car is fitted, is in action, and only when the car's road speed has gone above 43 m.p.h. It remains in operation until the speed falls to 35 m.p.h. or less.

(Incidentally—an important point—the free-wheel is arranged to "cut out" automatically as the overdrive "cuts in." Thus the transmission is only "free" up to 43 m.p.h., and becomes "fixed" thereafter.)

All this sounds confusing, but in practice it is quite delightfully simple. In the Riley, bottom gear is not affected by any of these considerations. The second gear, however, acquires a sort of dual identity!

Normal second gear is a fairly low ratio, most valuable for acceleration, giving a maximum speed of perhaps 50 m.p.h. If, however, the car is pushed beyond 43 m.p.h., the overdrive will contrive an automatic change "up" into what we may term overdrive-second gear. Now we have a much higher ratio, giving the impressive maximum speed of 65 m.p.h.

Top gear has its dual identity also. Normal top is geared low, so that it gives a degree of acceleration which is altogether exceptional. In the matter of speed, it does well to give about 70 m.p.h. As 43 m.p.h. is exceeded, however, overdrive-top begins to function—and this is a really high gear with a ratio of about 4 to 1.

The performance in overdrive-top is entirely delightful. Engine "revs" are kept low, so that speed is gained with little or no sense of effort, and the maximum goes up as high as 80 or even 85 m.p.h.

I have written so much about these two points—the big four-cylinder engine and the overdrive—that I can only note briefly the many other features which this new Riley possesses. Road-holding is quite excellent, thanks to the rather firm springing and the first-rate steering. The brakes are entirely admirable, and in all these respects the car is calculated to inspire its driver with the fullest sense of confidence. The "Kestrel" saloon coachwork is both practical and attractive.

The price is £415, but I shall go back and end where I began. The real point about this car is that it has originality. With five gear ratios available, but only three that need manipulation, it has the great merit of being fun to drive. It gives a grand performance, and in a style that is the more pleasing for being all its own.

End

Travelling in Search of a Story

(*Continued from page* 41)

in the Matto Grosso after Campo Grande. I went there via Buenos Aires, travelling fifteen hundred miles up the Paraguay River. Part of the time I shared a cabin with a negro, an Indian and a little girl he had just bought, and an American who was choosing this rather circuitous way to leave the Argentine. We saw the celebrated piranha (man-eating fish); the American caught one and hauled it on board. It nearly bit off his finger. They are terrifying little beasts about a foot long. I have walked along a bank on which crocodiles were basking, but I would not try to swim a river of any width in which there were piranha. I wouldn't choose that way to die.

At last the time came to come back to the lights of Rio de Janeiro. Here I ran into an English diamond prospector; he had just come back from a prospecting trip in the Rio das Garcas district and had also visited the sinister valley of the Rio das Mortes (River of the Dead). He admitted these districts were the happy hunting ground of professional killers, but debunked the dangers lone prospectors are supposed to face. This is because robbery in the Matto Grosso, when I was there, was almost unknown; it is considered dishonourable. My new acquaintance asked me to come with him on a prospecting trip into Minas Geraes; when I accepted he told me his name. He was Captain Lucas, D.S.O., the finder of the Golden Dawn diamond, one of the most famous coloured diamonds of the day, valued at £30,000 and for some time on exhibition at Boucheron's shop in Bond Street. I saw it there subsequently. Lucas and I set off for Diamintina; after a week's prospecting we had nothing but a pocket handkerchief full of rough amethysts, which were not worth the price they would have cost to cut. On our last evening, Roberto Barbeiri, the hotel proprietor who originated the act of looping the loop on a bicycle at the London Hippodrome—Robert the Devil was his stage name—begged us to stay one more day to prospect a certain district; if we were satisfied we were to raise capital and open a mine jointly with him. We declined the proposal and afterwards Roberto went ahead on his own and took thousands of pounds worth of diamonds out of this area. When Lucas got back to England he found a slump had set in. It is as difficult to sell a £30,000 diamond as a big house, or an expensive car, during a slump. The stone was put up to auction and knocked down for £5,000. I was standing beside Lucas when the hammer fell; he did not bat an eye, though he had lost a small fortune in a few seconds.

Of West Africa I remember reaching Victoria Station on a raw February afternoon. I was yellow and emaciated; my temperature was 102. I had seen in the paper that the *Daily Express* were starting my articles next day, but I was too weak and miserable to ring them up and tell them I was home. That's malaria. But what a country West Africa is; what a glorious, heaven-sent place for an author in search of a plot. On the Ivory and Gold Coast borders one comes upon white men who have been alone for months; they live there, keeping a firm, gentle hand on malcontent chiefs, controlling the behaviour of tribes that are in appearance and habit completely savage, drinking their moderate tot of whisky at sundown, reading their weeks old English papers, shaving and dressing as immaculately each day as if they were at home. They are grand fellows and to be entertained by them is the greatest privilege a traveller could have.

At one outpost in the Gold Coast northwest territories, my host had in addition to his own bungalow, a guests' bungalow and a round house. Visitors were always given the round house, a circular thatched building with an earth floor. The guests' bungalow would have made better quarters but there was a fetish upon it, which said that the next white man that slept in it would die. My host would not defy this fetish and he had been in Africa twenty years; he said to me: "Generally you can laugh at fetish, but not always." There was, for example, the case of the crocodile that a white man killed in a district, where the natives believe the souls of the departed enter the bodies of these brutes and hold them as sacred. Within a year yellow fever came, attacking the white men only and killing one in six.

My most interesting experience was to attend a native tribunal at which no other white man was present. This was arranged for me by a provincial commissioner, who explained that I was a white story teller who wished to be able to go back to his own country and tell my people how an African chief ruled his people. On these grounds I was admitted. Even in darkest Africa the lure of press publicity will work. But I would have hated to have been brought in front of that tribunal as a captive. Ebony black faces wherever the eye looked, everyone dignified and grave; on a dais, robed in emerald green with a massive golden bracelet on his arm, the Paramount Chief himself; beside him his sword bearers, and to the right, immediately facing the prisoners, a sinister individual wearing a leopard skin cap, who was the chief's executioner, but, of course, not officially recognised by the British Government.

From the good raw red meat of West Africa to the fantastic golden temples of French Indo China is a considerable change. This country has been very little written about by English-speaking writers. I do not know why. *Les Dieux Rouges, Les Civilisees, La Route Mandarine* are grand books to read. The country is easy to reach and easy to travel in. I love above all other places Hué, capital of the Kings of Annam, where on state occasions mandarins still wear the picturesque robes they wore in the thirteenth century. One

(*Continued on page* 86)

BEFORE LEAVING THE FACTORY

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evening I went along the bank of the River of Perfumes to visit the tomb of Tu Duc, who got fed up with the French missionaries in his country and ordered that they should all be massacred. Which they were. Tu Duc reigned for forty years; he now lies buried in the tomb he built for himself. They have taken away to museums the treasures that Tu Duc loved in life. Alone there stands the porcelain jar used for the game of "bagatelles" at which he excelled; the pond where he used to bathe is overgrown with lotus flowers, and a modern stone bridge has been thrown across; but the stone effigies of his elephants and horses and mandarins still stand in the outer court. Standing there by the tomb of the emperor of a people the whites had conquered, with the setting sun flooding the river along which he used to voyage in his royal barge, I could not help feeling I was in the presence of something we westerners shall never be able to understand. For want of a better name I will call it the Spirit of the East.

Then on to Tonking to spend a day with the Foreign Legion. The regiment I visited were quartered at Vietri, with an advance post at Lao Kay, where the mortality rate from paludian fever is terrible. My visit began trickily, for the regiment had heard that I was a British officer, masquerading in civil clothes, and actually a spy. Now if I had been a spy I could think of at least fifty regiments I would rather be captured by than a battalion of the Foreign Legion. However, when they found I was just a war comrade with a bit of a limp, they took me to their hearts and by the time I had left the officers' mess to lunch with the colonel it was as much as I could do to stand. I have a hazy recollection of a tough captain, with a scar on his cheek, slapping me on the back and saying "Il n'est Pas Espion! Bois" and holding out a glass; and then a wonderful meal, with some black coffee to revive me, with their courteous, grizzled colonel. The men had excellent quarters and good food. I was shown over the kitchens, but I left the garrison with the impression it was better to be an officer than a private soldier in that corps.

Devil's Island had been written to death, so I will not say much about it. But I did have one experience there that has not perhaps befallen other writers. I had come down to Cayenne from the big penitentiary at St. Laurent du Maroni, which is the place which the newspapers mean when they refer to "Devil's Island"; at St. Laurent there are five thousand convicts as against fourteen on the *Ile du Diable* itself. I sat down on the terrace of the Café du Verdun and had iced rum brought to me by an Arab murderer, who was employed and mercilessly bullied by the mulatto proprietress. Next door I noticed a hairdresser's shop and decided to have a clip. The proprietor of the shop was a tall, good-looking Frenchman, dressed in spotless white ducks. He cut my hair beautifully and we got into conversation. I said I wanted some data about the *Ile du Diable* itself, as distinct from the big penitentiary and other places I had seen. He looked round to see if his little shop was empty, then bent over my chair and said: "I am Henri Bellon, monsieur."

I jumped considerably, for in France the name of Henri Bellon is almost as famous as that of Dreyfus or Uhlmo. Bellon was convicted of treason by court martial and was sentenced to Devil's Island for life. After spending five years on the island—an incredibly dreadful experience—his case was reconsidered and the verdict of perpetual imprisonment quashed. He was given permission to live on the mainland and opened his barber's shop. Subsequently he was told he could return to France, but had not, at the time I met him, availed himself of this. Liberated convicts become oddly attached to life in French Guiana; that is, those that are able to earn a living and do not die of starvation. Uhlmo, the French naval officer traitor, after returning to France for a visit, elected to go back and live in Cayenne; he had at the time I was there a clerical job in a store in the main street. But to return to Henri Bellon. He scribbled an address on a piece of paper. "Come there at nine to-night" he said.

The address he gave me was his own home, where he was living with a newly-married wife and little child. I went there that night and for three hours sat and talked to Bellon. First he told me exactly what it was like on the *Ile du Diable*—the minuteness of the island, just a barren rock patrolled by sharks, the incessant roar of the waves, and the awful loneliness that drove men to insanity. He had kept his reason by making carvings of tortoiseshell. I brought one of these back with me. It is a grim ornament for a girl's hair.

For some time we talked semi-formally. Then Bellon loosened up. He spoke of the bitterness of his disgrace, of life in Cayenne for liberated convicts, who must not even sit next free citizens in a cinema. How he could not even patronise the café kept by the mulatto woman with an Arab murderer as waiter. He talked of the pros and cons of going back to France; how his hairdressing shop was worth a nice little sum, with the fittings he had put in as business improved, and who was going to pay him back for that? Finally he looked at me, his eyes blazing, and said: "I should never have been sent out here. I was innocent."

Then he told me this story. He had been originally a hairdresser in Marseilles. After being wounded in the trenches, he was appointed to the intelligence corps and posted to Switzerland. He, a woman and another agent, whose nationality he did not disclose, worked together under a French officer in the Swiss town they used as their headquarters. Bellon became attached to the woman and he and the other male agent quarrelled bitterly; they quarrelled on account of a money matter. Bellon told the other agent that if he did not pay him the money he owed he would denounce him to the Swiss authorities and he would lose his job. The other agent went to the French officer and reported Bellon's threat. The officer sent for Bellon and told him if he denounced one of France's agents to a neutral power he would be court martialled for treason. Bellon agreed to hold his peace. Matters remained peaceful for a few weeks, then the quarrel between the two agents blazed out afresh. Next day the alien agent was denounced to the Swiss authorities and arrested. Bellon was accused of betraying him; he was sent back to France for trial by court martial. The officer in charge of the intelligence organization, in which Bellon worked, gave evidence that he had threatened to denounce his colleague. Neither Bellon, nor anybody else, was able to prove he was not responsible for the betrayal. It was another Dreyfus case all over again with the addition of a woman spy in the background. Bellon was convicted and sentenced to imprisonment on Devil's Island for perpetuity. I think, sitting there in his house in Cayenne, listening to Bellon's own account of how he came to be sent to the *Ile du Diable*, has been the strangest experience of my life.

I ask myself: If the woman spy had told all she knew at the court martial, would Bellon have ever been convicted? I have come back with many stories from my travels, but The Case of Henri Bellon is a tale that I have never written.

END

First Day Out

(*Continued from page* 53)

the iniquities of the prison system. In general this emotional type tends to spend his first day out in a more humdrum way that other types. A simple psychological law explains this: the more familiar and uncomplex the situation, the easier the emotions respond to it.

But I know of at least one outstanding exception to the rule that emotional types choose commonplace pleasures. One of my friends was exceptionally subject to the emotion of anger; and nothing more certainly provoked his ire than the sight of a policeman. For him they symbolised the whole of the social system against which his life was a perpetual revolt. Others might drink or bet or go to the pictures; for him, the only relaxation that offered pleasure was the search for lone policemen in quiet streets. One well-aimed blow over the helmet with a wooden truncheon and he would run. Since he could cover a hundred yards in thirteen seconds, he got away nine times out of ten. But his appetite was one that grows by what it feeds on, and the tenth policeman is always an irresistible attraction. In eleven years he has only once survived his first day out!

The third type, the cerebral type, is the least common; and because imprisonment thwarts him less than most, his responses to freedom are less extreme. I myself come under this classification, and all my "first-days-out" have been marked by lengthy conversations. On one occasion, after a sentence of fifteen months, I kept a friend talking for nineteen and a half hours; at that point the conversation was interrupted by my friend's landlady giving us ten minutes to leave the premises!

But a rather more spectacular first-day-out is that of an acquaintance of mine who is an extreme example of the cerebral type. He had been in a bucket-shop racket, and his partner had turned King's Evidence against him. During the long sentence he subsequently received he spent a great deal of time planning the perfect crime in its most dramatic form—murder. If his scheme came off—and he had meditated every detail till he was convinced it was flawless—his victim would not only meet with an unpleasant death, but would be suspected of attempting to defraud his insurance company by shamming suicide and escaping to Australia.

The first step was to entice his late partner to the place of his death by means of a 'phone call. Perhaps because the First Day Out of his dreams was a day of horror, this man was exceptional in that the reality was far better than anything he had imagined. Death and vengeance receded further and further down a vista of enchanting objects, such as a young mother pushing a pram, a brightly shining door-knocker, a tailor's tout rubbing his hands in the doorway of his shop. . . . Nevertheless, he went into a 'phone box and dialled the number of his betrayer. But even as the enemy's voice answered him his lyrical mood found a more merciful revenge than he had intended.

"Hello Jim. This is Eddy."

"Oh—er, hello Eddy. You haven't—er—been out long?"

"This morning, old boy. I say, did you enjoy your breakfast?"

"Yes, thank you. Er—what . . .?"

"Was the milk nice and fresh?"

"Of course, what . . .?"

"Do you know what Trypanosomiasis is?"

"Look here, what . . .?"

"Trypanosomiasis. It's sleeping-sickness. Very nasty. I emptied a culture of trypanosomes into your milk as it stood on the doorstep this morning. Hello, are you there? I'm sending you a copy of Black's Medical Dictionary so you can read up the symptoms. But be patient . . . it may take anything up to a month before they appear. Cheerio—think of me when you begin to feel lethargic!"

He walked away whistling, his ex-partner's gasp of horror ringing pleasantly in his ears. When I met him in the Brasserie Universalle a few months later he was still full of it.

"It's good to enjoy the sweets of vengeance with no fear of the aftertaste of punishment," he told me.

END

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Africa in the Raw

(Continued from page 45)

"Six a.m. Darling, I may be a muddle-headed old fool, but I must do something, and I'm going out to reconnoitre. Lawton's either dead drunk or dead asleep, and I'm going off for a stroll to look round on my own."

There was no resting now. Leila went out into the open again and stared up at the hot blue of the sky, watching the hovering vultures with despair.

"Six a.m.—six hours ago! What sort of stroll could that mean?"

Again and again she started off as far as she dared to go: calling and calling: returning to the camp and starting off again. As dusk fell she made the one boy heap up the fire as high as possible. Already the hyenas had started their hideous cry, the very incarnation of evil or so it seemed.

It was seven o'clock and dark when Lawton got back and Leila Van Rennen was sitting by the fire, her arms clasped round her knees, her head upon them, had fallen asleep.

She awoke in a moment and sprang to her feet at the sound of his heavy footsteps.

"My father!—But haven't you—Oh, you must have found him. Where have you been all this time? What has happened?"

"Nothing, so far as I'm concerned, apart from a day wasted—a bloody hot walk. Didn't I tell you the place was full of nooks and crannies. Anyhow, you seem to have taken it pretty easily yourself, my lady," answered Lawton, surlily. Then, as Leila stared at him without another word, he dropped to the ground at her side, adding: "Oh, well, no extra charge for sitting, I suppose?—unless until you feel particularly pally, an' ready to go shares with the tent."

She flung round on him at this, all her lassitude gone; tore her arm away from the hand he had laid upon it and fixed him with such a stare that for a moment he was confused.

"No offence meant—no offence. Come now, be a sensible girl for once." He caught at the skirt of her long coat and drew her to the ground again as she attempted to rise.

"See here now my pretty, you've had your say during the last week or so. Yap—yap—darned if I ever heard such talking. As for orders—good Lord! I took over this safari for your ladyship, on the understanding that it was I who was in command. But not a bit of it—'I wish you to do this, Captain Lawton'—'see to that.' 'Go there—come here.' Good Lord, it never stopped! The tune's changed from now on, let me tell you that. The old man's gone—he may be found or he mayn't. Meanwhile here I am, and here are you. An' though you're a darned pretty girl, and I'm getting darned fond of you, you're not my master, never will be," he added with a hard hand on her arm.

"Come now, it's no good getting excited," he went on, as she struggled to free herself. "We're miles away from everything and everybody, so you might as well be nice to me now as later. Oh, no, you don't, none of that." Loosing hold of Leila's coat, he flung his arm about her waist as she struggled to rise; was dragging her to the ground, when she wrenched one arm free, swung herself forward towards the fire and catching up a smouldering length of wood struck it across his face, deluging them both with grey ash.

"My God—my God! You've blinded me—you she-devil, you—you!" screamed Lawton.

He jumped to his feet and started trampling to and fro, wiping the backs of his hands across his face, shaking them away from him. "By God, but you'll pay for this—you—you By God, the pain—by God—by God!" he screamed. Then, flinging himself forward towards a kerosene tin full of water, he dropped on his knees and sluiced his head with it.

With a sense of relief, bordering upon hysterical laughter, Leila Van Rennen realised that he—this blinded man, had made his way straight to the water. Her revulsion from fear to contempt was like a rod of steel through her as she bent over the fire, mechanically started to push together the logs.

That night she slept, haunted by that worst of all hauntings—the continual search for someone, something; her dreams shot through and through by the loathsome cry of hyenas, the sharp yap of jackals, the occasional deep note of a lion.

She had awakened and was slipping into her clothes just about dawn, when she drew herself sharply together at the sound of a motor.

In the moment that it took her to reach the doorway of her tent, innumerable certainties ran through her brain. Here were strangers arriving—a spoke in Lawton's wheel this. Again her night fires had been seen—her father had been found, and they were bringing him back, anyhow, bringing news of him.

Even when she was actually outside her tent staring out into the sun-shot mist, there was a moment of panic-stricken incredulity, an eternity of blankness—before she could force her mind to the realisation that the motor was *going*, not *coming*. That it was her own car she saw, heaped up at the back with baggage; a couple of grinning boys atop, and Lawton—who turned round at her cry, waving a mocking good-bye—at the wheel.

Never to the end of her life could Leila Van Rennen remember what she did with herself for the remainder of that day. She could work back to the next morning; and than again from her first start from Nairobi to Lawton's desertion, and she knew more or less what happened after. But that one day was lost, as though someone had knocked out her consciousness of it by some incredible blow.

As to what followed, the most terrible part of it lay in her ceaseless endeavour to realise what was real and what was not real—if she were indeed herself; and if so, how she came to be where she was; what had become of the rest of the world?

One night she was convinced that she saw her father. Tall, shadowy, white and dew-soaked; he raised the flap of her tent, stood before her and reproached her: "Why did you say you would see it through? Why wouldn't you listen to what Clinton told you?" he complained. And then: "You've forgotten my tobacco. Why did you forget my tobacco?"

And at this she had actually risen from her cot, poked round the tent to see if the accusation could be true.

Another empty day passed, and that night something really did come to the door, an odiferous, sniffing shadow that jerked her out of her dreams; revived her with a sense of real and instant danger. Never yet, since her father's disappearance, had she touched something so like comfort as came to her with the cool, solid weight of her sporting gun against her shoulder.

It was the morning after this that she left the camp and started to walk. At first, with the rudiments of a plan in her mind, moving westward with the idea that she had heard of some sort of township or village towards the setting sun.

But the memory of every sort of direction was long past when hope—real hope—sprang to being some half hour before sunset, with the sight of that amazing pink cloud of which Boyd Clinton had spoken, rising and spreading out into a thick rose-coloured mass against the pale clear gold of a flawless sky.

IT was a Friday evening, Boyd Clinton had just finished paying his men. The day had been breathlessly hot, and the first hint of relief had come with sunset, when the flamingoes had risen from the lake for their short night flight.

Only that evening Clinton, with a wry grin at himself, had reflected how jolly and poetical it had all sounded when he had told Leila Van Rennen about it; how mad he had been to get back to it all. Now, however, the memory of that American girl. He pulled himself together with a sharp jerk. Oh, hang the girl, all girls; they upset everything, came between a man and real life, he thought with a sense of intense irritation at himself.

From far away across the lake shone the lights of the little town. There were people there dining together; dancing, playing cards, making love, while he was alone. For no reason whatever, that sense of aching, longing, desperate anxiety which he was for ever fighting against, came over him again.

And the strange thing about it all was that when he might have expected it to diminish with time it had simply gathered, grown worse. For the last two days and nights he had actually seemed to see Leila Van Rennen's face rising out of the shimmering heat of midday when he was riding round his place; in the grey of the twilight and dawn; in the blackness of his room at night, or when the moon rose, it had come to him, hung before him. And not as he had always known it, either—laughing or proud and cold—but pale and drawn, with wide strained eyes.

"Bwana." The single softly uttered word came from the steps of the verandah, and Boyd Clinton—leaning forward and peering into the darkness—caught the light from the lamp at the back of him falling upon the long polished blade of a spear.

"Kita, by all that's holy!" He leant further forward, frowning, as a tall, narrow-hipped man with a blanket slung across his back moved up the steps. His eyes were screwed up—not so much with staring as with trying to remember. There was nothing strange in the man being here, he and Clinton trusted him and liked him. But what was it that he had said, when he ran against him in Nairobi, a couple of weeks earlier?

He was going to work for—for—who the deuce was it? He was going out on safari with—good God, he had got it now—with Lawton, that was it! The blighter who called himself *Captain* Lawton.

"What the deuce are you doing here, Kita?" His voice was sharp with anxiety. "You told me you were going on safari with Bwana Lawton."

"I went, Bwana. But that Lawton him bad man. I take no orders from him, I take orders from the *mem-sahib*. And the *mem-sahib* angry with me, so I came away. Came to you, Bwana."

"Well, what had you done? Why was she angry with you?"

"Bwana, Kita tell you truth. Bwana Lawton no good. All the time he drink. He tell *mem-sahib* we far away from town, he only guide us—he tell lies all the time we near Navasha. Bwana, father of *mem-sahib*—good man, but no sense. It was to the *mem-sahib* I spoke—going into her tent as she lay upon her bed resting. I tell her Bwana Lawton speak lies. We not out in wild place at all, we going round and round in circles till we reach the valley the Simba, that all, Bwana. All this I tell *mem-sahib*."

"I believe you, go on." Clinton was leaning against the rail of the verandah, his hand behind him grasping it. He could feel it shake all along its length as he himself shook. "Go on, Kita."

"Bwana, the *mem-sahib* no listen. She tell me to go, and I go away."

"Well?" With an almost superhuman effort, Clinton kept his voice quiet and steady, refrained from any sort of reproach. "What happened then, eh, Kita?"

Squatting on the floor of the verandah the Nandi told all he knew, with that strange mixture of innocence and acumen peculiar to his people. That very day he had seen Lawton drunk on the verandah of a hotel in Navasha, and questioning the idlers who hung about the kitchen door—among whom were some of Lawton's own boys—heard what happened.

"The Kavaronda boys they stretched their fat bellies and laughed in telling of it," declared Kita

(Continued on page 90)

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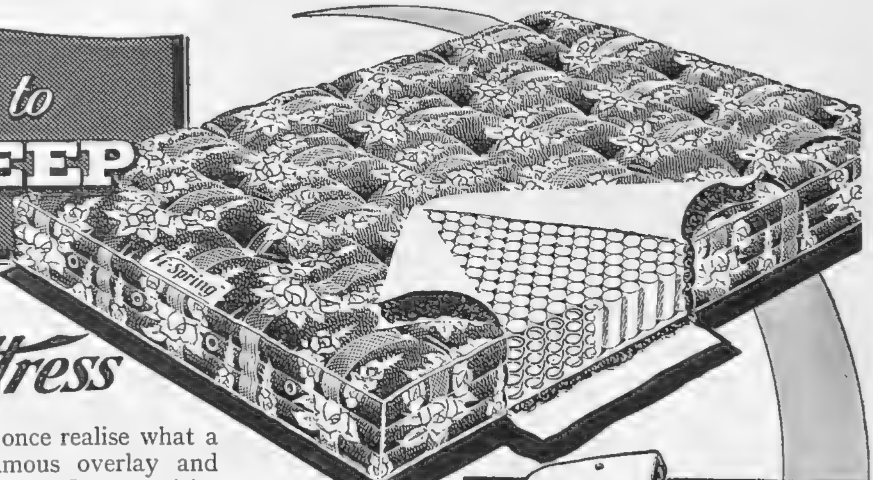

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contemptuously, and went on to repeat what he had heard. It seemed that Lawton had purposely taken a wheel off the lorry, turned it sideways into an ant-bear hole. He had then gone on to the end of the valley in the *mem-sahib's* car. Next day he had come into the town with the lorry, sold it to a travelling salesman and gone back. The old judge had, however, got lost, never been found, and Lawton was frightened. In the end, he had taken the *mem-sahib's* car also, and leaving her alone, come into the township and got drunk again.

"How long had he been in Navasha, eh?"

"Three, four days or more, Bwana."

"The swine! By God, the swine!" Clinton was on his feet, shaken with rage and anxiety. "Look here, Kita, do you think you could find your way to the place where they camped?"

"Oh, sure, Bwana, there will be tracks from the place they left the lorry. To-morrow at sunrise, Bwana."

But Clinton had already flung back into the house, was instructing the boys in a carefully controlled voice to collect food and blankets, his hand trembling with excitement and fear as he filled a flask with whisky. Three or four days—or more, Kita had said. But then these fellows had no real idea of time. How was it possible that he would find her still alive, and if alive, sane?

Never, so long as he lived, could Boyd Clinton forget that drive. He had been years in Africa; for all that, the country came to him now as something new and terrible. The smell of the night air and earth, crossed here and there by the acrid stench of a beast of prey; the never-ending complaint of the hyenas; the strange layers of almost bodily heat, cut through by a chill and penetrating dampness.

He had never so much as thought of danger before. He thought of it now; every possible danger biting into his consciousness with the picture of Leila Van Rennen alone in that immensity.

Those damned hyenas! At one moment he raised his fist and shook it in a frenzy of impotent rage. If only they would be quiet; if only the night with its myriad noises would be silent for a moment, so that when he drew his car to a standstill he might listen with a clear ear!

Crouched at the back, Kita leant over the seat directing him, one long sinewy arm outstretched over his shoulder. He had gone far since leaving camp, however, and it was close upon dawn when they came upon the deserted tent—blown all sideways by the wind—realised a half-dozen or so of skulking figures, shadows of night and evil, sliding away from it at the approach of the motor.

As Clinton got out of his car, walked stiffly round the tent—for he was shivering with cold—he was thankful to find it empty. For these cursed hyenas literally smelt death and supposing—only supposing that there had been anyone there alone—ill or injured—dead. . . .

He was almost elated as he got back into his car while Kita, grey with cold, followed him. Only as he put his hand to the self-starter did a sense of utter despair at the loss of any possible objective sweep over him.

The tent had, at least, been something definite to head for. Now, which ever way he went, he might be moving away from Leila, and this last delay cost her her life. He stood up in his car and gazed round him, his hand shading his eyes, cursing his own stupidity in not bringing field glasses. Then, for no reason at all, he shut his eyes tightly; turned in a circle with a blind idea of leaving it to fate, and swept off again, heading west.

All that day he drove, as Leila herself had walked, searching for her father, only in wider sweeps, taking the camp as the centre away from which she had wandered. With the cliffs and precipice blocking so much of the way, it seemed that she could not have got very far, though unlike her he was unhappy enough to know that the surface of apparently flat and open valley held untold hollows, in anyone of which she might be lying unseen, supposing that she was unable to hail him. As to the old judge, frail as he was, he must by this time be beyond hope.

Setting his jaw till it ached, Boyd Clinton actually and physically shut back into himself the horrors of imagination. He had enough to stand up against without that. His eyes burnt like hot coals in their sockets; a tight bar of hot iron seemed to press across his forehead, binding his temples. As the sun blazed higher and one glittering mirage after another rose and vanished, not a living creature seemed to be left alive, apart from the vultures high up in the dizzying blue, an occasional group of wildebeest and zebra huddled together in the midday blaze.

It was sunset again, and he was heading blindly homeward in search of more petrol, when Kita bent over the back of the seat, touched his shoulder and pointed.

They were upon the crest of land above the lake, and once again the flamingoes were rising—a familiar cloud of pink against the pale gold of the sky.

It was not at this familiar sight, however, that the Nandi pointed, crying out for the Bwana to look.

Clinton realised this as he followed the direction of the man's hand, his heart pounding up into his throat, cursing the mist of intense fatigue that hung over his eyes; his whole mind so filled with the picture of Leila as he had always known her that it was only at Kita's repeated, "Look—look, Bwana, it is the *mem-sahib*," that he wrenched his vision and mind violently round to register the figure pointed out to him.

And no wonder he had not seen it before, so altogether one with the earth as it was; so small and shrunken, drawn in upon itself that it would have been impossible for him, unaided by native eyes, to have picked it out, let alone have connected it in any way with the radiant girl for whom he was searching.

Drawing nearer, circling slowly so as not to scare her by coming upon her too quickly, Clinton realised that Leila was seated upon a little hillock, gazing down upon the shining mirror of the lake, bent forward at the waist like a broken flower; her small dark head, red with dust, dropped forward upon one hand, emphasising rather than breaking the immense emptiness of the scene.

Stopping his car some way off, realising how far gone she must be not to have heard it, Clinton got out and moved towards her. But it was not until he actually stood before her that she raised her eyes—bright with fever, set in dense black circles—and stared at him. Not as though she were surprised to see him there, rather as if to make sure that he was not a dream.

There was a bright spot of colour on either cheek bone. But the cheeks themselves fell into deep hollows. Her chest, too, had fallen in, and the shoulders which she had once carried so proudly were drawn together like an old woman's. The realisation of her dreadful thinness cut through Clinton like a knife. There seemed nothing left of her, but the soul which had at last fought its way outward to her eyes.

For a moment or so he imagined himself unrecognised. Then the cracked lips stirred. She raised her head a little more fully, and bending down, he caught the words, "I saw them, Boyd—I saw them."

"Saw what, my darling?" He was kneeling at her side, her fleshless hand in his, while the memory of something someone had once said to him passed through his mind; something in regard to—in regard to . . . oh, yes, he knew now, the embalmed dead: "You touch them and they drop to dust."

"You darling—you darling—you poor darling, you," he was thinking, with a passion of pity so infinitely far removed from reality and passion that he could have shouted with joy at her next words—slow and widely separated as they were, almost as though she had forgotten how to speak.

"The flamingoes—at sunset—I knew—I knew. . ."

She broke off, the cracked lips trembling, the tears raining down her poor scared face. Only as Clinton, himself shaking from head to foot, raised her gently in his arms to carry her to the motor, she murmured: "The pink flamingoes—you know you told me," while her head dropped down upon his shoulder, her eyes closed with a deep sigh of utter relief, and drifted away into unconsciousness.

End

Vanity of Vanities

(*Continued from page 27*)

the province whose hospitality you have enjoyed?"

"If it were within my power—readily."

"You are the only man who can do it at this moment. Yet it is arduous and perilous, and you are no longer young."

"Alas!"

"But young at heart," said the General. "Young at heart. And that is all that matters, and that, again, is why I have no hesitation in asking you to undertake something that calls for courage, endurance and honesty."

"You flatter me, General."

"I say what I think. I am not just another Chinaman, though if I changed into the uniform of one of the guards you would take me as such, because to you we all have the same faces. But I am the war lord of Tang-tao, and a judge of men and character. Whatever you are, whatever you have been, you are a man for a big job. Are you interested?"

"Most."

"And I can rely absolutely on your discretion "

"Absolutely."

General Li's smile came and went. "You will appreciate the salty humour of the fact that if your discretion proved to be at fault you would be dead within an hour "

The Englishman nodded dryly. "At least you are frank."

"At least that. In the course of our recent strategic retreat—and you who remember your Great War will understand how unfortunately precipitate such retreats are—our transport broke down badly. We were faced with the necessity of abandoning practically the entire wealth of this province—that is to say the gold and silver, as against the richness of our fields and the labour of our hands—or burying it. You will see that the strategy of our retreat was all for haste, since the wealth of the world avails little if one is dead. Therefore we buried the wealth."

"And you want me to go and bring it back?"

"Precisely. You, as I say, are the one man who might succeed. The Japanese, also, desire to stand well with the English. Supposing an eccentric English archæologist blundered across the line with no desire other than to desecrate the graves of the ancestors of the Chinese in quest of wisdom? Why should he be hindered? Why should he not be flattered and encouraged and helped? Why should he not be allowed to come and go? Why should he not contrive to smuggle back when he returns the wealth which belongs to us?"

Parrington whistled. "The Japanese are people not to be played with. Your whys sound simple sitting here, but it would take doing, particularly by one who doesn't claim to be a man of action. "'

"I have admitted it was hazardous," said General Li. "But personally I always prefer your thinker to

(*Continued on page 92*)

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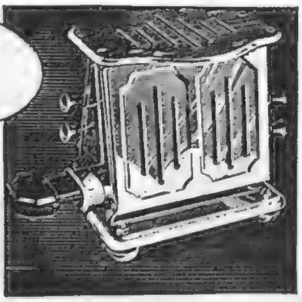

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"Rewards?"

"I would give you one-fiftieth part, and be in your eternal debt. I do not know what your material position may be, but if you were a pauper that share would make you rich for life."

The Englishman sat looking at the backs of the books on the shelf. For a man of his years his expression was strange, like that of a youth who is suddenly offered a chance of high adventure, itches to grasp it, and only doubts his own capacity.

General Li watched him closely from behind the horn-rimmed glasses. Presently, after a long pause in which was only the tramp and rattle of the drilling men, he spoke again.

"At Oxford, at first, I was merely a Chink. Before I came down I was known as 'Sport-Li.' I was proud of that at the time—at Oxford when I was young." His left arm peeped from his sleeve like a blunt-headed snake. "Now I am older and have experienced more serious things, but I will make you a sporting proposition. On top of the mere gold and silver, which I see you do not really covet, I shall grant you a further gift like a Caliph from Burton's *Arabian Nights*. If you get back with the treasure you may ask one boon of me, and if it is in my gift it is yours. Now, my romance-loving English—for that is what you all are under your skins—what do you say to that?"

The two men studied each other.

"You promise that on your word of honour?"

"On my word of honour."

"Then it's a bargain. Thank God, at last I'm living." His blue eyes blazed with excitement.

"And long may you continue to do so, but if anything goes amiss I'm afraid my wish is frustrated. You realise that?"

General Li extended the one hand he had, and Parrington shook it.

"Now this is the hard row you have to hoe. Or at least it seems to me to be the only possible way. Make any suggestions you feel inclined. Your life is at stake."

They settled down, the pattern of the bars moved across the floor, the sentries were changed, the tired troops went to their rice, but General Li and his Englishman had much to discuss.

THE moon rose later above the sighing yellow river, grew old, withered, died, leaving nights black as a pall. Sometimes Flower-of-the-Twilight walked the mossy bank smiling to herself about her secrets of east and west. A new moon came, pale in the afternoon, but a silver ship sailing the sky with the freight of another month. The junks went shadowy up and down. If the wind blew from the north there could be heard at times a distant and intermittent rumble, which—once upon a time, as they said in the old fairy tales—might have been ascribed to thunder. Planes came, too, lighting poppy-flowers of death. The moon sailed above them, growing serenely until her mountains stood out and she reached maturity and began the inevitable decline. She withered, she died.

General Li, in his bare room, saw that another strategic retreat was imminent. He wondered about the Englishman. If he were dead no harm was done, but if he brought it off . . .

THE Englishman, jubilant with success, sat on the hard chair by the desk, and the general, as the tale was told, nodded approval his eyes bright and black behind the horn-rimmed glasses.

"And so we got back," Parrington concluded, looking weary and worn and travel-stained, but elated and young for all that.

"You are too modest," said General Li. "Much too modest.

"It is a feat like something from an old adventure. You are the saviour of Tang-hao, and on behalf of ten million people I thank you. Even now your share is being computed, though I am afraid it will do you little good in any sense except the ethical one that you have earned it."

"Sorry. I don't quite follow."

General Li leant across and tapped arrestingly with one hand. Had there been the clink of money and the click of typewriters he might well have been sitting in the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank—but that the blunt-headed snake in his left sleeve watched Parrington.

"I find myself in a position which is perfectly plain to me, Mr. Parrington," he said quietly, twitching the wires of his face, "but will be difficult to make as clear to you. First remember, please, that I am a statesman as well as a soldier. These are exacting rôles which demand that all personal considerations must be put aside."

Parrington assented, as if he knew all about that.

"Then my country is at war. I must take every step to prosecute that war to a successful conclusion. Regardless of what I myself may feel I must be ruthless. We may have to evacuate the province—for strategic reasons, of course. That will entail a closer union between General Yang and myself, for I shall be on his territory. I must bargain with him. If he knows that I have stolen his treasure to pay my troops, where shall I stand and what will be the consequences to my country?"

"Why do you say his treasure?"

"Because it was. He buried it there; I heard of it. The defence of this province was my only concern. But already rumours are about. You are a brave man, Mr. Parrington, but General Yang would find the queerest ways to make you talk. That would be a great disaster for us—and for you."

Parrington sprang to his feet, eyes blazing. The chair clattered over. The sentries at the door covered him with their rifles.

"But you've made me nothing but a thief!" he cried.

"I am the thief, not you. I accept that blame. In war all is fair. What troubles me now is that I must, for all our sakes, put you beyond the reach of the merciless General Yang. Please sit down again. If you please."

He was cold and still, after that briefest of smiles. Parrington picked up the chair and resumed his place. He scowled at General Li with hatred and scorn, but there was nothing that he could do, covered by those rifles.

The thunder that was not thunder rumbled in the distance.

"And how do you propose to put me beyond his reach?"

"There are only two ways that are absolutely certain—the sword or the bullet." He twitched his smile.

"You mean to say——?" breathed the Englishman, hands clenching until the knuckles showed white in his brown skin.

"I mean to say that you must die to-day, because it is better so. It is no time for attempting this or that in the hope it may come off. Dead, the incident is closed. What is your life among so many? Two hundred people were killed in this town last night by bombs for no reason at all. You will die for a reason. That is always something."

The Englishman passed his hands across his eyes like one trying to awaken from a nightmare.

"I can't believe it, I don't believe it," he burst out. "It's some cruel joke. You, a civilised man, a graduate of Oxford, threatening to murder me."

"Not threatening to murder, but deciding you must die for the sake of the cause. Many have laid down their lives for many causes."

"But after all I've done—haven't you any gratitude?"

"None. That is a luxury which, like so many others, I cannot afford."

"But it's barbarous!"

"War is, soldiers must be, statesmen must be. You yourself have had little experience of these things or you would understand. To sentence you to death is no pleasure, but I see it as my duty and must go through with it. If I ran away from my duty where would it land me?"

The Englishman blinked at that. He tried desperately to think, but his mind was in a whirl. Then in the midst of that fiery wheel something cool and soothing and comforting took shape: the oval face of Flower-of-the-Twilight.

"You and your causes and your duty, general," he scoffed. "You make me laugh. It's the individuals who matter and shape the real things of life. There's the only thing that counts. All the rest is vanity of vanities and I've long put it aside."

"Indeed," said General Li. "I only wish at this moment I could do the same."

"I'll prove my point. You told me on your word of honour that you would grant me one boon."

"Yes, if it were in my gift. Your life belongs to the cause."

"I do not ask that. I ask your daughter in marriage."

The wires twitched a smile of sheer incredulity. "My daughter?"

"She loves me."

General Li wagged his head in disbelief but he meditated, caressing the left hand that was not there.

"I hope not," he said. "I hope you are as mad as you seem. But you will understand that this is not the old China. This is the new, free China for which we fight. The hand of my daughter is not in my gift. It is her own to give. Should it be her wish to give it to you—which seems fantastic —I shall be in a difficult position. A man's family comes even before his country, since it is the very soul of the country. But how can this folly have entered your head?"

"Never mind. Just send for her."

General Li shrugged briefly, struck a small gong, and spoke to the orderly who appeared.

"She is my only daughter," he said, filling the pause with conversation, "but I hold out no hope for you. Make up your mind about your choice. And may I say despite this course forced on me by circumstance I have the highest opinion of your courage and enterprise. You are a dreamer and so capable of adventures we practical men would not dare. Still, I do not see you as a lover."

Flower-of-the-Twilight came swiftly at her father's bidding. The Englishman's heart gave a quick throb. Now his creed would be justified! She looked beautiful as the young moon, and there was a white blossom in the darkness of her hair. She wore Chinese dress, but the west was in her bearing and her manner, and when she spoke she said, "Well, Pop?"

"Daughter," said General Li gravely, "the life of the Englishman depends on your answer. You know all the circumstances. Will you marry him?"

"Marry him?" An amused smile brought sunshine to her chiselled face. "Why, Pop, you're crazy. To sweeten him for the job I gave him a bit of necking for the good of the cause, but I'd as soon marry the Pope."

"Go, daughter," said the general, and she obeyed dutifully without so much as a glance at the cat's-paw they had used.

"You see?" said General Li.

The Englishman's face had gone cold and empty, like a deathmask. So he sat for a long minute. Then, all at once he smiled, a crooked smile of bitter understanding.

"I used to claim, general," he said, "that I'd a matter of only twenty years to live, and I'd use them just as I liked. But it can't be done. You can't escape from the wheel. The systems bind you always. There's no such thing as an individual any more. I've lived enough in the last three months and it will suffice. I think the bullet in preference to the sword."

END

...and M'lady of to-day says...

"Yes my great grandmama used them too!"

My grand-daughter is getting married. She asked my advice about Sheets, Pillow Cases and such like, and I advised her to do as *my* great-grandmama did . . . . buy Horrockses. I swear by Horrockses, just as every woman in our family has for seven generations.

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NERVOUS TROUBLES

"Suffering from Insomnia and on the verge of a nervous breakdown, I started **Allenburys Diet.** It soothed my nerves and brought me sound sleep."

Allenburys DIET

OF ALL CHEMISTS, IN TINS 2/1, 4/-, 7/6.

Allenburys Diet is as easy to prepare as hot milk

In the stress and strain of everyday life Allenburys Diet has many valuable applications. In cases of bodily fatigue and mental strain its stimulating and recuperative effects are quickly experienced and appreciated. Also a cup of Allenburys Diet at bedtime helps to ensure sound sleep.

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D8B/HC/A

Teeth Technique

(*Continued from page* 54)

Tartar—a substance thrown out by the saliva—first pushes the inner gum away from the tooth, and the outer gum recedes in an effort to grasp the tooth firmly, higher up. That is why a visit should be paid to the dentist every three months, to see if the teeth need scraping clear of tartar. As, if tartar is allowed to accumulate, the skin that folds round the gum and *envelopes* the neck of the tooth, is pushed further and further out, until a gap is there for débris to slide down, or be drawn up to the bone.

Once the bone is infected by débris, erosion or the process of eating bone away begins, the gums become spongy and bleed, and this condition is called pyorrhea. The poison engendered is absorbed by the body, and may attack the heart, the nerves, the stomach. That is why teeth have to come out. Once teeth are out, the gums close down very firmly over the bone, and erosion ceases.

But, even if pyorrhea has started, although it cannot be cured, as bone that has been eaten away cannot be replaced, the process can be checked.

Use a dentrifice that is strongly antiseptic and contains an astringent for the gums—Forhans, or Phillips' Dental Magnesia—which immediately counteracts any acid formation.

Rub the gums with Eau de Cologne twice a week, and use it fairly frequently in the mouth rinse.

Use dental floss to remove débris from between the teeth, always after meals; and follow this by using a spray.

These sprays can either be pocket syphons, or they can be electrically driven pulsating jets, attached somewhere near a basin. The water sprays into the mouth, dealing with crevices better than any toothbrush, and clearing away all particles of rubbish—*so the main source of infection is stopped.*

After this the soothing water-jet is played on the gums, which immediately increases the blood-circulation round the bone; blood is health-bringing, so any accumulated poison inside the gum will be promptly thrown off, possibly by slight bleeding, and the gum will then tighten down over the bone and round the teeth.

The advantage of the water-jet over the syphon-spray is that it lasts longer and is pulsating. Pulsation adds to the efficacy of massage.

Anything can be done with your teeth as long as your gums and their roots are sound. Many film-stars have their teeth completely re-cased, so that surface imperfections vanish.

Make it a rule: Never to eat or drink in bed at night once you have cleaned your teeth.

Take dental floss with you on travels and picnics, if you don't take the syphon spray.

Oil of cloves on cotton wool, jabbed into a painful tooth, will soothe the nerve quicker than whisky or other hot spirit.

And, as prevention of decay is better than a stopping, in all cases, spray, clean, and spray.

END

Quick Loveliness

(*Continued from page* 55)

stretch the eye-socket as little as possible; then, where the crows'-feet appear round the temples, make a V over the pad area between the forefinger and middle-finger of the left hand, and inside this V tap swiftly with the same *two* fingers of the right hand, to some fox-trot rhythm.

This may sound funny, but it is what the Arden assistants are trained to do.

For the forehead. Make a V above the nose with the first two fingers of the left hand, tap up and down the frown with your right-hand fingers to tempo, then fly-massage away right and left to the temples, using the last three fingers of both hands, to the lilt of a slow waltz, like "I'll see you again. . . ."

Here are three excellent lightning beauty restorers for home use:—

I. Anti-wrinkle Cream. A thirty-minute day-time cream to remove that tired look after too many parties, or too many budget conferences, or having been kept indoors too long at a stretch.

But for this, you must lie down for half an hour.

Cleanse the face, pat with Skin Tonic, flip in Anti-wrinkle cream, and rest. Half an hour later, wipe the face over with Skin-Tonic. You will be astonished. Gone are your wrinkles and that worn look. You will look and feel *refreshed.*

This cream contains a valuable astringent cleverly combined with several nourishing oils. Never leave it on over-night, or for more than half an hour, however, thinking the good that it does will be multiplied, for the astringent in it is too powerful for that.

I. Anti-Brown Spot Ointment is particularly good for erasing weather-beaten marks or brown liver marks.

The face should be cleansed and then coated with Orange Skin-food; after this apply the ointment liberally, leaving it on from three to ten minutes, according to the sensitiveness of the skin. Remove with Muscle-oil, then pat in more Orange Skin-food and wipe with Skin-tonic.

Now, consider your face; the skin will be as fresh and new as a baby's.

3. Velva Cream Masque. This takes away puffiness and youthifies, and can be applied while changing. It has that peculiar quality—maybe because it is composed from Irish Moss—of making you feel pleased with yourself and life. Cleanse the face, flip on. Take off just as soon or just as late as you have to, and good work will have been done. Whatever the job you have in hand, you will not have to force the pace because you will be easy to look upon.

Three more tips:—

Use Lille de France, the emollient powder foundation. It is best in raw weather.

Use Protecta Cream, if you are going winter-sporting, as a foundation.

Consult Arden's Colour Harmony Charts, before you settle on your make-up; so that each of your New Year's dresses can be matched by a perfect cosmetic combination, that will not only enhance, but vary your personality.

END

Baby is Bored

(*Continued from page* 72)

nervous vitality. This child needs, and indeed fully justifies, a discreet and intelligent form of pampering if he is to maintain the normal and healthy progress of physical and nervous development.

Bulky foods are anathema to him. His appetite should be stimulated with small quantities, daintily prepared and given at rather more frequent intervals than those applying to the more hearty feeder.

While to study him is wise, it should be done without fuss and the child should on no account be encouraged to consider himself an object of special interest.

A light diet, rich in vitamin and the elements for the formation and repair of tissue, such as eggs and fish, are essential. Meat should be given sparingly.

Olive oil is a splendid adjunct to the diet, as its calorific value is so high. A teaspoonful well mixed with vegetables or gravy will be hardly detectable, but its favourable reaction upon the health will soon show itself if the practice is continued.

Baby is Bored

To all growing children the minerals contained in green vegetables are vital to healthy development.

In the summer when fresh garden produce is available, vegetable soups and other appetising dishes made from carrots, leaf vegetables and tomatoes will help to supply the essential components of health. But in winter when garden vegetables and fruit are scarce, mothers can resort with confidence to the strained and canned vegetables specially prepared for children which are now on the market.

Messrs. Heinz have a wonderful range of strained vegetables, full of vitamins, and valuable mineral salts, ideal for babies from five months onwards. The price is sixpence a tin.

There are people who still hold the view that the canning process destroys the vitamin and much of the food value, but scientific research now emphatically rejects this view. Indeed, the practice of preparing food in tins specially for infants has been generally adopted in Canada and the United States for the past five years.

END

These Jobs are Dangerous

(*Continued from page* 17)

the time one came to the surface about an hour later; the other was eventually dug out of the silt.

A veteran "sand hog" told him of a blow which made the face of the cylinder shiver like jelly. They shouted for sacks of cement, piled them against the leak, then used nearly half a ton of hay kept handy for emergency.

One by one the bags shot away into the ınd. The men frantically tore off their lothes, stuffed the edges with them to stop he air—forty-five pounds pressure—going through. In vain. . . The lot shot away; he lights went out. Then, said the sand og:

"My head seemed to cave in on me from oth sides at once. They'd got word on pside. They were shutting down the air. t was too late. Lord, it happened fast! t seemed to me I was slugged in the back, nd tripped up around my ankles all at the me time. The next second I was whirling round in a mixture of sand, water and ement. Then my head hit something. It as the top of the shield. I was right up gainst the safety screen."

Allowing for a little transatlantic fervour—ven British tunnellers can pitch a yarn when they are so minded—the experience must have been a fairly grim one. Only two men, Mr. Thomas believes, have been caught in a blow and survived it.

He mentions another, unusually "broad in the beam," who was urged by his mates, half in jest, to stop a soft place in the tunnel face with his behind. The fellow did so—and at once began to yell frantically, for he was being sucked in. His mates had to work desperately plugging the face all round him before he could be wrenched free. . . He never sat in soft spots thereafter.

The experiences of these sand-hogs afford some idea of the ever-present danger. Science has minimized it, but it is always there—under the Thames at Dartford as under New York's East River.

Apart from the danger of accident, there is the routine danger of the "bends."

WHEN the Dartford miner has completed his six hours—the maximum shift for the depth and pressure—he leaves, as he came, by way of the air-lock. This drops the pressure ten or twelve pounds in the first two minutes, then about one pound every six minutes.

Thus, it takes best part of an hour for him to be decompressed and rid himself of the extra nitrogen he has breathed. During this wait he wears a (*Continued on page* 96)

Mother, does baby wake and cry at night?

★ Chafing and Irritation are usually to blame

Cuticura Talcum keeps baby cool and comfortable—ensures healthful sleep

After his evening bath, give baby a dainty all-over dusting with Cuticura Talcum, then you will have no more midnight tantrums. You can tuck him up as snug as can be and rest assured that he will sleep, absolutely free from chafing and irritation.

But don't use Cuticura Talcum only at baby's bath-time. Doctors and 'nannies' all over the world advise mothers to let their babies *enjoy its cooling comfort frequently during the day*. Always use it on baby's return home from his morning and afternoon 'constitutional' and especially after 'playtime' and when changing nappies.

There is nothing like it for preventing chafing and irritation. It absorbs perspiration, imparts a refreshing fragrance, keeping baby delightfully sweet and cool.

Use Cuticura Soap when bathing baby. Its midly antiseptic action keeps his skin thoroughly clean and healthy. Cuticura Brand Ointment quickly soothes and heals spots and rashes.

Sold by all Chemists & Stores.

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TALCUM
FOR BABY

FOR THAT

RUN-DOWN CONDITION

PHOSFERINE

is the sure & safe remedy

Like most people, you cannot take a holiday whenever you are run-down. All the same, you must do something, your nerves must have prompt assistance to overcome the run-down state which makes you liable to general ill health.

Take PHOSFERINE. Nothing else will so fully restore your nervous energy, the reduced state of which is the cause of your debilitated condition. Keep always in mind that there is no secret about PHOSFERINE. It is a combination of tonics prescribed by doctors every day, and its full contents are published on every bottle as well as widely advertised.

People of all classes avow that only with the help of PHOSFERINE have they been able to carry on under the increasing nerve strain of daily responsibilities.

Try PHOSFERINE yourself at once, and you too, will stay the pace—and feel fitter all the time.

PHOSFERINE
BRAND TONIC
The Greatest of all Tonics

FOR ALL DISORDERS CAUSED BY EXHAUSTION OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM

Tablets or Liquid, 1/3, 3/- and 5/-
The 3/- size is nearly four times the 1/3 size; you save almost 2/-

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donkey-jacket of heavy felt, and on reaching the outside air again is given hot coffee.

Mr. Hay emphasized that this hour, in a chamber only six feet in head room, was, at times, most fatiguing. One can well understand it. The miner has had six hours underground in sweat and vapour. He is eager to get home—or maybe to "put one back" before closing time, go to the dogs, the pictures, or the all-in wrestling. And there he has to sit mum in something like a prison cell while the minutes, the quarter hours, drag leadenly by. Yes, we need to admire these soft-ground miners.

If he has not been quite up to the mark the "bends" may seize him afterwards. Then he must be hurried into the medical air-locks, near the shaft-head, be re-compressed to thirty-five pounds—five over the tunnel pressure—and dropped to normal by much slower stages lasting a few hours, while an orderly stands by to massage him and assist recovery in other ways.

Tedium? Boredom? You hardly know the meaning of the words until you have languished in air-locks, with visions of a pint creamed with froth or the missus waiting at home with a cosy dinner.

No miner who is off-colour or suffering with a cold is allowed to work in compressed air; he must be a hundred per cent fit or he cannot stand it. This means he must lead a quiet, orderly life and not go "on the binge" or play "Old Harry" with his physique.

If he goes down with a hangover, or conceals the fact that he is suffering from a cold, he will probably have to come up again in double-quick time or those distressing "bends" will get him and he will be a sadder, wiser man if not a dead one.

Forty is about the age-limit; but if he takes care of himself he can flourish into the rose-growing days and become the oldest inhabitant Plaistow way, pulling the legs of lay folk about all the hairbreadth escapes that happened to him down under.

THE limit for compression work is round about fifty pounds to the square inch, which means that tunnels cannot be driven by this method much lower than 100 feet. Near the fifty pound mark men work only about an hour a day, then not in one spell. At from forty-three to forty-eight pounds the working day will be one and a half hours split into two brief shifts. And so on down the scale.

The human organism can cope with the extra oxygen; it is the extra nitrogen which gives trouble. If it is not cleared from the system gradually by proper decompression it will form bubbles in the corpuscles of the blood, and if these get to the heart—*finis*.

The "bends" if not promptly treated by re-compression, may leave a man crippled or paralysed where they do not cause death.

In the early days of compression tunnelling, before the affliction became known, unfortunate victims were yanked off to gaol as drunks—and usually died.

In some countries it has been the custom for men engaged on this work to carry always with them an "identity disc" indicating that they have been working under compression, in case they collapse away from the job.

Every precaution is taken to guard against the failure of the compression pumps above ground, for if the pressure in the tunnel suddenly dropped there might be trouble at the head of the boring.

At Dartford and Purfleet there are diesel engines to supplement electric motors in case the electricity supply breaks down. Each plant totals about 1,000 h.p.; alternative supply pipes—18 in., 9 in. and 6 in.—connect with air-locks, shaft and tunnel. In most cases of pump failure the men below would have sufficient air to enable them to block the face against collapse and get out.

Tunnelling has always been hazardous work exacting, in many cases, a severe toll of life. When the Apennine tunnel linking Florence and Bologna was opened in 1934 the King of Italy unveiled at the opening ceremony a plaque to ninety-eight engineers and workmen who had been killed in its construction. Planned as far back as 1882, it was begun in 1915, held up by the war and resumed afterwards. It cost something like £17,000,000. The builders had to cope with shifting earth, inrushes of water and inflammable gas pockets. An almost superhuman achievement.

THE thirteen and a half miles Tanna railway tunnel between Atami and Namazu, Japan, cost sixty lives as well as £1,500,000 and sixteen years' labour.

A tunnel on the Nice-to-Coni line, driven through Mont Grazzien, collapsed; thirty men were buried.

In 1932 over forty men were entombed in a collapse of the Las Raicas railway tunnel on the Chilean side of the Andes, the longest in South America. Six hundred workmen were rushed to the scene of the disaster, but a further collapse and the smashing of their oxygen tubes held up the rescue work.

At last, when the rescue parties, working up to the waist in water, had almost abandoned hope, the men were brought out alive after being entombed for ninety-one hours.

The completion of the tunnel, through a volcanic range afflicted with earthquakes, was a prodigious feat. This railway, the highest in the world, climbs to 10,521 feet.

There have been minor disasters nearer home. Four years ago one man was killed, six injured, in an explosion in a tunnel—ninety feet below the surface and nearly a mile long—at the site of the Swansea electricity station. About an hour before the explosion blasting operations had been carried out; a mere spark from a pick which ignited an accumulation of gas was believed to be the cause.

In 1928 four men were killed, three injured, in the collapse of a section of the roof of the L.M.S. Cofton tunnel near Birmingham.

Only recently a number of German engineers and officials were sentenced for culpability in the Berlin tube tunnel disaster of 1935 in which twenty men were killed. Workmen on the scheme had just returned from lunch when the tunnel collapsed with a dull roar; tramway standards toppled into a gaping abyss in the street; a tram car just drew clear as the lines buckled and vanished; another, following, pulled up with only inches to spare when the driver jammed on his brakes.

Five hundred army engineers worked day and night to recover the bodies amid a ruin of twisted steel and splintered beams in a sixty-foot pit in the roadway, hampered by running sand.

Back in Roman times the building of a tunnel meant a holocaust of slaves. Working in rock strata which had been heated up, they died off in the fumes at the rate of thousands a year.

To-day science and engineering skill have minimized the risk to a fine point. Accidents, nevertheless, do happen no matter how severe the precautions, for there is the human as well as the technical element to consider, and there may be a few critical moments when alertness is relaxed in an undertaking occupying years of labour.

The Dartford-Purfleet tunnel, 2,832¼ feet from shaft to shaft, will take something like four years to complete, at a cost of approximately £3,200,000. The pilot tunnel, occupying fifteen to eighteen months and costing £300,000, will show the geological and other conditions to which the main tunnel must conform; it is, so to speak, a "prospecting" of the route. Then the main tunnel, which absorbs the pilot, will take another two years.

During the whole of that time the soft-ground miner—especially the leading miner at the face—and the engineering brain directing him will have to be constantly on their guard against "snags" which may involve accident and even disaster. It is responsible work of which the trusting public who will eventually use the tunnel, and benefit by it in considerable time-saving, know little or nothing.

END

The Homewrecker

(*Continued from page* 15)

mother had lived in the Rue d'Anjou when they were first married.

"Lois's father was an American, you know," Charley said smiling affectionately.

Viola said rather quickly, "Oh, I don't think she looks French at all! I'd have said she was typically American."

Lois was ready for hostility because she herself felt so hostile, and decided this remark was meant in some way to be unflattering. So that she was disconcerted when a second later she felt Viola's glance upon her and heard her say with a sort of troubled sincerity, "There is something about the shape of her face and the width between the eyes, which is awfully American . . ." she broke off. She turned to Charley, "Curious," she said, "I have never seen Lois until to-day and yet somehow I could have sworn——" she broke off again; then seemed to shake off some strange mood . . . And as they went into the drawing-room she started a subject that made each of them feel that their own remarks were the most amusing and delightful in the world.

IN their bedroom that evening Lois made a scene which lasted half an hour. At the end Charley said patiently, "But Lois dear, you said she was a nice woman, and that you'd been making a fuss about nothing." He added, with as much humour as remained to him after enduring Lois's tears and accusations, "After all, if Viola is a nice woman in the afternoon there is no reason why she isn't in the evening!"

Lois sniffed. "Yes there is! Every bit of eason."

"I know that sex appeal is supposed to be more dangerous at night," Charley remarked, with the same rather determined sense of humour. He was trying to keep the situation in hand, perfectly aware that while Viola James was attractive to him there was no danger because he loved Lois so really and completely.

Charley said with a certain acridness, "I have always liked Viola, and consider her a remarkable woman. And when I say so you get mad at me! Whereas really," he reasoned, "if I were disloyal to her there'd be real sense in your suspecting me of being disloyal to you!"

This masculine philosophical point of view wasn't likely to appeal to a jealous girl in a state of emotion and temper. Like all women once launched on an irrational scene, she merely began repeating her series of exaggerations, untruths, suspicions and now and then lapsing into demands for love and sympathy from the very person whom she was alienating by each new outburst of hysteria.

Inevitably, even Charley's patience and affection gave way to anger; and he turned and went out of the room. Lois threw herself on the bed sobbing, wanting nothing so much as that he should return and put his arms around her.

A MOMENT later he did come back; and, at the door looking at the tousled figure lying across the bed he said, "*Lois?*"

She looked up and saw that though he was angry he was ready, at one word, to come to her. But she stared at him and said, with what she imagined to be a cold dignity, "You'd better go and find Mrs. James and talk to her for a while. Anyway don't come in here!"

Charley went downstairs, to smoke a cigarette and cool off by taking a stroll in the garden.

He glanced at the clock and noticed that it was still only half-past eleven, though it seemed to him that the wretched scene with Lois had gone on for an eternity. Before that eternity there had been a sweet and lovable person, who was his wife. And now, upstairs, was a woman whose chief quality was to hurt and exasperate him; who had become so suddenly a stranger that he could even wonder, as he lighted his cigarette and felt the night air

(*Continued on page* 98)

LIPS THAT *Kiss* AND NEVER TELL!

THERE was a time when the imprudent young woman painted her lips and looked, as indeed she was, "made-up." The old-fashioned lipsticks—they still exist—harmed the living tissues, rubbed off easily, marked the linen and were a decided nuisance. Then science came along, with a discovery essential to every woman who realises that her lips help her personality. That discovery is TANGEE, the lipstick that helps the lips to look as nature intended they should look—without the "made-up" appearance that follows the use of the average lipstick. Apply Tangee to your lips and the colour gradually deepens to the tint that's "just right" for you. It blends with your colouring in a way that no other lipstick can ever blend.

When lights are bright and you need more colour on your lips for evening wear you can use Tangee Theatrical Lipstick. And to take full advantage of the loveliness Tangee offers, remember Tangee Powder, Cream Rouge and Rouge Compact.

★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET
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Please send Miracle Make-Up Set of Miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder, together with your Tangee Charm Test for measuring attractiveness. I enclose 6d. (crossed P.O. or stamps).

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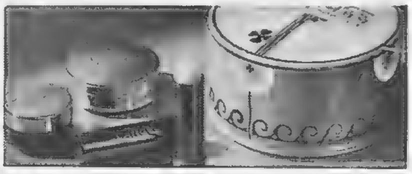

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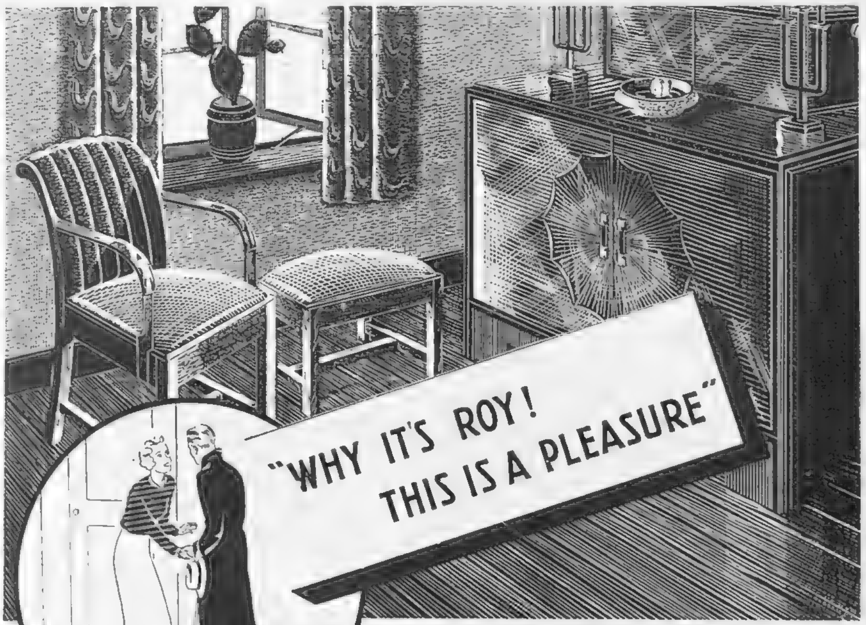
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A surprise visit from a friend gives her no reason to get hot and bothered for she is always at ease concerning the appearance of her home. It is not that the house is extravagantly furnished, secretly there are many little additions she has planned to make. But she is content to make the best of what she has. And how well she does it. Every piece of furniture and every floor gleams with that rich, brilliant polish always ensured by "Mansion." She, like millions of other house wives, has found this fine wax polish the carefree method of keeping the home bright, clean and healthy

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against his face, whether he had imagined the Lois he had loved for two years?

As he put his lighter back in his pocket and walked across the grass he heard Viola's voice and turned to see her on the terrace, a coat wrapped around her. It showed pale, with the same pallor as her face and the jasmine flowers against the wall.

She made no comment on his being there. Viola never made comments. Nothing surprised her. Or at any rate none of the things that surprised ordinary people. She had, on the other hand, the capacity for external surprise and delight over the common aspects of existence. She could be as enchanted as a child of four over a fine morning, a newly-opened flower, the tricks of a young animal.

"It's too lovely a night to sleep, isn't it?" she said. "I love a night like this when there isn't any moon and yet there's this sort of vague silvery light that seems to come from all over the sky."

Charley, beside her, began to feel—as she went on talking desultorily and without making any demands on him for precise replies—a relaxation of his nerves. All the angry resentment and bewilderment that Lois had managed to stir up in him, Viola dispersed, simply by being there. After Lois, as she had been this evening, Viola was a relief and a woman who is a relief from another woman is dangerously near being her successor.

Viola James, alone this lovely night with the only man that she had met in twenty years whom she could love—was only too well aware of her advantage. Charley's spoiled wife had played into her hands. She had foreseen that Charley would be exasperated finally, and leave Lois and come out to cool off.

Viola had not waited downstairs to see him, though she had thought of it and of him. She'd thought about him, more often than she had wanted to—ever since she'd deliberately left for Europe, the week after he'd come to her and told her that he was in love with Lois. She had known then that she could have stopped him. She had always known that he was attracted to her. But the attraction had remained undefined, because she had meant it to. With the painful wisdom of the woman who had seen and felt life, and been loved by many men—and once loved greatly herself, she had foreseen how dangerous a passion between Charley and herself might be to his ultimate happiness. She loved him enough *not* to let him fall in love with her. She'd wanted him to have his own life; to marry, happily, a girl who had youth and experience in front of her.

When she had asked them both down for this week-end she had realised from Charley that he was happy and in love with his wife. And when she first saw Lois she had felt a queer mixture of pain and satisfaction at seeing how pretty the girl was.

During the day she had been annoyed on Charley's behalf by little evidences of Lois's selfishness. And then, at dinner, Viola had been both amused and exasperated by the way that the girl reacted to not being the only attractive woman in the room.

Now, realising how troubled Charley was Viola felt her own anger towards Lois increasing. To make herself renounce Charley, whom she loved, had been possible for his own greater happiness. But now he was tied to a girl who was either spoiled or stupid or both; who would go on through a series of years making demands on his affection, and giving little in return; being jealous without cause until, by inevitably changing his love to indifference, she drove him into giving her real cause for jealousy; she saw Lois spoiling his simple pleasures and curtailing his hobbies, merely because she didn't want to share them. And in the end he would be only a dulled man whose chief recreation would be too many high-balls at the club—and an occasional "Cutie" taken out, on the sly.

Viola put her arm through Charley's and said, "Come sailing with me to-morrow, Charley? It would be fun."

Charley kept Viola's arm in his. He said decisively, "I'd love to come." He made no comment about Lois.

And when they turned to go in and he was leaving her, he took her hand—and kissed it.

THE next day was perfect; the radiant air was cooled by a breeze, the dark blueness and salty smell of the sea, the steady beating of the wind in the white sails, the exhilarating sense of the whole day free and keen and sun-filled, and Viola beside him, once more the practical out-of-door person, with her sleeves rolled up, an open shirt and last night's scarlet vanished from her nails, took Charley's memory straight back to other days like this that he and Viola had spent together; back where he was before he met Lois.

If there was any difference in Viola herself it was only one that he began to perceive very subtly. As the day went on she made no reference either to Lois or to the evening before. Nor did he. She was in the gayest spirits and he couldn't help contrasting her easy laughing comradeship with a certain demanding quality that was always in Lois.

The difference was not any emphasis on attractiveness; nor any betrayal of any definite emotion. It was much more an intensifying of their mutual companionship. Here and there she would throw out a remark or sentence assuming, for instance, that this day was only one of many others that they would spend together. And in these unspoken plans there was, as a matter of course, no mention of Lois's participating. And somehow Charley without any conscious wish to be disloyal found himself imagining the series of occasions ahead, when he would be with Viola—rather as a schoolboy imagines certain days when he will get away from his ordinary discipline.

Towards four o'clock Viola said that they had better be setting towards home as the others would be waiting for a swim. She added, "Perhaps Lois will change her mind and come too"; Charley's spirits were suddenly dimmed by having to think of the sort of temper in which he would find Lois.

Viola, glancing at him without seeming to, saw exactly what he was feeling. And suddenly she found herself facing the question that she had still tried to avoid last night and that she had put aside deliberately during to-day; the question "Why shouldn't I? . . . I shall do him less harm than she does . . . she is only making him unhappy. I could make him happy at any rate for a few years . . . she is stopping him living, and at least I could help him to live."

When they got into the bay, waiting for them was not the other couple but Lois in a white swimming suit.

Viola said, "Halloa, Lois seems to have changed her mind." Charley didn't answer. He wondered what this new move meant on Lois's part; and, incidentally, where she had picked up that swimming suit.

They took the dinghy and rowed in. Lois explained that the other two guests had gone off motoring and that she had decided she would like a swim after all. Charley saw that Lois was still under the surface, in a simmering temper; that she had only come to bathe to prevent him being alone with Viola any longer.

Viola, however, took the situation with perfect ease. She told Lois to wait while she and Charley went up to the house to change. When they returned Lois was in the dinghy. Viola said, climbing in, "We'll row out to the point, you get the evening sun there full on the rocks."

When they got round the point into the full western glow of the sun Charley plunged in. The two women watched him swim, with strong easy strokes, across the choppy gold and dark water towards the rocks; and saw him land on one of the lower ledges three hundred yards away and climb up to a high flat rock from which he waved to them, and then lay down, stretching his brown limbs and resting his chin on his arms to gaze out over the sea.

Lois stood up. "I'll swim over and join him," she said.

Viola said, "What a pretty bathing suit! I like the initial."

Lois glanced down at the monogram, "L. S." She said, "It's a terribly old suit I had before I was married."

Viola thought how typical it was of Lois's type always to refer to any garment that was not new as "terribly old." "Of course," said Viola. "It ought to be 'L. O,' oughtn't it?" She added without any real interest, "What was your name before you married?"

"Selwyn," said Lois. "My father came from Virginia."

She started climbing on to the edge of the boat and didn't notice the curious tone in which Viola repeated "*Selwyn* . . . from Richmond, Virginia?" And when Viola demanded in the same tone, "What was your father's first name?" Lois replied, "Leonard. But I don't remember him. He was killed in the war." Then she plunged in.

Suddenly the whole scene became indistinct for Viola. What Viola saw now were two long windows draped with red brocade curtains overlooking a Paris street. And in that sombre little room with her, a young man, square shouldered, in a khaki uniform—pacing up and down. And what she heard wasn't the quick smacking of the waves against the sides of the dinghy but, outside the windows beneath the little scrolled iron balconies, an intermittent squawking of taxis . . . the rumble of a cart, the coming and going of feet on the pavement, and the young man's voice repeating with such an unbearable mixture of pain and sweetness, "But Viola, you *know* that I love you," and then her own answer, her drawing back. She could feel, exactly as if she were again within the body of that girl who was herself twenty years ago, the blinding stupid anger; feel her own rigid stillness, and see her own hand very white at the end of a red sleeve, resting on the back of one of those carved chairs She saw his profile, then the line of his brow and cheek as he turned away. Then the door shutting, and still her choking irrational, miserable anger. Then his footsteps moving away outside the door across the parquet, hesitantly—and the outer door closing.

Then the bright edges of the boat, the dark sea, the distant rocks were forcing themselves upon her consciousness, dragging at her with insistence; and she realised that something was wrong. Half way across to the rocks she could see Lois, heard her screaming, saw that she was being carried by a fast current and that Charley couldn't hear her, and couldn't see her.

CHARLEY stood looking down at Lois, lying back among the pillows. He said, "I suppose you feel I ought to be leaning over you, passionately grateful that you've been restored to me!"

Lois, warmed by brandy and milk, was just beginning to regain confidence; although the nightmare moment before Viola had reached her still stayed in her consciousness.

Since Charley had come in, she had started crying. He did not even notice. But the cynicism of his last sentence was so cool and unforced that Lois was startled into fear. Was it possible that he really didn't care for her? Although she had a hundred times accused him of indifference she had never, in her heart, believed that he didn't love her! Was it conceivable that he really would not have minded if . . .?

"Charley, I don't understand you. . . ."

He crossed to a small table by the window and put out the stub of cigarette on an ash-tray. "Then I've got to tell you plainly that your gesture was not faintly dramatic or moving; it was dangerous and stupid. You are a little fool! You knew you couldn't swim well enough to get to the rocks! No, you relied on me to plunge in, in the best movie manner and rescue you before Viola's eyes. But being rescued by Viola instead was pretty tough, wasn't it?"

In her frightened realisation of how angry she had made him, and of how little she had fooled him with her drama, Lois sat up, holding out her hand in desperate appeal.

"Charley . . . !"

For the first time in her life she actually was what she

(*Continued on page* 100)

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looked—really touching and pathetic—and didn't know it.

"You'd better rest, Lois," he said, and went out of the room.

HE found Viola downstairs in the library. She was wearing pyjamas, and drinking whisky and eating a sandwich.

She said, "How's the patient?" Charley was struck by her look of pallor and exhaustion. The feelings of admiration and gratitude that he had for her got mixed up suddenly with the attraction that she had always had for him. This was made suddenly justifiable by his anger with Lois. Since they came in he had been thinking about Viola, and knowing a cold rage against Lois. Why hadn't he always known that Viola was the right woman for him?

He would have been startled if he'd realised how clearly Viola herself was analyzing his feelings, and how exactly she understood his impulses. He took her hand; "Viola, I don't know how to thank you. It was so stupid."

"Charley! For heaven's sake don't you be dramatic too! I rather enjoyed it."

It wasn't her words that checked him: it was the tone in which she said them. There was something flippant, impersonal and even a little hostile about it; as though she meant that he and Lois had both chosen to be slightly tiresome. She went on in the same tone, with a sort of brittle, rather feverish wittiness. "You see, Charley darling, all my life I've imagined myself doing a rescue scene. And this evening I find myself playing the rôle superbly!" She rattled on for a minute or two and finished up, "The only *tragic* thing is that there weren't at *least* six cameramen about. And——" she went on without looking at him, "—and now I must run up and see how my partner in the great drama is getting along." She smiled, and her smile was as unfamiliar to Charley as her talk. He watched her go with a painful sense of having been in some way cheated. A sense of something beautiful having grown unaccountably commonplace; of a light to which he had turned having suddenly gone out.

When Viola came in Lois pulled herself together and began to thank Viola.

Viola cut her short: "I could hardly do less. I had to rescue you, or let you drown." She added: "You needn't think I did it from affection. At least, not affection—for you."

Lois watched her. She wasn't jealous, only puzzled and afraid. This woman was bigger and stronger and better than herself.

"I've got to talk to you," Viola said. "We've got to come down to brass tacks." She looked very tall and pale and very lovely.

"I'm not going to talk to you like a mother," said Viola. "I don't feel in the least like a mother towards you."

"I knew we shouldn't have come for the week-end," said Lois. "But I couldn't keep Charley from going . . ."

"And you weren't sport enough to let him come alone. It would have been easier for you if you had."

"Easier?" asked Lois. "Easier not to see my husband taken away from me? At least if I'm with him I can fight for him!"

"You haven't fought for him, my dear child, all you have done is to throw him into my arms. You have a hand of trump cards to play; your beauty, your charm and your youth, and you've played them this week-end about as stupidly as you could. The result of the way you've behaved towards Charley is that you've succeeded in making him perfectly wretched and uncertain. He's unsure of himself and of you and of your love."

For a second Viola James paused, and then said slowly: "At this moment, Lois, I could take your husband as easily as you could pick that handkerchief of yours off the eiderdown." Lois looked at her with strained, desperate eyes. Then Viola went on, "But it won't happen, simply because *I* don't want it to happen."

There was a silence. Lois was breathing quickly. She started to say, "I see that I've——" when Viola said, as if she was speaking her thoughts aloud, "It's typical of your sort of woman, that you should look on me, and women like me, who give men friendship—and even love—and ask for nothing in return as homewreckers. You thought that of me and still think of me as the designing woman setting out to wreck your beautiful and respectable happiness! Actually it is you and all the young, stupid little wives like you who are the 'homewreckers'."

She turned and went to the open window and looked out. The night was clear and there was a new moon rising above the lawns and trees. When the other woman turned and came back, Lois saw that Viola's expression had changed; anger and hostility had gone out of it; on her features was a look of intense inward sadness.

"Why do you say these things to me?" asked Lois.

"I wonder. But there are two reasons. One was that twenty years ago, in Paris, I was engaged to a boy whom I was passionately in love with. The boy was an American. Two days before he went to the front I met him—with another woman. She was beautiful, smart and a few years older than I. She was a Frenchwoman. I immediately assumed that she was a woman he must have been seeing secretly, and that he was really in love with. I worked myself up into a state of jealousy which became so real that I couldn't see him without making desperate and wretched scenes. . . . The afternoon that he was to leave he came to see me; and I told him that I knew he didn't love me, and that I would never see him again." After a long still moment Viola went on, "I never did. On his next leave he married that other woman. Six months after that he was killed And I never really loved anyone else, until two years ago. . . ."

In a flash, Lois knew for a certainty the man that two years ago Viola had loved.

She asked, in a whisper, "And what happened?"

Viola looked at her for a moment. "Nothing," she said. "It wouldn't, under the circumstances, have been fair."

She went. Neither had spoken of Viola's other reason, however close it might be to their hearts and minds.

DOWNSTAIRS, Viola cut Charley short when he made an effort to talk to her.

"Get upstairs to Lois, my dear. I think she really needs and wants you."

In his heart Charley knew that something there had been between him and Viola had changed. He could not see clearly but he felt as if a treasured thing had become more precious, but at the same time more remote.

A long look passed between them. Then, with a gesture that was almost a salute, Charley turned and went up the stairs to a future that was a thousand times more secure than ever it had been.

END

It Fastens with a Zip

(*Continued from page 74*)

Work 2 strips (in garter-st.) 15 ins. long for sleeve ties. Cast off.

COLLAR:

With No. 12 pins and main colour wool cast on 126 sts. Work 2½ ins. main pat., incg. 1 st. each end of every 4th row. Cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP:

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew all seams. Sew in sleeves. Fold binds in half (lengthwise) and sew to edges of pocket flaps, sleeves, collar and cardigan. Sew zip in front.

END

A Good Pair of Hands

(*Continued from page* 51)

Just as Helena Starrett rose to go, Kip had played one more card.

"It may be presumptuous of me," he'd said, "but I—I wish we might meet again. I've enjoyed our conversation tremendously."

He had summoned an earnest, straightforward look to his grey eyes. And Helena hesitated a moment.

"Perhaps we might," she'd said, at length. "After all, you're away from your England and I from my America. Possibly that gives us the right to be a little—well, unorthodox. If you happen to be here about this same time to-morrow, you — you might just find me."

Unbelievable luck that he had met her so easily! Still more unbelievable that she, apparently, was not averse to prolonging their acquaintance. And the fact that she wished to was proved the following day when, by design this time, she had met him again at Raffles. Two nights later they had gone to dance at the Sea View Hotel, several miles out of Singapore. And there Kip Rainer had accomplished the substitution of the replica for the Starrett emerald.

Onyx water banded with moonlight! A wine-dark sky, incredibly low, lit by the silver flames of a million stars! Air like drifty incense, perfuming the dark mystery of the night!

For a long time Helena Starrett and Kip Rainer had danced to music that rolled in a flood of silky rhythm across the face of the moonstreaked water. Now, however, they were at their table, idly watching the gay pinwheel of dancers on the polished floor.

"Tell me," Kip had asked, suddenly, "how is it that you were able to leave your party and come here with me to-night?"

Helena had shrugged. "After all, why hould I spend my entire time with the party. Change is interesting, and stimulating, you know."

"Yes." Kip nodded. "Only a few things an keep one's interest constantly without hanging. Beautiful things, mostly. Like —like your ring, for instance."

She had held the back of her right hand away from her.

"It is beautiful, isn't it?" she'd said.

"Yes." Kip's tone was careless. "Do you mind if I look at it?"

It was the moment for which he had been living. Would she strip the ring from her finger and pass it across for his inspection? Or would she merely extend her hand in order that he might get a closer look? The gods alone knew. But he was prepared for the first fortuitous circumstance. Beneath the table his left hand was in the pocket of his white dinner-jacket, the replica held tightly in the hollow of the palm. With his right hand he lifted his drink and finished it at a swallow. This, too, was necessary for his plan.

His amazing luck had held. Helena Starrett slipped the diamond guard-ring from her finger. The next instant the emerald was in his hand.

Only with difficulty had Kip Rainer kept his fingers from shaking. His heart, accustomed as it was to ticklish situations, had pounded violently. This was the biggest job he'd ever undertaken. It might even be his final coup. Small wonder that inwardly he had seethed in a lather of excitement. But on the surface he was calm. With the air of a connoisseur he had held the emerald to the light.

"Of course," he'd said, slowly, "I'm not an expert. But this seems a very wonderful stone. Worth a fortune, I suppose."

Helena Starrett had smiled. "A small one, perhaps."

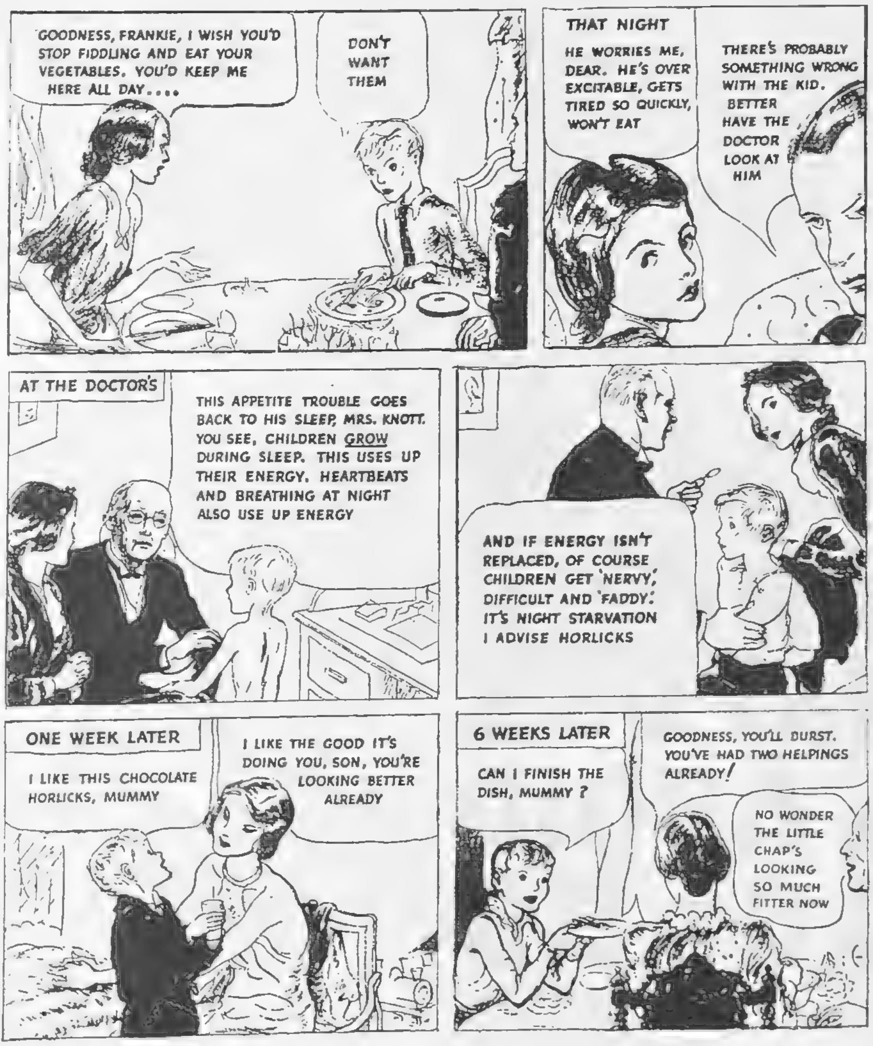
Still keeping the ring between his fingers, Kip had signalled a waiter.

"Here, boy!" he had called, a little loudly, and his eyes had darted to Helena Starrett's face.

At his sharp (*Continued on page* 102)

Food-Faddy Frankie

Frankie was frail and nervy, had no appetite — until the doctor traced the trouble back to his sleep.


GOODNESS, FRANKIE, I WISH YOU'D STOP FIDDLING AND EAT YOUR VEGETABLES. YOU'D KEEP ME HERE ALL DAY....
DON'T WANT THEM
THAT NIGHT
HE WORRIES ME, DEAR. HE'S OVER EXCITABLE, GETS TIRED SO QUICKLY, WON'T EAT
THERE'S PROBABLY SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE KID. BETTER HAVE THE DOCTOR LOOK AT HIM
AT THE DOCTOR'S
THIS APPETITE TROUBLE GOES BACK TO HIS SLEEP, MRS. KNOTT. YOU SEE, CHILDREN GROW DURING SLEEP. THIS USES UP THEIR ENERGY. HEARTBEATS AND BREATHING AT NIGHT ALSO USE UP ENERGY
AND IF ENERGY ISN'T REPLACED, OF COURSE CHILDREN GET 'NERVY,' DIFFICULT AND 'FADDY.' IT'S NIGHT STARVATION I ADVISE HORLICKS
ONE WEEK LATER
I LIKE THIS CHOCOLATE HORLICKS, MUMMY
I LIKE THE GOOD IT'S DOING YOU, SON, YOU'RE LOOKING BETTER ALREADY
6 WEEKS LATER
CAN I FINISH THE DISH, MUMMY ?
GOODNESS, YOU'LL BURST. YOU'VE HAD TWO HELPINGS ALREADY!
NO WONDER THE LITTLE CHAP'S LOOKING SO MUCH FITTER NOW

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HORLICKS at bedtime strengthens nerves, builds appetite, guards children against Night Starvation

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command to the waiter she had half-turned her head in the direction of the dance floor. And when she made the movement, she provided Kip with the infinite small fraction of time upon which he had counted. His hands moved with the speed of light. A second later he was passing something bright and glittery back to Helena Starrett.

"Thank you for letting me see it," he had said. "It's very lovely." And, indicating their glasses to the waiter: "The same again, please."

As easy as that. With a little smile playing about his lips, he had watched Helena place the replica on her finger. It would probably be a long time, years perhaps, before she discovered that she had been robbed. And it was doubtful whether a girl who travelled as much as she did, who saw myriads of people, would remember such a slight incident as passing her ring to any particular man for his inspection. By the time she became aware of her loss, she would probably have forgotten the existence of a person called Kip Rainer.

Twice more in Singapore he had seen Miss Starrett. He'd made a point of doing so. If, in some unsuspected fashion, she should discover the theft of her stone immediately, the sudden absence of Kip Rainer might have looked suspicious. In order, therefore, to watch his victim, he had asked for another engagement before leaving the Sea View Hotel. The instant he met her, this time at the Europa, he had been convinced that she remained in ignorance of her loss. And on their final meeting, he had casually mentioned his proposed departure.

"I'm leaving for Java to-morrow," he'd told her. "Always wanted to see it. A fascinating country, I hear." Kip Rainer had already visited Java six times.

"Oh!" Had there been a faint trace of disappointment in Helena's voice? Kip had toyed with this thought for a second, then dismissed it. The idea of a girl like Miss Starrett being chagrined at the departure of a mere acquaintance was ludicrous. "Sorry you're going," she had added. "It's been fun, hasn't it?"

Kip had smiled. Great fun, indeed. It was always fun to make money, easily.

"Possibly you'll come to Java while I'm there," he'd said. "If you do, I'll be at the des Indes in Batavia."

Why not tell her? To disclose his destination openly was tantamount to establishing his innocence, should anything untoward occur.

"We might come," Helena had said. "You never know. But, just at the moment, we haven't any plans at all."

So Kip had left for Java. That hot, green-and-gold island had always been a good hunting ground for him. And now, if the business just finished in Singapore were any criterion, his luck was in. He determined to ride it.

And then this morning, unexpectedly, Helena Starrett had left a message for him at the hotel.

A lesser man might have experienced a thrill of fear at the prospect of facing a girl whom he had lately robbed. But Kip Rainer felt no uneasiness. There was no reason to suppose that Helena Starrett, having decided to come to Java, was doing other than renewing their acquaintance in a friendly manner. Until he was aware of a different purpose he refused to get stampeded. And, in any case, if she had discovered the loss of her genuine ring, it was far more likely that she would have sent the police for him instead of coming herself. Therefore he waited calmly, sipping his gin pahit.

She did not keep him long. In a few moments he saw her tall, svelte figure coming towards him across the terrace. She was wearing a wide-brimmed hat of blue straw, navy-blue frock and white linen sandals. Kip arose hastily, his face lighting in a smile. "Miss Starrett! This is a most delightful surprise. I hardly dared hope that you would come to Java."

She gave him her hand. It was slim and firm. He held out a chair for her.

"We decided to come at the last minute," she told him. "And I remembered your invitation to look you up. So—I'm taking advantage of it."

"But why the 'urgent'?" Kip asked, recalling her message.

"Oh," Helena waved her hand, "if we have to get down to brass tacks right away, I want you to do me a favour, that's all. Will you?"

Kip's eyes narrowed. What on earth could she want of him?

"It's possible," he said, carefully.

"Well, then," Helena said, "you told me in Singapore that you were an English gentleman travelling for pleasure, didn't you?"

He smiled. "I may have said that I was travelling for pleasure. But I hope I didn't mention the first thing. One doesn't, ordinarily."

"I stand reproved." Helena returned his smile. "It's obvious that you're a gentleman—and English. And perhaps, being that, you'll appreciate my coming straight to the point. It's this: I want you to come with us to Australia on the yacht." As she spoke, her black eyes seemed to plead with him.

Kip started. Why an American heiress who had seen him only a few times should invite him to join a yachting party, he couldn't think. His mind advised caution.

"It sounds absolutely ripping," he said, slowly. "But I don't understand why you want me."

Helena Starrett's thin, dark eyebrows moved slightly.

"Perhaps I like you," she said.

He stared at her. Was it possible that, during their short friendship, he had stirred something in her? Reason told him better. This girl could probably have her choice of men in the world. It was highly improbable that she had formed a sudden attachment for Kip Rainer. No, there was more behind this.

"It's conceivable, though extremely doubtful," he said, banteringly, "that you might. But that alone wouldn't drive you to these lengths."

She laughed. "You're right, of course. I see, Mr. Rainer, that I'll have to come clean with you, as we say in America. The truth is, I want to use you as a foil."

Ah, thought Kip, now we're getting somewhere. Aloud, he said: "Foil? Against what? Or whom?"

"Against boredom." Helena Starrett's eyes were on his face. "And in order to understand that, you've got to know what our party consists of. To begin with, there's my aunt, Mrs. Bariscombe. Then there are the Tatums, an elderly couple, friends of my aunt. And beyond that, no one except Dr. Oliver and Charlie Debenham. That's why I'm bored."

Kip Rainer shook his head. Then, with almost relentless penetration: "You're keeping something back, Miss Starrett."

"You have," Helena said, with a little shrug, "a positive penchant for looking yachting invitations in the mouth."

"I'm sorry," said Kip, quickly. "But isn't it natural that I should be curious about why you want me?"

"Yes, it is. And now I'll be very truthful. The fact is, I'm worried about this man who's aboard. This Charlie Debenham."

"Worried about him? In what way?"

"Well," Helena's brows wrinkled, "I oughtn't to say it, but he's—he's terribly in love with me. And he's rather a hard drinker. The combination isn't so good, Mr. Rainer. I haven't the faintest intention of marrying him and when I tell him so, he drinks all the more. And he frightens me, not so much for myself as for him. When he's tight he threatens all sorts of wild things like—well, like suicide, if I must tell you. And when he's sober, he hounds me to death to marry him. So—oh, I just want someone else aboard. Someone more nearly my own age, that I could rely on to—to help me if I needed help. All the others are much too old to understand. Honestly, I had a perfectly awful time all the way across the Pacific."

Tears seemed to stand in the dark wells of her eyes. Suddenly Kip experienced a strange desire to help her out of her difficulty, real or fancied. Moreover, the daring business of sailing the seas with a girl from whom he had just stolen a priceless gem appealed to the gambler and adventurer in him. Beyond that, it would probably do a good job for him in the event that he were ever suspected of the ring substitution. Who in their right senses would believe that a thief would have the audacity to go yachting for weeks with his victim, after the goods had been stolen? All at once his mind clicked.

"All right," he said, decisively. "If you want me to, I'll be happy to go with you as far as Sydney."

Helena's eyes swept gratefully to his face.

"Thank you," she said, with quiet dignity. "It may all seem silly to you, but you can't imagine how relieved I'll be. And Australia is as far as I'll trouble you. The yacht is going on to England via Suez. But Charlie Debenham has to get back to America quicker. He's taking a liner from Sydney."

THE *Moonstar* had left the mist-hung hills of Java behind. Sunk in a deck-chair, Kip Rainer watched the pastel-coloured town of Macassar appear on the distant horizon. He had enjoyed himself immensely since leaving Batavia. The party had received him graciously. Helena had explained that she and Kip were old friends, having met in London the previous year. She'd been dazed, she said, to run into him again in Java and, since he was going to Australia, she'd simply asked him to come along with them.

No one questioned this statement. Mrs. Bariscombe, Helena's aunt, was a vague person who paid scant attention to anything. The Tatums were a pleasant, if nondescript, couple. Dr. Oliver appeared to be an agreeable soul whose paramount interest was bridge. And Charlie Debenham gave Kip the impression of being simply a rather vacuous young man who drank too much. He could not quite understand Helena's nervousness regarding Debenham. On the rare occasions when he was entirely sober, Charlie seemed both harmless and phlegmatic.

The *Moonstar* picked her way through a flotilla of Buginese fishing-boats with blood-red sails and dropped anchor off Macassar. Ashore, the party split up. Mrs. Bariscombe and the Tatums went sightseeing. Dr. Oliver and Charlie Debenham wandered off by themselves. Kip and Helena spent the day idling about the sleepy, sun-drenched town. When they got back to the yacht, Dr. Oliver and Charlie Debenham were sprawling on deck. A glance told Kip that both of them were the worse for wear.

"We gosh pie-eyed," Charlie told them, with gravity. "Macashar ish a free port. Liquor coshts only about three shillin'sh a bot'le."

Helena was annoyed.

"Well, you didn't have to try and drink all there was," she said. "You'd better go to bed, both of you."

"Good ideash," Charlie said, owlishly.

At dusk the yacht pulled out into a lead-coloured sea that tossed restlessly. A storm was brewing and Helena consulted the captain as to the advisability of leaving port. That official ruled departure safe enough. He didn't think, he said, that it would be much of a blow.

An hour after dinner the storm struck. Kip Rainer was alone in the smoking lounge occupied with a book. Mrs. Bariscombe and the Tatums had gone to their cabins in anticipation of rough weather. Charlie Debenham and the doctor were, presumably, sleeping off their ignominy of the afternoon. He did not know where Helena was. She had disappeared directly after dinner.

The ship began to rock violently. Kip sat on, his head bent over the book. Presently he heard a light step. He looked up. Helena was coming towards him across the uncertain floor.

Kip arose, holding to the back of a chair for support.

"Not afraid of the storm?" he inquired.

Helena Starrett looked at him. Her eyes were curiously veiled.

"Are you a good sailor, Mr. Rainer?" she asked.

He started imperceptibly. For some days now it had been "Helena" and "Kip." Why she should suddenly switch back to "Mr. Rainer," he did not know.

"Excellent," he said. "Never been seasick yet."

Helena nodded. "Good. Sit down, then. I've been wanting to talk to you for some time and we've the boat to ourselves to-night."

There was a kind of ominous undercurrent in her tone. Kip waited.

"You see," she went on, "Macassar is the last port that we shall put into before reaching Sydney. So this seems as good a time as any. . . ."

She was interrupted by a delighted howl. They glanced up, startled. Charlie Debenham was crossing the room, moving in a manner to make the ship appear steady.

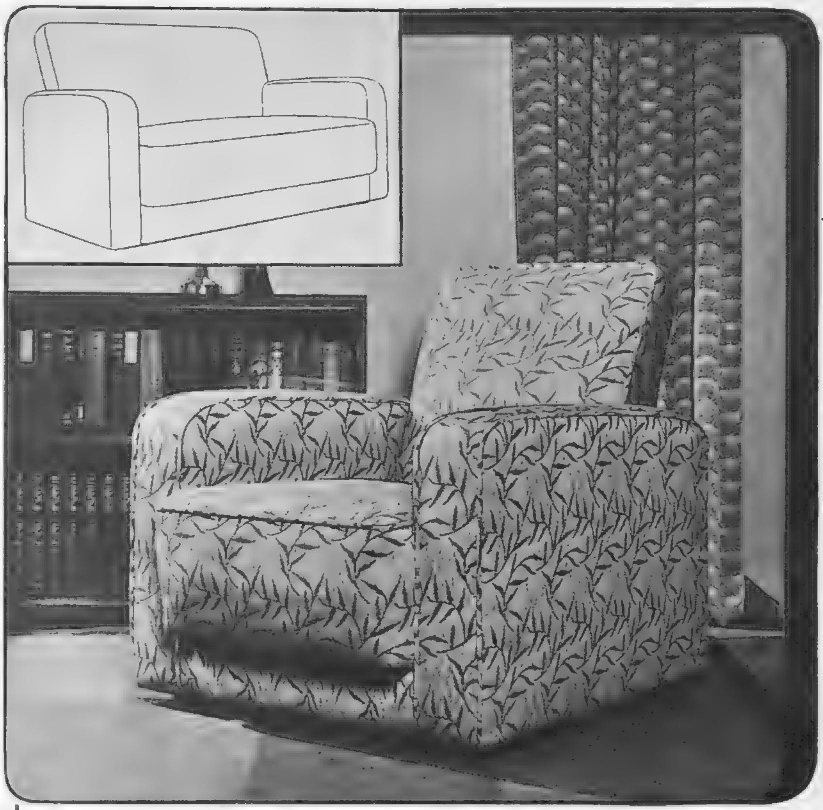
He was attired in pyjamas and a gaudily-coloured dressing-gown. And he was still inebriated.

"Whoopsh!" he cried, balancing wildly on one leg as the yacht reeled in the grip of the waves. "Wash ish thish, a roller-coashter in an amushement park. Never had sho mush fun in m'y life. . . ."

A huge comber, hurrying out of the black nothingness that hemmed in the *Moonstar*, struck the starboard side with paralyzing force. The yacht heeled over in one swift, lurching movement. Helena and Kip clung desperately to their chairs. But Charlie Debenham, drunk, off guard, and swaying on one leg, had no chance. He cannonaded across the lounge, crashed into the fireplace, moaned once and lay still. Almost as he fell, the ship righted.

Helena darted forward, but Kip was ahead of her. He dropped to his knees and lifted Charlie's head.

(*Continued on page* 104)



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There was a dark bruise on one temple. Then a smothered scream from Helena diverted his attention. She was pointing, horrified, to a red blotch on one leg of Charlie's white pyjamas.

Kip's hand swept the outlandish dressing-gown aside, rolled up the pyjama-leg. Debenham's shin had been laid open to the bone.

"Nasty one," Kip said. "Struck the andiron, I guess."

"But what are we going to do?" cried Helena, a little hysterically. "Dr. Oliver is —isn't in condition to do anything. Oh, my Heavens. . . ."

"Don't worry!" Kip's voice was ice-calm. "Run and get one of the sailors. I can't carry him alone."

She was off in a split second. Kip attempted to staunch the flow of blood with a clean handkerchief. Helena came hurrying back presently, followed by a seaman.

Between them, in spite of the lurching ship, they got Debenham to a small cabin that served Dr. Oliver as an office. They laid him on the berth.

"But why bring him here?" Helena asked. "We can't do anything."

"I," said Kip, surprisingly, "will do all that's necessary. Don't get excited. You can help me, if you can stand carnage."

She smiled. "I'm quite all right now. What shall I do?"

"Get me a basin of cold water, some cotton and alcohol." His voice was sharp, terse.

As he was bathing the wound, Debenham came to. The shock had sobered him.

"What the hell happened?" he said. "We sink or something?" Then his eyes travelled down to his leg. "Hello. Cut myself, did I?"

"Rather badly, I'm afraid," Kip said. "Needs stitches."

"It'll need 'em till morning," said Charlie, whom drink, apparently, had rendered invulnerable to pain. "The doc's in no shape. He fell off the wagon this afternoon."

"I guess I'll have to do it, then," replied Kip. "This wants stiching right now."

Charlie started at him. "But you're not a doctor."

"Have to be to-night, won't I?" Kip said. "Well, shall I go ahead."

"Okay," said Charlie, affably. "Cheap repairs for the cheap uns."

"Where," Kip asked Helena, "does Dr. Oliver keep his things?"

Fascinated, it seemed, by the quick, sure movements of his hands, hands like darting, brown birds now, Helena Starrett watched as he bathed and disinfected the wound. Four stitches were required and Kip performed this minor operation almost professionally, an intent, absorbed expression on his face. Charlie Debenham gritted his teeth, winced, but was game.

"You're not so bad," he told Kip, grinning. "Ever think of making your living by your needle?"

An hour later Kip and Helena were in the smoking lounge again. The sea had quieted now and the motion of the yacht was less pronounced. Charlie Debenham, under the influence of a sedative administered by Kip, had gone to sleep.

"He'll be all right," Kip said to Helena. "Nothing worse than shock and some blood lost. No bones broken."

She looked at him queerly.

"You know," she said, "you were rather wonderful. You—you seem to have a very good pair of hands."

Kip almost started. Strange that she should voice the same thought that had occurred to him weeks ago in a hotel room in San Francisco!

"Oh," he said, shrugging, "it wasn't anything. I happen to know a little about first aid, that's all. Then, switching the subject abruptly: "Well, let's carry on with our conversation. You were saying?"

The queer expression lingered in Helena's dark eyes. She shook her head.

"No," she said, "I don't think I want to —just now. Some other time, perhaps. I think I'll go to bed. It's been rather a trying day." Suddenly she held out her hand. "Good-night—Kip."

Rainer bowed over her slender fingers. He had never been more conscious of her exciting, brunette beauty than at that moment.

IN the morning the sea was again like a hot, blue millpond. Dr. Oliver appeared looking sheepish, muttering apologies. Charlie Debenham, aside from a limp that necessitated the use of a cane, was much the same as usual. After breakfast he and the doctor went off to the bar for backgammon. Kip found a chair on the forward deck. Presently Helena Starrett joined him.

"I've just remembered," Kip said, "what we were talking about last night. You were saying that Macassar was the last port before we get to Sydney."

Helena's eyes swept his face.

"Kip Rainer," she said, slowly, "you're a good man. Oh, I don't mean morally. I'm certain you're not that. But you're clever and you've got nerve. Lots of it. You could be what you call in England a stout fella."

Something electric raced up Kip's spine. To what could this approach be the prelude?

"I'm sure you over-rate me," he said, smiling. "I'm really rather ordinary. But if what you say were true, I might have a go at being a stout fella."

She looked away, out to sea.

"Any time you'd like to try," she said, in a strange voice, "I can suggest a course of procedure."

"And what," Kip asked, lightly, "might that be?"

Helena paused. Then, in a low, serious tone: "You could begin by giving me back my emerald."

Had the *Moonstar* suddenly stood on her beam ends in this placid sea, Kip could have been no more astounded. His jaw dropped. He stared at her incredulously, while a host of disjointed thoughts raced through his brain. How had she discovered her loss? If she had known of it when they met in Java, why had she invited him on this trip? Why . . . oh, hell! Lucid thought was impossible now. But instinct told him to brazen things out.

"I'm afraid I don't understand," he said, with an effort.

Helena waved her hand. "You understand perfectly. You have my ring and I intend to get it back."

"Your ring? What ring?"

She tapped the replica on her finger impatiently. "My real emerald. You stole it from me that night in Singapore. At the Sea View Hotel."

"My dear lady," said Kip, "why do you accuse me of stealing your ring when it's obviously on your finger?"

"Oh, what's the use of fencing?" Helena said, exasperated. "You know very well that this ring is nothing but a pretty fair imitation. You substituted it for my real one when I let you see it that night."

With an outward show of calm, Kip lit a cigarette.

"This is a fascinating theory," he said, coldly. "Tell me more."

"Very well." Helena settled herself in her chair. "You had a bad break, Kip. If you hadn't, it might have been years before I'd even known that I'd been robbed. But, you see, I happen to be blessed, or cursed, with quite a lot of money. And people like that do funny things sometimes."

He forced a smile. "They certainly accuse unsuspecting gentlemen of funny things, at least."

"A liar," Helena said, as if to herself. "And a thief. I suppose, from your viewpoint, it's the ideal combination."

Her voice sounded heavy with disappointment. But he couldn't stop to think about that now.

"Go on with your story," he said. "About the funny rich girls."

"It's a very short story," she said, almost sadly. "It so happened—and this was your bad luck, Kip Rainer—that I went shopping a few days after we danced at the Sea View. And in a jeweller's shop, I bought a darling, little wrist watch. But when I opened my bag to pay for it, I found that I hadn't a cent with me. I'd left my money and my letters of credit on the yacht. Well, Singapore was full of tourists and I was afraid that if I didn't get the watch then and there, someone else would buy it before I could return with the money. So I offered the jeweller my ring as security. Naturally he examined it, and you can imagine that I was a bit startled when he said it was a fake."

"I suppose," said Rainer, sardonically, "it never occurred to you that the jeweller might have been lying for reasons of his own?"

Helena nodded. "That's precisely what did occur to me. So I hunted up the best gem expert in Singapore. And—" she shrugged— "he confirmed the jeweller's opinion."

"The plot thickens," Rainer said. "But the evidence against me is still pretty slim. Why am I accused, out of a world of billions of people?"

"Because," said Helena, looking straight at him, "up until that night at Sea View the ring hadn't been out of my possession since I left New York. I had the setting tightened there just before we sailed. You are the only person who had even a remote chance to make a substitution."

Rainer smiled mockingly. "And so, having built up this irrefutable case, you tracked me to Java and inveigled me aboard your yacht where, you suppose, I'm trapped? And your story about Mr. Debenham, who is obviously harmless, was ingenuity itself. You should have been a detective, Miss Starrett."

"And you, Mr. Rainer, should have been a less confident thief. But we waste time insulting each other. You're on the yacht and you can't get off. If you choose to return the ring before we get to Sydney, the whole incident will be just a matter between you and me. If not—well, a police boat will meet us in Sydney Harbour. Our radio is in excellent working order, Mr. Rainer."

"A true genius for organization," murmured Kip. "You think of everything." He said it with a carelessness he did not feel. Undeniably, he was in a bad spot. And, offhand, he could not think how he was going to get off the yacht with the Starrett emerald in his possession. There was but one saving grace. That was time. A few days must elapse until they could reach Sydney. Before then, possibly, he might formulate a plan.

Helena Starrett rose.

"That's all I have to say," she said. "I hope, Mr. Rainer, that you'll come to your senses in time. I should really hate handing you over to the police. Because, you see, I—I happen to like you."

Kip got to his feet. There was a trace of mockery in his exaggerated bow.

"I'm exceedingly flattered," he said.

Helena's dark, troubled eyes fixed on his face.

"You're probably," she said, at last, "as cold-blooded in friendship as you are in your —er—profession. I don't think I care to talk to you any more."

With a sudden decisive movement, she swung on her heel and left him.

After she had gone Rainer sat staring out to sea. He was, in no way, concerned for his own safety. Unless he were caught with the ring on his person, Helena Starrett had no clear case against him. But if he could not get off the yacht without disposing of it, or leaving it hidden on the vessel itself, the scheming and expense of weeks would go for naught. And Kip Rainer had no mind to lose in this dangerous game he was playing. He had been in tight places before and got out of them. He would find a way out of this.

Presently he got up and went to his cabin. Locking the door behind him, he took a spectacles case from his pocket. A very keen observer, permitted to examine this case, might have perceived that it was just a trifle longer than necessary to hold the glasses it contained. Rainer's fingers pressed a small, hidden spring. Instantly a little compartment in one end of the case opened. The Starrett emerald glared up from the palm of his hand.

"Don't you worry, my friend," Rainer muttered, "looking into its green depths. "You and I are not separated—yet a while."

SYDNEY HEADS, like twin giants guarding the great, blue sapphire that is Sydney Harbour, loomed before the bow of the oncoming *Moonstar*. But Kip Rainer, leaning over the starboard rail and staring moodily into the sea, seemed scarcely aware that they were fast reaching journey's end. Kip Rainer was busy trying to understand himself.

In the first place, why had a sense of shame haunted him ever since the day Helena Starrett had accused him of stealing her emerald? Was he not a jewel-thief and a clever one into the bargain? Admittedly. Why, then, this feeling of mortification because a girl suspected it.

Again, what man in his right mind would have written the five letters that he had completed early this morning? And beyond that, who but a lunatic, knowing that he had but a little time in which to dispose of a stolen gem, or to conceal it some place on this yacht from which he could get it later on, would have done neither? Who, he repeated to himself, but a lunatic would have gone on carrying the thing around in his spectacles case?

For none of these questions did Rainer have an answer. It seemed to him that, in these last few days, he had been going slowly out of his mind.

Helena Starrett? Standing there watching the burnished blue of the water, he thought again of her dark, lovely eyes resting accusingly on his face. He remembered the undercurrent of disappointment that had lurked in her tone as she'd taxed him with taking her ring. Since that day she had haunted his mind, making both thought and action impossible. Helena Starrett? One of the richest women in the world and he. . . Suddenly his head went up sharply. These were the musings of a madman, wild, improbable. And his present inaction was madness, too. They were in the harbour now. No doubt, in a few moments, he would be confronted by the Australian police. And here he stood—he, Kip Rainer, up to now a hard-headed, clear-sighted jewel-thief—indulging in pipe-dreams.

He looked around suddenly. Helena Starrett in cool, yellow organdie, was sitting alone in a wicker chair on the afterdeck.

Kip hesitated a second. For days now Helena had avoided him. At meals she had not addressed him save when absolutely necessary. And at other times, when forced to be in his company, she had held herself coldly aloof. Nothing surprising in this, of course. He was a man whom she was about to turn over to the police. Small wonder that she had ceased to make him a companion.

Still, he had to speak to her now. He walked aft and stood by her chair.

"I suppose," he began, "that the police boat will be here presently."

She looked up at him oddly, but did not speak.

"Before it comes," Kip went on, "I must thank you for—er—for not telling your suspicions to the others. It has made things far more pleasant."

Helena's eyes went down to the deck.

"I told you," she said, "that I was perfectly willing to keep the whole matter between ourselves."

Kip bowed. "Very sporting of you. Tell me, what time do the police arrive? I've never been arrested before and I want to look my best."

Helena's eyes came up again. There was an angry light in them.

"Are you," she flared, "rotten clear through? I wouldn't have thought it, Mr. Rainer. You deceived me completely in Singapore. In more ways than one."

The feeling of shame that had haunted Kip came back before her level gaze.

"I'm sorry," he said. "It was a poor and ill-timed joke."

Helena waved her hand as if in annoyance.

"Mr. Rainer," she said, "I'd be obliged if you would go to your cabin and pack your things. Our launch will take you ashore. The police are not coming. But"—she drew a breath—"if you should ever happen to meet me again, anywhere, please don't speak to me. It's all I shall ever ask of you."

Kip started. "The police not coming? But I—I thought. . . ."

Again Helena's hand waved.

"I've decided," she said, "to make no further attempt to get my ring back. You—you seem to need it more than I do. And incidentally"—suddenly she stripped the replica of the Starrett emerald from her finger—"this belongs to you, too. Here! Take it! I've no use for it."

Kip Rainer's eyes were on his white, buckskin shoes.

"And you," he said, slowly, "will always think of me as a villain and a crook and a—a sneak?"

"How else," her voice was impatient, "could I possibly think of you?"

He smiled at her, a sad, wistful smile.

"I'd rather," he said, "that you thought of me as a reformed villain, crook and sneak. And I think I can make you do it." He paused, then drew several letters from his pocket. "Please read one of these, Miss Starrett. One will be enough. In effect, they are all the same."

Wonderingly, Helena opened one of the unsealed envelopes. She read quickly, a little frown creasing her wide forehead.

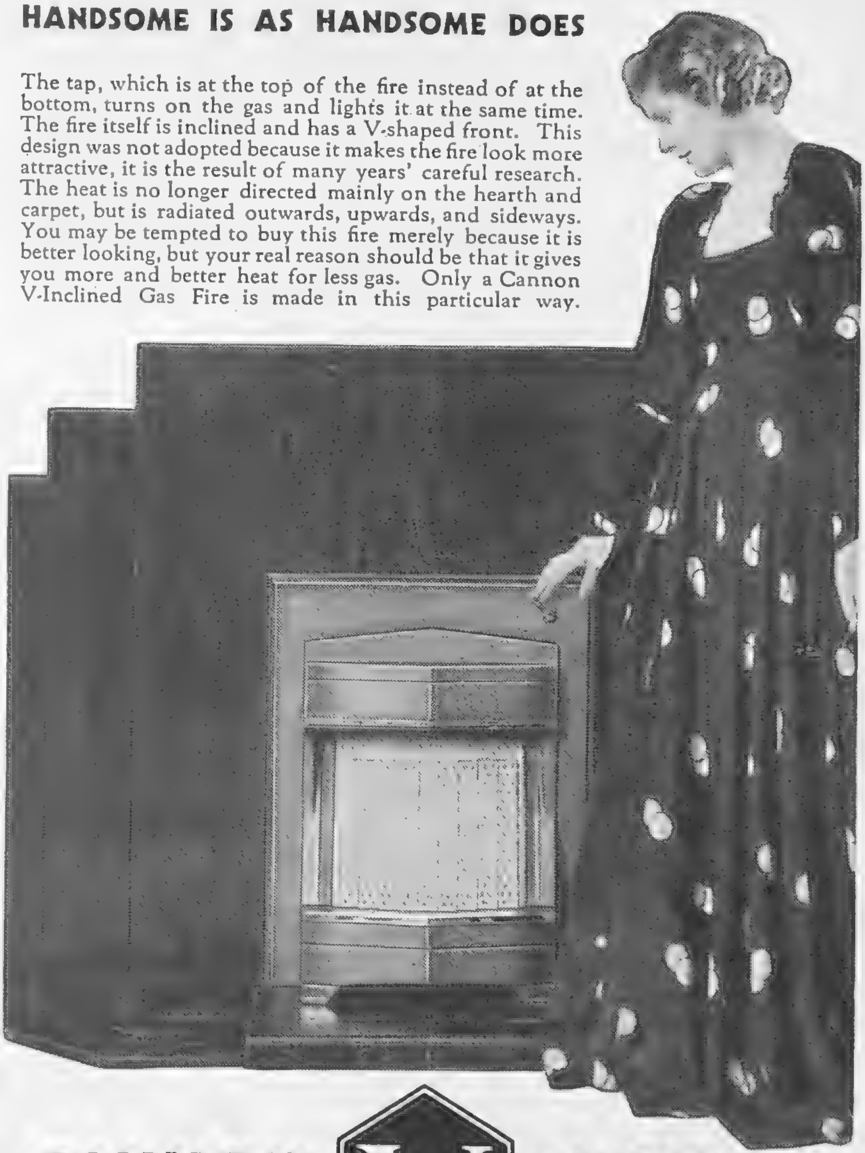
"But I—I don't understand," she said, at last. "You're returning this rather large sum of money to some woman?"

He nodded. "Precisely. It's approximately the amount I realized from the sale of her jewel. You see, Miss Starrett, I've been careful to keep track of the people I've robbed. When I get to London, each of these letters will be posted—with enclosures." He smiled. "I'm in doubt about the proper way to sign them, though. Would 'A Reformed Thief' be suitable?"

A queer light seemed to come into Helena Starrett's eyes.

"Very suitable," she said.

Kip's hand went to his pocket again. It came out, clutching the spectacles case. He held it out and pressed the hidden spring. The Starrett emerald fell into Helena's lap, lay there, gleaming. (*Continued on page* 106)



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A Good Pair of Hands

"Just," said Kip, "to complete the picture. And I—I guess that's all." He held out his hand. "Good-bye, Helena. I'm not going to try to thank you for what you've done for me. I think"—his voice dropped—"that you understand."

"Wait!" It was almost a command. "What are you going to do next, Kip?"

He shrugged. "I don't know. But, whatever it is, it will be something honest. There's—there's one thing I might try. You saw me patch up young Debenham the other night? Well, I knew what I was doing. You see, I studied medicine and surgery once. I was going to be a doctor before I decided that stealing gems was more profitable. With some study, I could take up medicine again. Possibly I'll devote the rest of my life to helping people, instead of injuring them."

Her eyes met his, the strange light almost a glow now.

"Are you absolutely sincere, Kip Rainer?" she asked.

"I give you my solemn oath. I'm going straight from now on, Helena. And it won't be hard. If ever I'm tempted to—to break over, I'll . . . well, I'll think of you. In fact, I'm afraid"—his eyes swung away—"I'm afraid I'll think of you often. Too often for—for my own happiness."

Almost timidly Helena Starrett laid a hand on his arm.

"Kip Rainer," she said, "I'm going to ask you another favour. I want you to come to England with us. Aboard this yacht."

He stared at her, then shook his head. "No. I couldn't do that. If I did, I'd be sure to say something that I've no right to say. To you."

She looked down at her hands.

"An honest man," she said, "always has the right to say anything that he honestly believes. Oh, Kip, I—I liked you the first time I met you and—and . . ." Her voice thinned, trailed away.

His head a-whirl, Rainer cried: "Helena! Do you know what you're saying? Why, why, you're one of the richest girls in the world. And I'm a—a reformed crook without a shilling to my name—now. It—it couldn't be."

She raised her eyes.

"Why not?" she said, gravely. "Strange things have happened. Have I got to force you to—to . . ."

The *Mooonstar*, possibly aware of the need for quiet now, glided almost noiselessly across the blue-and-gold of Sydney Harbour.

END

Old Tales Retold

(*Continued from page* 37)

it that there was no time to look at it. He was trying to imagine what the actual throne would be like.

In the meantime the remembrance of his earliest days dragging through every form of human misery made such a contrast, that it would have put any mind out of balance. Yet, when he was in the presence of the very king himself, he felt calm, cool and collected and absolute master of his intellectual faculties.

Needless to say, Crœsus, like everyone else, was struck by the poor appearance of such an emissary, and did not spare him from the humiliation of asking one of his ministers: "Is this the man who is going to hinder the king of Lydia from becoming master of Samos?" But this before Crœsus had heard him.

Beginning in his favourite manner of telling a fable Æsop started: "There once was a boy hunting locusts who captured a grasshopper. The innocent animal saw that he was about to kill her and pleaded for her life in the following manner—'Alas, I never did anyone any injury, and I never had it in my will or power to do so. My only concern is to sing. What will you gain from my death?' The youth's heart was touched, and set the innocent animal free. "Your Majesty has now that innocent creature before you. The only thing I can use is my voice, which I have always employed for the benefit of mankind Will you listen to me?"

The king was so impressed by the modesty of the man and the grace with which he had started, that a few minutes later he consented to grant peace terms according to the wishes of the Samians.

Æsop's return to Samos was a veritable triumph. Even a statue was erected to him by the exultant Samians.

Later he again visited Crœsus when he composed the *Apologues*.

Eager to meet the seven wise men of Greece, he went there relying on his reputation and on his credentials. He met them at Corinth, and was received with great honours, after which he went to Babylon and was received by the king where he remained.

Without doubt Æsop was passing from one glory to another, yet, a secret pain was piercing his heart. Every man had a woman that loved him. He had none. Every man had children to bring up and to rely on in old age. He had none. The ugliness of his body made of him an outcast from the natural joys of life. So he decided to adopt a son.

With the consent of the king he adopted a young man, poor, but from a good family. With the most tender care and accomplished teaching Æsop tried to make of him a great and happy man, but unfortunately he met with an extremely perverse nature. Long is the list of villainies committed by the ungrateful Æsus against his benefactor. The last extreme of horror was reached by the forging of Æsop's signature to some incriminating papers. That caused Æsop to be condemned to death. Fortunately those to whom the execution was entrusted were convinced of his innocence and, pretending that justice had taken its normal course, succeeded in smuggling him away. Later, however, the king discovered the truth, and with great joy reinstated Æsop in his previous position. But it seemed that the destiny of the great little man was sealed.

Attracted by the world-wide reputation of the wise man of Delphos, he went there, but he found only fanatical priests, disgustingly mercenary. He was so much overcome by indignation that he expressed his opinion in the form of a fable that ended by comparing them with a heap of rubbish.

When this came to be known by those concerned, they decided to get rid of Æsop and they did so, in such a foul way as to fully endorse Æsop's opinion.

A golden cup was stolen from the Temple and hidden by them in Æsop's baggage. Discovered and condemned he did all he could to defend his life and his honour, but he did not succeed.

Thrown over a precipice, his poor body fell lifeless at the bottom of a ravine, but his murder was another of those suppressions that came too late. For the real life of those kind of men begins after their death. The Long Eternal Life of Immortality.

END

Life of a Dancer

(*Continued from page* 39)

training leave ballet alone. Ballet will rectify flat feet, incurving chest, practically any body malformation; but ballet has to be taught by people who know what they are about or harm may come.

If there is any question of talent or of training for the stage, then the best place to go to is the Marie Rambert School of Ballet.

Marie Rambert was with Diaghileff, the great impressario who first showed Russian Ballet in this country; who had Nijinsky in his company, and many others whose names rained fire, whose art brought exaltation. The Rambert school has been called the Nursery of English Ballet.

Certainly it is the only one which has its own theatre adjoining—the Mercury—so that the pupils are forever stepping from the studio to the stage.

The Ballet Club of London has its headquarters at the Mercury Theatre. And every Sunday night the Rambert Company stages five or six ballets, in which old pupils, now stars, like Pearl Argyle, Maud Lloyd, Frederick Ashton and Walter Gore, return to play the leads for the Corps de Ballet, composed of the fourteen to sixteen-year-olds of the school. The company also gives seasons at Birmingham, Cambridge and at Monte Carlo on the Riviera.

This is why the training at this school is incomparable, as even while dancers are under tuition they are participating in the creation of new ballets and obtaining their stage experience. And, as Madame likes to get hold of them young, show your hopefuls to her at four and six years old so that their deportment may be rightly guided from the start. Although if there is talent, sixteen may not be too old to show them.

But say good-bye to all other forms of dancing once you enter these portals, for your child's heart and soul will be sunk in classical ballet. Ballet, as dancers know, is sublimation. Other dancing aims at delight. But ballet aims at the ecstacy of delight. Ballet is the quintessence of all arts of dancing. And if there is spiritual grace in your child Rambert, the tireless, will pass his or her body through such a filter of physical training that this grace will emerge like a diamond to dazzle and pour out enchantment. In a word, your child will become an artist.

Expect a long climb first.

From six to nine years old there will be two classes a week. From nine till twelve, six classes of an hour. That is, every day except Sunday. From twelve to thirteen or thereabouts, a class of an hour morning and afternoon, and at this age Madame likes them to spend their days at the ballet school, as they can be educated there between dancing.

This education consists of learning to speak French fluently, studying costumes and customs at museums; lessons in acting; music; painting; seeing plays, reading plays; history and geography, and practical arithmetic. It is a specialised education for boys and girls alike, designed to help a dancer. The better educated a dancer, the more discriminating his or her approach to "art." And remember that at fourteen your children will be on the stage. Not earning money yet, but on the way.

NOW a word about tap-dancing.

To face facts, Eleanor Powell and Jessie Matthews show tap and ballet. And it is a very useful combination on the musical-comedy stage and the films. (Of course, neither of them are any shakes in ballet according to Russian standards, but they can do a few turns that are very pretty.) A semi-training in ballet helps tap, at the start; for although a loose ankle is necessary in tap, and a tight one in ballet, once control has been established a tight ankle can become loose. And if your child shows an extraordinary sense of jazz rhythm, drop ballet fairly soon and send it to a tap-dancing school, also give it a gramophone and an endless supply of records to practise with at home. And finally go to some negro teacher—because negro rhythms are best to work out new catch-taps.

Bear this in mind, however. If your child is going in for an audition for musical-comedy or pantomime, performance and suitability for a part will be judged on its exhibition of ballet; even although tap will be required in the performance.

Ballet has become the standard by which dancers are judged, because proficiency in ballet implies muscle control. And muscle control means good dancing in any form.

END

"Kingdom Gone"

(*Continued from page* 21)

away. What was that holding him down—pressing on his chest? He was trapped! And those flames creeping nearer—choking him.

"Daphne!" His wild scream mingled with the roar of the flames and was lost. Something touched him, licked across his face. Somebody was speaking. Daphne? No.

"All right, old chap, you lie quite still. Daphne's all right."

Ignoring the advice Derek Marlow sat up, wild-eyed, with a jerk that sent a sheet of flame searing through his head. "Where's . . ." He stared about him like a bewildered child. "Good heavens—Russell!" His eyes wandered over the tangled wreckage that had been their machine. Rapidly his mind adjusted itself to the position. "Were you hurt?" he asked, striving gallantly to match the calmness of the other.

"Few bruises, nothing much," replied Russell.

"Have I been talking a lot of rot? I think I was dreaming."

"You were certainly dreaming, but I should hardly call it rot," Russell smiled. He glanced keenly at Derek. "Feeling better now?"

"Yes. Yes, I think so. My leg hurts abominably. Is it bad?"

"Bad enough. Fractured. I've set it as well as I could under the circumstances."

"Are we likely to be here long? I mean, is there much chance of being rescued?"

"Oh, yes, every chance. Natives are always on the look-out for people like us. They've got a little game of their own about here. One shoots your plane down and the other collects you for the ransom. They're an enterprising crowd."

"Suppose—suppose nobody comes. What are we going to do?"

For a while Russell's gaze rested on the distant horizon. "We'll think about that later." Again he was silent.

"Married?" he asked some time later.

"Yes."

"Children?"

"No, fortunately. You see, we haven't been married very long, not properly settled down yet. This was to be my last fling. Looks as though it is, too. But I had to do it. Daphne's first husband—she was a widow, you know—he was lost out here. John Summerville, you may remember him. Quite a reputation, but the Sahara beat him and I meant to beat the Sahara."

"Aren't you talking rather a lot?" interrupted Russell gently.

"No, I'd rather talk, I'm fairly comfortable now. It'll keep my mind off that." He indicated his injured leg.

"So you married Mrs. Summerville?" Russell said, after a pause.

"Yes."

"Wasn't there some talk about him being alive—that he was found by Arabs and was living with them?"

"Yes, there was," Derek admitted. "There was a suggestion that he'd reached an unknown oasis and was living alone, do you think that possible?"

Russell smiled as at some rich and subtle joke. Obviously the idea amused rather than impressed him.

"Story book stuff," he commented. "Those things don't happen in real life. There are no two things in the whole wide world so vastly different as the printed picture of the lone wanderer in the desert and the actual experience. This is the desert, the desert you don't read about. The desert that gets into a man's blood and his brain and his soul. The desert that turns a sane man into a snarling animal, eating sand, filling his ears with it, hurling it with futile stupidity at the sky."

Derek stared in amazement at this passionate outburst. This was a new Russell, a Russell he hadn't dreamed existed. They said a man was never the same after he had lived out east, that he was a little—well, peculiar. (*Continued on page* 108)

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"Look at it," Russell continued as his arm swept the distant horizon. "No friendly sheiks with a public-school training there. No slender palms welcoming the wanderer with a whisper of shady coolness. No. Oh, no. Just space—terrifying in its stupendous immensity; and sun—a merciless, relentless sun that dries your blood and turns your brain to dust; and sand—from here to hell—sand—sand—and yet more sand."

Suddenly he paused as though the effort of prolonged speech had exhausted him, then he spoke again, quieter now. "And they thought John Summerville could live through that? No, Marlow, a fly would have more chance in a crematorium than a lone white man lost in the Sahara. That's what this place is—a crematorium. But you don't have to be dead to qualify, it cremates you alive."

There was a long silence while they stared out at the endless wastes. "What did your wife think about this trip, didn't she object?" asked Russell at last.

"Object! Good lor, yes. She used every argument to dissuade me. Natural enough, I suppose, but I couldn't settle, not the settling sort."

"Hm." Russell appeared to meditate on that, then casually, as though it was a question he was used to asking everybody, he said: "What made you marry?"

It was a simple, direct question but for once Derek Marlow found himself groping for a satisfactory reply. "I suppose I was in love," he said, and realising the statement was not as convincing as it might have been, he added: "I still am, of course."

"So you left her to conquer the Sahara?" Russell inquired with an amused glance at Derek.

"Well, not entirely that. I wanted to travel. I wanted to see something—do something—be something."

"I see." Russell rose as he spoke. "Now forget about all that and rest because if nothing turns up within a few days we shall have to move on."

"Move on?" Derek's face brightened. "Are we within reach of a village or something then?" he asked hopefully.

"Kufara Oasis is the nearest place, about two hundred miles north of here. We might strike a caravan train about there."

"The tribes around here are friendly then?"

"As friendly as an Arab ever is. They might take us along with them, depends on the state of their exchequer and which way they are going."

"And if they don't take us along?"

"Well, then they'd probably leave us to die of thirst—if we were lucky."

"Oh." For a long while Derek lay on the piece of broken wing that served as his bed in the shelter of the machine meditating on that last remark of Russell's. From any other man it would have been, well, just a remark. Uttered in that soft, intimate voice Derek felt it was more than significant, it was definitely disturbing.

It was on the fourth day after the crash that Derek, supporting himself on a crutch that Russell had fashioned from a strut, demonstrated his ability to hobble in reasonable comfort if somewhat slowly. For the rest of the day they rested and that night in the silvery glow of a crescent moon they started off on "The Road to Kingdom Gone" as Derek expressed it.

At the end of the first mile they paused and gazed back at the plane that had been their only link with civilisation. The crashed machine with its tail still high in the air was easily discernible, standing serenely indifferent to its splendid doom. In awed silence they turned their faces again to the north. Before them, like a black and white vision of unearthly delicacy, stretched an ocean of glistening waves and forbidding shadows bathed in the soft brilliancy of the moon.

And high above them in a naked sky, the stars winked to each other as they gazed down in silent sympathy at this amazing audacity.

For seven days they struggled wearily, hopelessly on, Russell alternately carrying and supporting the younger man. Seven days of deadly, soul crushing monotony; seven days of maddening torture, of blinding, dancing heat and choking dust. Seven days—and they had travelled less than fifty miles. No sound had broken the utter silence, no living thing had disturbed the uncanny stillness.

It was on the eighth day that thirst was added to their miseries. Each faltering step sucked hungrily at their flagging strength carrying them farther into oblivion, each laboured breath seared their throats and burnt their lungs like a living flame. And the dust wrapped round them its suffocating folds, and clung to the stubble on their chins, and settled on the dried blood round their mouths in gruesome anticipation of the feast to come. And it crept into their glazed, delirious eyes until even to peer at each other brought pain indescribable.

At last the staggering, drunken steps ceased and they sank defeated and exhausted to the sand. Russell's mouth moved painfully but no sound came and Derek nodded slowly, stupidly. Then they lay still—awful still, and the unrelenting sun blared down in triumphant victory.

What agonies they suffered between then and the following day when they were found lying side by side nobody will ever know. They were both unconscious and quite unaware that a Royal Air Force machine from 45 (B) Squadron flashed by a few feet above them and, roaring round in a vicious bank, had taxied back to the two dark heaps that scarred the grey expanse.

A hurried examination convinced the pilot that the two men were still living and, within a few moments, clean, cool water was being splashed over their bodies while the corporal fitter massaged the mouths and nostrils with a damp rag. Fortunately the pilot and his fitter were men who knew the desert and the value of moistening the lungs before the stomach.

Gently the unconscious men were lifted into the rear cock-pit. "She won't get off the ground with all of you in," said the pilot. "You'd better stay here, Stanton. I'll wireless in for a relief as soon as I'm up. Keep some water and a smoke bomb. Light it when you hear a plane."

It was a tribute to the understanding that existed between pilot and fitter when the corporal readily agreed. He knew that within a few minutes a flight of machines would leave Helwan piloted by men who would turn every grain of sand to locate him.

Five hours later Russell and Derek were lying on ice mattresses in Mena House Hotel, where a medical officer and orderlies, summoned by radio, had been waiting to receive them.

It was a fortnight later that Daphne telephoned from Alexandria to say she had arrived that moment by Imperial Airways and was proceeding to Cairo immediately.

"Daphne flew from England, eh," Derek said to Russell as the two sat on the balcony of the hotel. "Poor kid, first time she's been up. She's scared of flying—hates it."

"She has my sympathy," said Russell. "A person who is scared of flying and yet goes up makes a pilot look like a timid child." He paused then added quietly: "When is she due here?"

"To-morrow, about midday. I'd be glad if you'd slip into Cairo and meet her, will you? I could hardly go like this." He tapped his stiff leg.

Russell studied Derek's face, a face that still bore startling evidence of his terrible experience, the lips and nose, still slightly swollen, the wrinkles round the eyes as though their owner had spent too many hours peering into a strong light. He thought of his own ghastly features and smiled a little grimly. Hadn't altered his face much, improved it if anything. Hidden some of the scars, softened them a little.

"I'd rather not go myself," he said at last, "but I'll arrange for somebody to be there, she'll be all right."

"Rather not go?" exclaimed Derek. "Come now, man. Daphne isn't squeamish. I've told her all about—about your trouble in my letters. She's a sweet, sympathetic little soul. Forget about it and meet her for me, I'd appreciate it."

"No." There was something very definite about the way Russell spoke and Derek eyed him curiously. He understood the man's aversion to meeting strangers. Any sensitive man with that handicap would wish to avoid contact with women. Yet there were heaps of women in the hotel here and Russell had shown no desire for seclusion. It was—well, strange, but there was no getting round a flat refusal like that. He would talk to Daphne about it, see what they could do.

For the first few days after Daphne's arrival Russell studiously avoided the Marlows. At first Derek thought he had left the hotel but inquiries among the servants dispelled this fear.

"Can't understand him at all," Derek said one evening after they had been discussing Russell's strange behaviour. "He meets other people. I can't let him shut himself away like this. Why, d'you know, Daph., without him I would still be out there. Another man would have died of funk when that storm hit us. He didn't turn a hair and the way he handled that bus was a revelation."

"You like him, don't you," observed Daphne quietly.

"Like him? One can't help liking a man who has saved one's life. Undoubtedly he did save my life. When the water got short I noticed my ration was more than his. I thought he'd made a mistake at first and—I didn't tell him. That shows how you can get out there. Life seemed dearer to me than honesty and justice and water seemed dearer than both.

Then I watched him and I saw he did it deliberately so I told him about it. He denied it—said I had sheep's eyes and they were magnifying it, but I know, Daphne, I know. There were other things, too. His patience, his incurable optimism, his terrific stamina. I can't let a man like that get away now, why he's invaluable."

"Certainly we owe him a lot but what do you mean, invaluable? Invaluable for what?"

"Why for this trip, of course, man like that is worth his weight in gold. Why? What's the matter?"

She had suddenly sat up very straight, staring at him, her eyes wide with incredulous amazement. "You mean—you're thinking of going again?"

He caught the alarm in her voice and hurriedly explained: "Oh, not yet. Later on when things are straightened up."

"But, Derek, you can't mean that." There was a pitiful appeal in her voice. "You don't know what you're saying. You can't do it. It isn't fair, Derek—it isn't fair."

"Listen, Daphne," he persisted, ignorant of her distress. "Don't you understand? It's the experience that I've gained with this failure that makes me so confident of success next time. I learnt a terrific lot during this trip."

She nodded dully. "I, too, have learnt a lot, Derek." There was infinite pain in her tone. "A terrific lot."

It was as though she had turned a corner in her life and come face to face with a startling reality.

"Come now, Daph.," said Derek. "I thought we'd gone over all that. Wait until you meet Russell and see what he thinks. I've asked him up, I let him think you were out. I know how he feels, he'd go to-morrow if there was a plane ready."

"Maybe he hasn't anything to live for, maybe he doesn't want to live," she said bitterly.

"Hush," Derek cautioned as somebody knocked softly on the door, and louder: "Come in, Russell."

And James Russell came in. For a moment he stared at Daphne with an expression of mixed surprise and consternation, then he stiffened imperceptibly. "I beg your pardon," he said, and his voice was even softer than usual. "I thought you were alone, I didn't——"

"Come on here, man. Come on here," interrupted Derek. "This is Daphne—my wife—I wanted you to meet her. Daphne—Mr. Russell—Jimmy Russell."

But Daphne was sitting motionless staring at Russell like one who has seen a tomb open to disgorge the living dead. In an embarrassing silence Russell's hand dropped clumsily to his side. Derek, for once in his life bereft of speech, gazed from one to the other.

Then Russell spoke, softly, as gently as ever, but beneath his words there echoed a faint reproach. "I'll call in again later," he said, and with the slightest bow to Daphne, he added: "Forgive me for intruding, Mrs. Marlow. Good night," and before Derek could protest he had gone, as quietly, as unobtrusively as he had come.

"Daphne! Whatever was the matter with you?" Derek demanded when he at last recovered from the shock.

She was staring fascinated at the door through which Russell had passed. Derek's imperious outburst went unheeded.

"I warned you about his disfigurement," Derek continued rather heatedly. "Don't you think he suffered enough? Don't you think he still suffers? Hardly the way to treat a man who—— Where are you going? Daphne! Listen to me, Daphne!"

But even if Daphne had been listening it is doubtful if she would have heard for she was even then hurrying along the corridor to her own room.

Nor did she return that night. The servant Derek sent to inquire reported that her door was locked from the inside, that there were sounds of somebody moving but he could get no answer.

Not until the following morning did Derek receive Daphne's letter. Twice he read it before hobbling out to the verandah to stare vacantly across at the green belt of vegetation that flanks the Nile.

It was impossible! Incredible! Fantastic! It was all a ghastly mistake. He must find Russell. He tapped a chair with his cane until a native servant hurried in.

"Go and fetch Mr. Russell, tell him I want him at once. Go on, don't stand there. Mr. Russell—go and fetch him."

He was still clutching that letter when the servant returned.

"Mr. Russell no here. He go Cairo, last night."

Derek stared at the man as though he hadn't heard aright. He slumped limply into a chair and as the native started forward to help he muttered: "All right, all right, you clear out and leave me alone. D'you hear? Clear out."

Alone his eyes wandered again to her letter.

"Dear Derek." Not "Sweetheart," or "Chummy," but just "Dear Derek. Something has happened, something terrible. I will try to explain, you must try to understand. You know that there was never any definite proof that John Summerville was killed. I knew that and you knew it. There was always a doubt. His body was never found because it was not there—because he is alive—now.

"Can you realise what this means to us? Can you? The man who came to your room last night, the man who saved you and brought you back is John Summerville—*my husband.*"

There was more of it but beyond that Derek's eyes refused to go. Again he stared out across the Nile to the desert, the mighty, unconquered desert. The desert that had given him Daphne and taken her away again.

There could have been no more surprised man in the whole of Egypt than Derek Marlow when, some two hours later, Russell walked into Derek's room.

Derek stared at him from the depths of his chair in numbed silence before asking in a husky whisper: "Where's Daphne?"

Russell glanced quickly at him, countering the question with another. "You mean your wife?" he said.

"*My* wife! *My* wife! I mean your wife, Daphne Summerville."

"My wife? Daphne Summerville? I don't understand." There was a pregnant silence before Russell continued: "Isn't there something that needs explaining?"

"No. Oh, no," said Derek a trifle bitterly. "It's all perfectly clear. Daphne recognised you in a moment. You're John Summerville—Daphne's husband." He peered intently at Russell. "You are John Summerville—John Summerville who everybody thought was dead."

"I assure you," said Russell quietly, "you are making a grave mistake."

"Mistake!" A hollow laugh came from Derek. "Read that." He waved Daphne's letter before him.

Russell read it twice before placing it carefully on the table. He began pacing the room like a man struggling with a weighty problem.

Derek watched him in silence. "Well," he said suddenly. "Are you Summerville or are you not?"

Quietly, without hesitation, Russell replied: "I am not. I am James Russell."

"I don't believe you!"

"Nevertheless, it is true."

"I still don't believe you. You're denying it because you won't go back to Daphne like that. I can understand it all now, that's why you wouldn't meet her, why you avoided her here. You're lying. You're John Summerville."

"All right, then, I'm John Summerville. Now what?"

"Now what—yes—now what?" Again Derek sank dejectedly into his chair. "I suppose you'll go back to her," he said miserably.

Russell halted before him. "Listen to me, Marlow. Now listen to me carefully." His voice had a hard, challenging quality in it and his eyes rested on Derek in a penetrating stare. "You're the biggest fool God ever planted on this earth. You married a woman who was too good for you—married her and left her to chase rainbows. Why? Eh, why? I'll tell you why. To satisfy your own selfish craving for popularity, you dreamed of yourself as another Summerville, as a nation's idol.

"You asked me a (*Continued on page* 110)

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moment ago where your wife was. I didn't answer you, now I'll tell you. She's in Cairo, I took her there. When she wrote that letter she believed every word of it—she really believed I was John Summerville. It took me less than three minutes to convince her she was wrong——"

"Then—then you're not Summerville?" Derek strove to collect his whirling thoughts.

"I am James Russell. John Summerville is dead—as dead as that desert over there."

"Then why didn't Daphne come back?"

"She wouldn't come back, she never will. You will go to her—get on your knees at her feet and beg her forgiveness. Promise her you'll do anything she wishes, live like a sane, sensible human being." His voice softened suddenly. "Marlow, give up this idea of hunting for adventure. You're not made for it—not built for it. You'll never conquer the Sahara. It'll conquer you—kill you, and when it does, it'll kill her. Go back to England and take her with you and forget you ever saw this place."

"Yes. Yes, I will. I will, Russell, I promise." Despite his effort at self-control there was a definite break in Derek's voice. "Why don't you come back with us?"

Russell turned away. "I'm leaving for the interior right away. That's why I went to Cairo, to make final arrangements."

It was three hours later that Derek sat facing Daphne on the balcony of Shepheard's Hotel in Cairo. Almost word for word he had repeated Russell's conversation while Daphne listened in silence.

"I promised I'd beg your forgiveness, take you back to England and settle down like a sensible—er—human being," Derek finished lamely.

"And you listened, and believed him?"

"Why shouldn't I? After he had convinced you that he was Russell——"

"Because I haven't seen him since the moment he walked out of your room last night," Daphne interrupted him.

"You—what! Then he was lying—and—good God! Then—he is Summerville."

"Of course he's John Summerville. Wouldn't I know him—I, who married him and lived with him? Oh, Derek." Her voice broke in a plaintive sob. "What are we going to do? What's going to become of us?"

"What can we do?" There was a silence while they stared hopelessly at each other. "We must do as he said," Derek muttered at last. "Go back to England—forget that we ever heard of this place. It was his wish, we must respect it. We owe him that."

END

The Palace Hotel, Torquay

The winter has arrived, you miss the sun, you need a holiday. In fact life is on the down-grade, and you would give anything to get away from your local surroundings. But for the life of you, you don't know where to go.

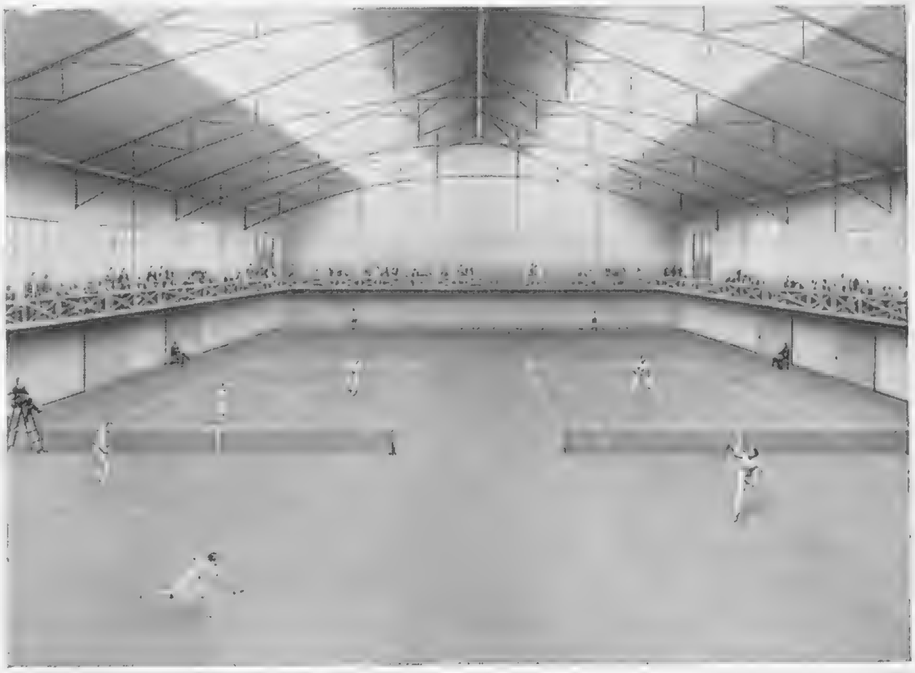
Well then, let me take you for an imaginary visit to the Palace Hotel at Torquay. On driving up to the hotel you are bound to notice the beautiful setting it has as a background. Your car is put away in one of the 100 "lock-up" garages, and entering into the reception lounge you are stripped of all responsibilities concerning your luggage and anything that hampers your style. Your room will be pleasant, luxurious, and comfortable, and perhaps you will be overlooking the gardens and the sea.

You may have your own bathroom and every modern convenience. It is time for dinner in the large and airy dining-room, where the cooking is first class and is indeed a gourmet's paradise! Afterwards, perhaps, a rubber of bridge and some dancing to an excellent band. The hotel is able to have its own talking cinema and often a cabaret.

But sleep you must, on a very comfortable bed. But before breakfast, if you are feeling energetic, you can improve your health with an instructor in the modern and well-equipped gymnasium. There is plenty for you to do and more besides for the rest of the day. Golf on the nine-hole course. Indoor or outdoor tennis. Squash, badminton, bathing in the indoor swimming pool. And then there are the more gentle games such as bowls, skittles and billiards, if the day is wet.

Or you may want to be lazy, and relax in a deck-chair, enjoying to the full the sun and air that Torquay is famed for. Besides all this there is the sea, and wonderful walks round the fascinating coves, where smugglers ran their contraband.

But seriously speaking, the prices are reasonable, you would enjoy a visit, and the hotel is ready to receive you! But be advised, book your room in advance, as the hotel is popular all the year round. The address is Palace Hotel, Torquay, Devon, and the telephone number Torquay 2271.



An artist's impression of the covered tennis courts at the Palace Hotel, Torquay.

Air Taxi, Sir?

(Continued from page 29)

darkness surrounded by twinkling lights. Rust jumped out into a waiting motor-car. I put the plane away and had some tea and then drove into town. At Marble Arch I bought the *Sunday Dispatch* with our photos in it. Such is the speed with which Fleet Street works.

I gave up that type of flying shortly afterwards to indulge in more peaceful pursuits. But Joe Birkett, now with his own successful company and fleet of aeroplanes, is still at it. He will take you anywhere, anytime. In ten years of the most difficult type ot flying that the professional airman can be called upon to do, not once has he or any of his pilots injured a passenger.

They never know where they will be sleeping, these air-taxi pilots. One of the best, in whom I take a special interest as I taught him to fly, is Roland Falk. Breakfast time one day in September, 1935, his telephone rang and he was told to take off immediately with films for Abyssinia. By noon he was in the air flying a cabin Leopard Moth, having been inoculated, prepared maps and got through the hundred and one formalities that such a journey demands in that brief three hours. His machine had a range of 1,000 miles and he got to Jibuti in three days.

He was out there for three months before he got a summons home. He was to collect the films of the bombing of Dessie from Dire Diona at 8.30 in the evening and took off in the dark at 11.30 on the first stage of his long journey home. Between Port Sudan and Wadi Halfa, as desolate a tract of country as anywhere in the world, his engine cut. He rapidly lost height and awaited the inevitable fatal crash in the darkness. Then suddenly his engine picked up again and on he went. He reached Cairo in twenty-two hours, relieved to learn that a rival plane had crashed at Wadi Halfa, happily with no injury to the pilot. He waited at Cairo precisely two hours and then took off for Athens, taking the dangerous direct route across 500 miles of Mediterranean with no chance of rescue if his single engine failed him a second time. A magnificent flight across Europe and he landed at Heston just twenty-seven hours after leaving Cairo, 3,000 miles away, in a machine which could cruise at only 120 miles an hour.

At the beginning of the Spanish War, Falk flew five journalists to Barcelona, again at a few hours' notice. His machine was a twin-engined Airspeed Envoy with a speed of 160 miles an hour. They got there all right with no other adventures on the way than attempts by slower military planes to have a look at them. But though he missed adventures in the air he found them on the ground. The proprietor of his hotel was shot by snipers within a yard of him and a few minutes later he saw his interpreter also shot.

Spain, of course, has recently provided many pilots with dangerous jobs. Lord Donegall, conscientiously pursuing journalistic "copy," flew there in the first week of the war and from his own private machine viewed a battle raging between Madrid and the Guadarrama Mountains. As passenger, he had none other than Captain Pedro Atauri, head of the anti-Red air force, who desired to view the course of the battle. Anti-aircraft guns getting their range caused them finally to fly away back to Burgos.

One of the men longest at the game is Captain Olley. He got his flying training in the war, after which, still being in a condition to fly, he decided to enter civil aviation.

A story he tells of those very early days on the London–Paris route illustrates very well the immense stride aviation has made.

The fare then was twenty guineas; now you can do it on £4. Of course, you had the honour of being the sole passenger with a whole cockpit to yourself, but it was not comfortable by any means; especially when, as related in Olley's story, the journey had taken eight long hours and you had already suffered seventeen forced landings *en route*. And

(Continued on page 112)

Roland Falk, an air-taxi pilot. In September, 1935 he was chartered at a moment's notice to fly to Abyssinia and reached Jibuti within three days.

FIRM ★ YOURS IN 4 WEEKS BUST

★ Every woman can acquire a lovely firm, rounded bust within a few weeks. No matter what you may have used before, Formosa Preparations will give you those fascinating curves you have always longed for.

GUARANTEE
If you are not satisfied with Formosa Preparations, your money will be refunded in full.

Three Different Treatments

DEVELOPING
Formosa Cream

This truly amazing harmless Cream will positively develop the bust as much as 1½ **inches in a week, easily.** Simply apply the Cream to the skin at night, and you will be amazed at the results after only a few applications. **Let Formosa Cream** treatment develop your bust as nothing else can. Acquire the magic of a firm, rounded, shapely bust and you will have that irresistible feminine charm admired by all. Formosa will add firm, healthy flesh to any part of the body, leaving the skin satin smooth. **The full 4 weeks' complete supply of Formosa Cream treatment costs as little as 6s., post free in plain sealed package.**

STRENGTHENING
Formosa Lotion

If you have an ugly, flabby, sagging bust, then Formosa Lotion cannot fail to make it firm and high. After only a few applications, you will notice your bust taking on a new charm, losing those ugly, flabby, sagging lines that have worried you for years. Simply apply the lotion to the skin at night, and in a **few weeks** you will have those fascinating curves which are woman's greatest source of attraction. Formosa Lotion tones up and tightens the muscles of the bust, at the same time acting as a tonic for the skin. It definitely does NOT enlarge the bust. What Formosa Lotion has done for others it can do for you. Do not let an ugly, drooping bust line spoil your feminine allure any longer. Guaranteed harmless. Results permanent. **The full 4 weeks' treatment costs only 10s., post free in plain sealed package.**

REDUCING
Foam Cream

There is no reason why you should have a heavy, over-sized bust, when Formosa "FOAM" Cream will remould and reduce it—an inch a week—giving those lovely, slender, youthful lines that ONLY Formosa can give. No matter what you may have used before, Formosa "FOAM" Cream will succeed where all others have failed. Simply apply this wonderful non-greasy reducing preparation to the skin, and you will be amazed at the results within a few days. Pleasant to use, Formosa "FOAM" Cream treatment is a tonic for the skin, and will definitely reduce the bust, and any part of the body, leaving the skin satin smooth and refreshed. Results permanent. Absolutely harmless. Failure impossible. **The full 4 weeks' treatment is sent privately in plain sealed package, post free. Price 10s.**

FORMOSA PREPARATIONS LTD.
(DEPT. L.2), KINGSTON, SURREY

Air Taxi, Sir?

that, no doubt, provided a very good excuse for the passenger who, on arriving eventually in Paris after nightfall, scrambled frantically from the machine and disappeared stiffly into the darkness without even a "good-bye." Or perhaps, though this is not in the story, he had mistaken the arrival for yet another forced landing—which it was, as Olley had not been able to find the aerodrome in the dark!

But it is not like that now; and if, to-morrow, you go into a charter-pilot's office and charter a machine to take you to almost any place on earth you can be reasonably sure of getting there intact and on time. And no questions asked; it's all in the day's work to him.

That was why, when last year, just before the civil war started in Spain, two girls calmly asked Olley for a £1,000 charter to Las Palmas in the Canary Islands, he looked on it as just another job of work.

But it is possible that his eyes might have widened a little when the charter price was counted out on his desk from a wad of banknotes which one of the girls took from her bag. That does *not* happen every day.

It might be expected that the two girls would have shown some excitement over their journey. But no! In a businesslike manner they arrived at dawn next morning and took their seats in the waiting plane. Quietly, on arrival at Las Palmas, they gave orders for departure early the following day. Punctually next morning they arrived on the aerodrome.

This time, however, they were accompanied by two men in civilian clothes, carrying brown paper parcels, who were to be the passengers for this further charter. The girls now gave the destination to which the new passengers were to be flown and the account for the new charter was paid in cash. Then the machine took off for the town on the North African coast to which it had been ordered.

Here a surprise awaited the pilot. The two apparent civilians who had entered the machine at Las Palmas were now fully garbed in the uniform of generals.

Amid much excitement of saluting officers and soldiers who rushed out to meet the plane, the two generals alighted. Their names—perhaps you have already guessed—were Franco and Mola.

From North Africa the plane flew to a town in Northern Spain where this historic charter was finally completed. Historic? Yes. For it was in this way that the leaders of the Spanish insurgent army chose to reach the heads of their forces and, quite without knowing, Olley had assisted at the final preparations for a struggle which was to resound throughout the world.

On another occasion, Olley was awakened one morning very, very early by the ringing of his bedside telephone. Marlborough Street Police Station was at the other end. A wealthy American had just informed them that his daughter had gone to Gretna Green to get married, dead against his wishes. Could he hire a plane immediately as he wanted to follow and stop the marriage taking place? He could, and he was promised that a machine would be waiting when he reached Croydon.

He arrived a little after four, long before the sun had risen, and the machine took off at once for Scotland. It landed in a field close to the hotel at which the eloping pair were staying. A man of few words, the father was, nevertheless, capable of energetic and decisive action. Within half an hour he had returned with his daughter, and together they were flown back to London.

Willing though he is to undertake private charter work, the air-taxi pilot relies mainly on newspaper contracts for his regular income. Always must he be ready to take a reporter or photographer at short notice to the scene of some event, and always must he be prepared and willing to fly through weather which would keep any ordinary pilot very much on the ground. Frequently, when starting on a journey, he will know nothing of the landing facilities the other end, and from the air his practised eye must size up the qualities of some field—its surface condition, obstructions, and so on—so accurately that he will be able to land his aircraft safely on it at a minimum speed of sixty miles an hour. Only a very experienced airman can do that with one hundred per cent efficiency.

Next time you see in your newspaper some picture which has been flown back to the office at break-neck speed for your esteemed edification and amusement, give a thought to the pilot, and the missing heart beats he almost certainly suffered on his journey.

END

Cheaper Game (*Continued from page 70*)

once. Carve the birds raw, keeping aside the best fillets from the breasts, all the rest just scrape off the bones the best way you can and mince it together with the pork, veal, onions, shallots and some parsley; mix all this well together, adding lots of salt and pepper.

Have ready your fireproof earthenware dishes (*terrines*), grease them, put a bay leaf at the bottom, then a rasher of bacon, then a layer of mincemeat. Press down lightly with a fork and now put a layer of the good fillet part of the birds, another layer of mince, a rasher, and so on until the terrine is almost but not quite full, finishing by mincemeat with one rasher on top. Put a buttered paper on top.

Stand in *terrine* in a pan containing boiling water and cook in the oven for about thirty-five to forty minutes according to size. You can easily tell if the thing is cooked by piercing it right through with a skewer. If this comes out quite clean, and if fat oozes out, it is done. If it is not done you will see a little blood come out and you know it requires more cooking.

Take out of the oven and let the terrines cool with a light weight on them. To keep, pour over a good coating of melted pork fat or lard, which can be just scraped away when you want to use the terrines.

——THE MAIN DISHES——

Pot au Feu

Three or four pounds of stewing beef.
One trussed fowl.
Leeks, potatoes, onions, carrots, turnips, celery, etc.
Parsley, salt, pepper.

Peel and cut up all the vegetables and put them in a large saucepan with cold water, salt, pepper, herbs. Bring to the boil and put in the piece of beef. Simmer for two hours. After one hour and a quarter put in the fowl. Serve the first day part of the beef with some of the vegetables and a little of the stock.

Baked Turbot

One small whole turbot (or piece of about two pounds).
Shallots, parsley, vinegar, cider.
Salt, pepper, butter.

Butter a fireproof dish and sprinkle with two or three shallots finely chopped. Put the fish (properly cleaned) on this with a few tiny pieces of butter on top. Add salt, pepper, chopped parsley, a teaspoonful of vinegar and a small glass of dry cider. Put into a moderate oven and bake for thirty-five to forty-five minutes, basting frequently.

END

Cook Twice a Week (*Continued from page 71*)

Creamed Turbot

Flake the turbot and put it in a well-seasoned Bechamel sauce, with or without grated cheese to taste.

Cream Soup

Take the remains of the clear soup, thicken with potato flour mixed in hot milk and bind with yolk of egg.

Quick Mince

We can use whatever is left of the chicken and the beef. Chopped or minced and heated in a pan in which we have cooked two or three chopped shallots. Serve well with salt and pepper, form into a flat cake and turn out. In this case, it will be mostly beef.

Potato Balls

Mashed potatoes (we would make more than we want of purée for the pie on Tuesday) made into little balls and fried.

Bouillon de Legumes

The clear stock served with a few dice of carrots.

Chartreuse de Faisan

Make a bed of the cabbage, drained well, in a fireproof oven dish. Put in the pheasant cut in pieces and one or two slices of ham, salt and pepper. Cover with a thin layer of cabbage and make hot in the oven.

Sausisses aux Choux

Grill or fry crisply the sausages, put them on a bed of what is left of the cabbage (keep a little back for the Minestrone) and make hot in the oven.

Minestrone

With what is left of the stock and vegetables, make a soup in which you cook a few pieces of macaroni cut very small. Serve grated cheese separately.

Fruit Charlotte

Made exactly like apple Charlotte, but with a mixture of fruits, using whatever we have in the house.

Boiled Ham and Pheasant

One piece of ham, one pheasant, carrots, a savoy cabbage, parsley, salt, pepper.

Boiled Ham

Put in cold water a piece of ham (about five pounds) in a very large saucepan; bring to the boil, skim and simmer for two hours. Put in also the pheasant, trussed, and simmer another hour. Remove the meats and put in half a dozen large carrots cut in pieces and a savoy cabbage shredded, also parsley, salt and pepper. Simmer until the cabbage is cooked.

END

Strange Habits in Strange Places

(*Continued from page 11*)

a great sensation. Often, among these people, you choose a wife from the day she is born and secure, so to speak, an option on her from her father. If you get tired of your wife you can always sell her to a friend, and if you are lucky you will make a profit. Wives, on the other hand, may be a considerable obligation to the head of a family, who inherits all the wives of his dead relations. Thus his aunts, his cousins, his sisters-in-law, his daughters-in-law and even his mother may become his wives, to keep or dispose of as he thinks fit.

MARRIAGES, as a rule, are attended by no more ceremony than the purchase of a ton of coal in England. Among other tribes, however, the ceremony is more complicated. In a certain part of Dahomey the husband is obliged to enact a kind of rape, to carry off his bride on horseback at full gallop, while the rest of the tribe shoots at him with arrows. If one of the arrows hits him or his wife that is his own funeral. It proves that he is an inexpert horseman and therefore unworthy of consideration.

Among most African peoples bridegrooms do at least see and choose their brides before their marriage. Among Mohammedans, on the other hand, the choice is made by his mother or other female relatives, and he does not see her until the marriage ceremony is over.

As to wedding presents, customs vary. The noble Mohammedan families of Malaya follow an ingeniously mercenary process. Each invited guest has to contribute a sum of money proportionate in value to his rank or office. The sums are fixed by the bride's father, and the more a guest is asked to pay the more does he esteem it a compliment.

Among African peoples funeral ceremonies are usually more elaborate than weddings. They can also be exceedingly gruesome. A friend of mine was once in a village in the Belgian Congo when a big chief died. A grave was being dug, and he noticed that it was a curiously large grave. The inhabitants would not go through with the funeral until after he had gone, so he went on his way. Some time afterwards he heard that the chief had been duly buried. But not alone. His eight wives had been thrown into the grave with him, alive, but with their arms and legs broken, to keep him company in the next world. Because of this custom marriage by exchange used to be prevalent. One man would exchange his sister for another's, so that each could be held as a hostage against the threat of sacrifice.

Death, among primitive Africans, is never assumed to result from natural causes. If a man dies it is because his wife, or some other man, has bewitched him. The whole village is therefore called together, and the suspected person volunteers to drink poison. For if he is innocent he assumes that the poison will not kill him and his innocence will thus be established. If, however, he is guilty, his death will prove his guilt. Many an innocent person dies from poisoning in this way, and the matter is held by the neighbours to have been satisfactorily cleared up.

END

Paupers on £600 a week

(*Continued from page 23*)

I know many people in Hollywood who have gone broke on £200 a week. Esther Ralston, who was a screen star and a vaudeville star for about five years, at a very large salary, ended up by *owing* £10,000 when her starring contract came to an end. Evelyn Brent, who drew another very big pay-check for several years, went through the bankruptcy court not so long afterwards. While Joan Crawford looks at old Sheffield plate, longs for it, *but dare not risk the expense of buying it*—though she is one of the most highly paid actresses in the world.

And Robert Montgomery told me a sad story, too, only this summer. His studio dressing-room was almost carpeted with intriguing catalogues from boat builders, for Bob wants a boat! Not a colossal boat, just a *small* yacht—enough for week-ends with his wife and children and a couple of pals. But he can't buy it! He daren't buy it, because he cannot make the expenditure entailed match with his strict budget. That budget is governed by the amount of money that is deducted weekly from his salary, to cover his annuities. Those annuity demands must be satisfied first, and when that has been done there isn't much left over. Not enough to buy even a *very* small yacht, so Bob asserts.

But he is hopeful still. He said that if a sufficiently big balance could be salvaged from upkeep expenses, during the next six months, *then* he can buy his boat. But it won't happen this year. He admitted that at one time, a few months back, there *was* a small balance from upkeep. But he had seen a costly first edition at a book sale; seen, and been tempted by it. He spent the small balance on that first edition. So the yacht has to wait—maybe for another whole year.

STARS of to-day are much wiser, *en bloc*, than the stars of early film days, when big money was more of a novelty than it is to-day. Such people as personal managers, lawyers and agents who handle a star's affairs from A to Z and back again had not begun to draw their ten per cent, or whatever it is they get for the services they render. A girl who thought £5 was untold wealth found herself holding £500 in her shaking hands—and did not know what to do with it. The money was squandered, which is scarcely surprising. Hence all the tales of debts, and swift descents from riches to poverty. But it is rather different to-day.

The star of 1937–1938 is a wiser, more cautious individual. Every cent of his salary is apportioned *before it is earned.* Assuming he lives long enough to complete forty-eight weeks' work at, say, £400 a week, his manager or accountant or agent works out in advance just how all that money will be spent. The star, in the end, gets a few pounds as pocket money—but has to wait and save and hoard when he wants to indulge a new hobby, just as though he did not possess sixpence in the whole world.

Robert Montgomery, when we discussed the non-existent yacht, told me he is positive stars feel better and play their screen rôles with more assurance and confidence if they know that whether they like it or hate it *their money is being saved for them.* Not half a dozen people in Hollywood had ever heard of a nest egg, a few years back. To-day, nest eggs are the most popular conversation-topic in filmland, and one day, so many stars hope, those nest-eggs will hatch into a glorious collection of golden sovereigns or a flock of green-backed dollar bills.

Gary Cooper, whose immense salary makes him one of the richest men in pictures, told me that he believes it is impossible for an actor to retire on the money he earns through working in films! This sounded odd to me, for the well-known reason that prominent actors draw bigger salaries than Prime Ministers and bank presidents. But Gary went on to prove his contention. He said that from the common-sense point of view of arithmetic alone, retirement is easier for a man who makes £4,000 a year in commerce than for a film actor who earns £20,000. He went on to tell me about a man he knows who has a furniture

(*Continued on page 114*)

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factory, from the profits of which he takes £4,000 a year for his personal expenses and his family.

The remainder of the profits are put back into his business, thus strengthening his future income by adding to existing assets. By putting his money to productive uses he is lessening his tax expenditure. He could retire to-morrow, and have a reasonable income for the rest of his life. And what happens to the unfortunate actor? His business is *himself*. The instant he retires—voluntarily or otherwise—his earnings stop, his capital dwindles. An actor's profits are in the form of cash, not a tangible business. That cash is highly vulnerable to taxation, from five or six sources. His remaining money shrinks, because he has to keep up appearances, which means spending lavishly in a dozen directions. The tiny amount of his large earnings that remain in his possession he hangs on to grimly, thinking of the time when retirement will be forced upon him.

Gary Cooper, Clark Gable and many other important stars believe that five to six years is the average, for an actor, in big money. If a player stays in the four-figure class longer than that time, he or she is a rare lucky exception. To budget during five or six years of prosperity so that independence can follow early retirement, or forgetfulness on the part of the public, is almost impossible. Only one player in a thousand is able to safeguard his money—or to earn enough of it—to match the £4,000 a year that Gary Cooper's furniture-making friend will have in his pocket when *he* retires! That is why Hollywood counts among its citizens so many potential paupers earning £600 a week.

Bing Crosby earns over £3,000 a week from films alone; his earnings from his other interests must equal that sum. He has turned himself into a limited company—Crosby Enterprises Inc.—managed by his two brothers, with himself as its president. This Crosby business handles a music publishing company, a silver mine, a racing stable, a racecourse, a dance band, a real estate company and various other enterprises. But when all the overhead is paid, and all the taxes dealt with, I doubt if Bing has as much money for himself as a prosperous solicitor, with only his own business and his clients to attend to.

Charles Chaplin lives in this charming house, which has bright yellow walls and striped blue and orange sunblinds

Many stars are working now on the basis of so much cash, per film. Carole Lombard gets £30,000 for every film she makes. As she can make at least four a year, her earnings are enormous. When Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire made their famous song-and-dance films as a team, their shared earnings per film were £50,000. Others who draw £30,000 and upwards, per picture, include William Powell, Greta Garbo, Ronald Colman, Claudette Colbert, Fredric March and Mae West. I have been told that little Sonja Henie, the skating champion who has now become a film star, will be a millionairess inside two years through her film earnings—though how she is going to manage this since the Government takes fifty per cent at least of every dollar she receives, I don't know!

Mae West drew £5,000 for acting in *She Done Him Wrong*, on top of an enormous fee for the original story and for writing the dialogue. But even ten thousand dollars a week vanishes like smoke when confronted with the terrific expenses film stars must face. Miss West, for instance, invests much of her salary in diamonds; they are part of her publicity campaign and, as such, she cannot afford to sell those she has purchased or refrain from buying more as each of her gigantic contracts is worked out. If she did every gossip column would say she was slipping from the big-money class; and no star alive can afford to have that said or written about them.

Hollywood is a gold mine. The stars provide the gold through their salaries, and the rest of the community seems to do the digging. Ten years ago tales of the extravagance of film stars were true. To-day the stars cannot afford to be extravagant though they earn more money than before. There are "chiselers" to the right, the left and in front. There are blackmailers round every corner, and hold-ups even at the studio gates. Stars are "relieved" of furs, diamonds, cash, and very little is said about it in print because even the most powerful stars are afraid of the gangs of filmland! Mae West had the courage to insist that thieves who took thousands of pounds worth of diamonds from her as she got out of her car one night, at her own door, should be tracked down and exposed in court. She faced them eventually, but it has done her no good. I heard this year that she goes in fear of her life.

Let us get down to the question: What chance has a film star to save money? Which means, in other words, what does it cost to be a star and live in Hollywood?

Mae West drew £5,000 for acting in *She Done Him Wrong*. She invests much of her salary in diamonds; they are part of her publicity campaign

That makes me think of Ronald Colman. He has been at the top of the tree for eleven years, but for the first four or five of those years he lived in a very unpretentious house. Then he took a Spanish house that was not large, but had enough land for him to build a tennis court on the hillside below his garden. To-day he lives in the house of his dreams—of any man's dreams, for that matter—high up in the hilly part of Beverly Hills. He has earned big money, invested it, saved it. He has had to face the inevitable deductions due to taxes and agent's fees; apart from that he has lived simply, wisely, but far more *peacefully* than stars who splurge wildly and never know a quiet moment free from the haunting fear of to-morrow and its debts.

This year Ronald Colman is putting back some of the money he has earned into the industry that made him a rich man. He has launched a film-producing company of his own, with two other film men as his partners. As a producer (having acquired the means to become one through his own good sense and wisdom) he will probably make an even larger fortune than as an actor. But his case is a very rare exception. The average man concludes that he will have ten to fifteen years, at least, in which to make enough money to call it a day. Film stars are in a business that may hold up, for them, five years—with a lot of luck. Since they are left with a mere fragment of their earnings at the end of each week, how can they hope for an old age free from financial worry?

The "necessary" expenses that confront a film star are unknown to the ordinary professional man. Salaries, in film studios, cover forty weeks in a year not fifty-two, save in exceptional circumstances. Even the biggest of stars know they must accept a "lay-off" of twelve weeks in every year, taken at a time most convenient to their employers. So if the star earns £200 a week for forty weeks that salary does not sound nearly so large when it is divided between fifty-two weeks. Nor is it, when the overhead charges come to be reckoned!

Take the case of a film actor who is married to a non-professional. Here is an outline of the expenses to be met each week:

Staff.	£	s.	d.
Secretary	10	0	0
Lawyer (stars keep a lawyer on a retaining fee)	8	0	0
Publicity	10	0	0
Chauffeur (wages are much higher than in Europe) . .	10	0	0
Cook	6 (or more)	0	0
Housekeeper, or housemaid .	5	0	0
Maid for wife of star . .	5	0	0
Valet (dresser at studio for star)	5	0	0
Laundress, or second housemaid	3	0	0
Gardener (there are generally two)	5	0	0
Trainer (no superfluous flesh is permitted)	5	0	0
Governess for child . .	5	0	0
	£77	0	0

That's only the beginning. Here's some of the rest:

	£	s.	d.
House rent (part of eventual purchase price), say . .	20	0	0
Beach cottage (good for publicity, also for wife and child)	10	0	0
Food (think of the staff to be fed)	20	0	0
Clothing (counting wife and child; all three must appear well dressed	15	0	0
Fan mail expenses (photographs, stamps, etc.) . .	20	0	0
Press cuttings (important item, covering world service)	2	0	0
Publicity lunches (never let an interviewer pay for his own meal)	3	0	0
Advertising in trade journals (makes enemies to refuse) .	5	0	0
Car expenses (insurance, upkeep, depreciation on two big cars)	10	0	0
Dentist (for the family) .	3	0	0
Doctor	5	0	0
Pocket money (for star and wife)	30	0	0
Entertaining (and this does not mean big parties either)	10	0	0
	£153	0	0

There goes another nice sum: but that's not all. The worst is yet to come. Cut a hunk off the above figures and put them in at a round £200 a week. Our star is earning (we hope) £600 for each week he draws salary; and from that—wham!—the kind government yanks off nearly fifty per cent; his agent (or manager) takes ten per cent; his personal insurance, or purchase of annuities, represents another twenty per cent easily. So where is he every Saturday night? Left with twenty per cent—if he is lucky—of the huge salary he commands; and out of that twenty per cent he has to wangle holidays, travelling expenses, club subscriptions and the rest of the racket. Which leaves practically nothing for the blackmailers, the chiselers and the list of Christmas presents his wife shoves under his nose every December.

Rich? How can they be. They would be better off earning an eighth of that money, with their expenditure reduced to sixty per cent instead of ninety-five.

The way shops overcharge film stars is positively criminal. To be a "best-dressed-screen-star" is asking for trouble and robbery in broad daylight. I have been with film stars in Hollywood shops; have seen a handbag or bottle of perfume priced clearly at so-much; have heard the salesgirl or manager unblushingly add five or six dollars to that visible price. And when the star argues (some of them pay in silence, hating a scene) she is told that the price-tag is a mistake; or, alternatively, that the shop did not imagine for a minute she would care to buy anything *so cheap*! Hence the leap in its cost.

Naturally, stars go broke. It takes a vast amount of self-control to have all that money and see it melting away like ice cream in a gas oven. "I've earned it; let *me* spend it!" some of the stars start shouting to themselves. So they do spend it—not having got it to spend, if you follow me. And that's where all the grief and woe begins.

I'm sorry for them. It's bad enough to be hard up when one's income is infinitesimal. But to earn a millionaire's income and then be forced to start counting shillings is rather too much to be endured. Wealthy film stars? Don't make me mad. I know Hollywood very well indeed, and I tell you it is populated with a bunch of glamorous, glittering, glorious film stars who are comparative paupers on £600 a week!

END

Afraid to go to bed—

ASTHMA

The case of the chronic asthmatic is pitiful . . . how he dreads evening . . . what an ordeal night brings . . . strangling paroxysms . . . unable to lie down . . . spasmodic sleep . . . nightly misery.

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If there is one thing above all others that 'gives away' a disturbed stomach, it is a falling off in your appetite. When you don't want to eat at meal times, you can be pretty sure your stomach is seriously out of order. When you positively *dread* to eat, the trouble may be a good deal more serious.

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"I suffered with gastric troubles for 15 years," she writes, "the pain at times was so bad, I dreaded to eat. I had an X-ray examination and was told I had got a duodenal ulcer. I did not get much relief until a friend advised Maclean Brand Stomach Powder and after taking several bottles I am free of pain, and feeling much better in health."

No isolated case this, but a letter taken at random from the crowded files of the makers of the world famous Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Mostly they are from those, whose *slight pain* this safe and scientific remedy swept away after a dose or two. But many show that even when Indigestion, Flatulence, or Acidity has grown into something worse, there is still hope of escape from that operating table.

Be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles of Powder or Tablets. Also in new handy Pocket tins of Tablets, 9d.

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All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting, (2) your name and address in full, (3) the day and month of your birth, (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee," c/o "Britannia & Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a *stamped addressed envelope for reply.*

In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

Market Casino

(Continued from page 9)

lost in the latter shares, the favourite gambling centre of 1937. They started the year at £15. By the end of March one could get £26 for them. Then they dropped, on the "gold scare" threatening business deflation and disorganisation, to £19. By August, they were up to £24 again. They then dropped slowly to £20, and suddenly nose-dived down to £18, £16, £10, after which they rose sluggishly to £12½, before slipping back to £11 in November's first week, on news that the American steel industry, which had been operating at 78 per cent of capacity in August, was down to 47 per cent of capacity, and going lower, as orders for steel had dropped right off.

Suppose you were a clairvoyant, and could have foreseen all this at the beginning of 1937. You could have made millions—always provided you had the capital or the credit to operate in a big way. You could have bought low in January and sold high in March, and bought again in June and sold again in August, and bought again in October and sold again at the end of that month. And you could have sold short, too, i.e., sold shares you did not own, in the assurance of being able to buy them back for delivery at a much lower price. Suppose in August you foresaw the dive to £10 in October. You could have sold 5,000, 10,000, 50,000 Steels in August between £22 and £24; and less than two months later bought them back for delivery between £10 and £12, making a profit of say £10 a share. If you had done that with 50,000 shares, you would have made half-a-million in seven weeks.

Heigho !

THE stock exchanges are not the only markets where values change violently, and gambling is rife. There are metal markets, pepper markets, produce markets, markets where cauliflowers and fish and apples and ants' eggs are dealt in on exactly the same basis of supply and demand as changes prices in the stock exchanges. There is even a market in dried flies, of which there are several categories quoted. Very speculative, but not perhaps so speculative as the stock market. The price fluctuations, at least, are not so wide as the price fluctuations in American railways, or a long line of British industrial shares. I will not, however, dilate on the dried flies' market, or the outside citizenry may start gambling in dried flies as, during 1936 and 1937, they were gambling in rubber, copper, cocoa, wheat, and the shares of gold mines, and industrial raw materials and finished products. And that would be bad for the stability of the dried flies' market.

Price swings in the commodity markets have been as great as in the stock markets. If you go past the poultry and joints hanging in serried rows in Leadenhall market, you will come to the little street, miscalled an "avenue," which is named after Dick Whittington; and if you then dive through the faded yellow portal of a grubby building you will find yourself surprisingly in the middle of the market where the world price is made in copper, tin, zinc (they call it spelter in the market), and many other metals used in industry.

The brokers sit on padded benches which make a circle in the centre of the hall. Back of them stand their clerks, notebooks out, pencils busy. The brokers do the shouting, the clerks the recording and telephoning The brokers are all buying, or selling : some for speculators, some for merchants, some for actual users of the metal, some on their own account—your broker will always do a spot of speculating if he thinks he can make a profit.

You want some copper, or tin? You put an order through the broker. If there is plenty of copper or tin offering, you get it cheaply; but if the supply is short, you have to pay dear. In the boomlet of the spring of 1937, there was a time when you had to pay £78 for a ton of copper, if you insisted on having it at that time : none was on offer for less; and you had also to pay £350 for a ton of tin. Then Roosevelt said prices were too high, and in every commodity and share market the world over, prices crashed.

AS I write this, copper is selling in the market for £41½ a ton, and tin for £197 a ton. But three weeks ago, copper could be bought for £38 and tin for £175. In theory, all one had to do to make a million pounds was to take an accurate view on the market, and buy enough copper and tin to show a million pounds profit on the rise of £3 a ton in copper and £22 a ton in tin. Of course, one needs capital to finance the exploit, for brokers will not take orders to buy or sell immense quantities of metal unless a margin of anything from 10 to 25 per cent of the current price is put up : and it will be noted that price movements can be so violent and sudden in this market casino that a speculator's slender margin can be wiped out overnight, sending our speculator friend to the bankruptcy court, the doss house, or that shadowy realm where price movements are no longer of consequence.

Again, if one had been clairvoyant, one could have taken a "bear" position in the March-April time when copper was selling at £78 a ton, and tin at £350 a ton. One would have "sold short," and (eliminating technicalities about "carry-overs", "settlement days", and what not) one would have bought back in November for delivery the copper at £37 a ton, and the tin at £175 a ton, making a profit of £41 on every ton of copper, and £175 on every ton of tin.

A solemn thought.

These terrific shrinkages in values of almost all commodities and securities perplex and dismay statesmen and business men, bankers and investors everywhere, and even crack still further the thin barrier separating us from the Second Punic War of our times : for when the great capitalist-democratic states are caught in economic earthquakes, the authoritarian states whose regimes maintain communism and state capitalism are encouraged to increase the stakes in their poker play for land and power.

Seeking scapegoats, some say it is Roosevelt's fault. Others blame it on Mussolini, Hitler, and the Japanese war lords. Some say it forecasts a new world slump : others, that it is wicked to say such things. There is learned talk about the trade cycle, and bumper wheat and cotton crops. Meantime, the markets go on curling at the edges and wilting, like orchids caught in a blizzard. But from the fringes of the market comes the cry of over-speculation.

The markets had been misbehaving again. There has been too much gambling. First, prices were boosted too high; then they were banged too low : and there is no happy medium anywhere or at any time.

The broad fact is, of course, that market values ultimately are made by the composite beliefs and actions of some millions of men and women throughout the world. The market is the nerve-centre of the investment buying or speculative action of the whole people, and of individuals and groups outside the national frontiers. In the market are traded thousands of millions of pounds' worth of securities of companies whose plants and payrolls contribute to the welfare of thousands of towns and communities located in towns and cities and great sprawled-out industrial zones.

The market is the barometer. But it is not the barometer of real values. It is the barometer of what people are feeling. Every great wave of fear or hope washes into the market and puts prices up, or down; and there is no human agency which can say that a price, if it rises strongly, is too high, or if it falls steeply, is too low : because the test has to come in some future time, and what will happen in that future time nobody knows, although plenty of people are willing to guess.

A PEOPLE gets the government it deserves—and the market it deserves. That is why markets vary with national communities. The Wall Street casino is government regulated now, has 1,400 member brokers, and offers play in a list of 1,253 different stocks, aggregating 1,400,000,000 shares. Pay your money, and take your choice. On August 1, 1937, the total market value of these stocks was £11,800,000,000. By October 18, the market value had shrunk to £6,800,000,000. The 15,000,000 owners of these stocks were in the aggregate, £5,000,000,000 poorer at October 18, than they were on August 1.

This looks terrifying, until one reflects that, just possibly, they will have regained their losses by this time next year, and a year or two hence may be richer by £10,000,000,000 or so, owing to rises in the market.

In 1929, of course, when shares were at dizzy peaks, as everybody wanted to buy, and the supply was not enough to go round, the owners of all these stocks seemed fabulously rich. Four years later, they looked ripe for the workhouse, as shares collapsed in the last panic market of the great slump, and such favourites as International Nickel, which had been $75, went to $3, while U.S. Steel Corporation £20 shares, which had been £65, went down to £6.

The Paris *bourse* is state-controlled and supervised. Its seventy members alone may trade in officially listed securities. It can cost up to two million francs to buy one of the precious 70 seats. But around the pillars of the august *bourse* portico you find the *coulissiers* dealing in securities not officially quoted. That is a bigger and livelier market than the *bourse* proper. It has been compared to the London street market, but a more apt comparison is the New York curb market.

The Berlin *wertpapierborse* is even more strictly controlled. The big banks dominate it. The banks are members of the *borse* and do almost all the buying and selling for the German citizenry. The Berlin stockbroker deals with the banks and not direct with the public (this would make the London market men, and especially the half-commission men who go out and around and pull in business, shudder). They have a cheque system for securities; the latter usually stay in the banks and not in private strong-boxes. All securities except about 300 are subject to daily price fixing.

The Amsterdam *beurs* is free, but its thousand members deal for cash—the New York market is a cash market, too—and trades for only an hour daily.

The London market in Capel Court has developed its own technique and practices during the 200 years that have passed since the brokers first began to congregate for business in Change Alley. The present exchange was founded, with 50 members, in 1802. But there are firms in it which trace their origins back to the middle eighteenth century, when brokers paid 40s. a year for membership privileges.

In the old days the chief brokers met in Jonathan's coffee-house. That is why the attendants at their batteries of speaking tubes on the raised stands on the spacious floor of the modern stock exchange—houses sumptuously in marble and mahogany on the site between Broad Street and Throgmorton Street—are called "waiters," and clothed fantastically in blue coats, striped waistcoats, and half-boots : the picturesque touches of old tradition in the midst of vibrant modernism and high-speed communications.

It is a nice little member-owned business, capitalised at £720,000 (plus half-a-million pounds' worth of debentures); but the market valuation of the ordinary shares, £36 paid (and quoted now around £270) is nearer £6,000,000. The enterprise for the last year paid an interim of £5, and a final of £10 : a very profitable business.

Compared with the Wall Street, where they turn over a million shares on a dull day, and seven million in a big day, and where a "nomination," or seat, has cost as high as £120,000, and now costs around £20,000—

£25,000 (a London market seat has never sold higher than £2,000, and one passed in the big slump for £50), the London market looks small. But the securities in its list aggregate nearly £20,000,000,000; and whereas you have to put up margin to operate in Wall Street, 55 per cent on "bull" operations, and 40 per cent on "bear," in the London market there are no margin regulations, and any number of people, with a credit rating at their broker's, take advantage of the free gambling facilities to "play the market" from account to account, collecting or paying "differences" at the account end.

Most start by collecting, and end up by paying, and eventually pass out. It's the same with horse racing and most other gambling games.

There are no special qualifications for securing a stall in the London market. You find three members to recommend you and become surety for £500 apiece. You pay 600 guineas entrance fee, and 100 guineas annual subscription. Then you buy the seat of a deceased or retiring member—the price varies with the state of the market. Finally, you buy three stock exchange shares. Then you are a broker, and you can deal in the market.

No one asks you whether you know anything about stocks and shares, about finance, economics, or trade. Neither your education, nor your judgment, is tested. But you must, of course, abide by the committee-made rules. Whether you make or lose money depends on yourself, and the state of the public mind about securities. You cannot advertise, but you may appoint hordes of friends, acquaintances, and others, to act as business getters on a half-commission basis. The best business-getters are popular fellows with large circles of friends and acquaintances, and the entrée to many clubs, bars, boudoirs, and other places where people bend an ear to "hot tips."

PERIODICALLY, when slumps hit trade, and the market nose-dives, this business-getting system comes under fire, and there are public demands for the pruning of the tentacles of live-wire firms who drum up trade; because most of the public's speculative losses, at least around the capital, are traceable to the tips spread by the half-commission merchants. But then things improve, prices rise, people make money in the market again; and reform is forgotten.

"Look out for yourself," is the motto of the market, and: "This is the market place—and we are not in business to look out for you," might well be the motto carved over the main portal, compulsorily printed on the stationery of member firms.

The government exercises a certain remote control to protect the citizen from being waylaid by financial thugs lurking back of the pillars in the market place. The celebrated bankruptcy of Sir Arthur Wheeler led to the 1929 revision of the companies' act. There is a law to prohibit house-to-house canvassing, but the telephone, the mails, and the financial press are still free for the unscrupulous share-pusher to use. In passing, an anecdote on the latter.

The share-pusher, the bucket-shop proprietor, does some legitimate dealing in shares listed on the stock exchange. It is, indeed, part of the technique of his confidence trick to start contacting his victims with chat about shares which are household names, and proposals to buy or sell the same. Thus he contacts legitimate market men, who may know that he is up to something, but who are not going to refuse to buy or sell stocks and shares for anybody whose money is good. They are very broadminded in the business quarter.

It thus chanced that a stockbroker of my acquaintance knew quite well a bucket-shop proprietor who formerly drove a taxi-cab, but found an easier and more lucrative livelihood in business on the outer fringes of the big casino. Now, a relative of this broker confessed that he had bought through an "outside broker" £800's worth of shares which now appeared to have no particular market anywhere. The broker found that the "outside broker" was the ex-taxi driver. He sent for him, and in effect said: "Come along, disgorge."

But the "outside broker" demurred. "If it'd been a widow, or orphan, or you," he said, "all right. But I know this fellow, and he's got nothing on me. Certainly I sold him the shares and took his money. Is it my fault the company's gone broke and he can't sell the shares? Maybe it was rocky when he bought 'em, but can he prove it? Plenty of businesses are sold to the public through you boys when you all know their profits are at a big-boom peak, and pretty soon they'll be on the toboggan. That fellow just wanted to get rich quick. So do I. Only I make a business of it, and he gambles blind. If he don't know how to look after his money, he's not entitled to it."

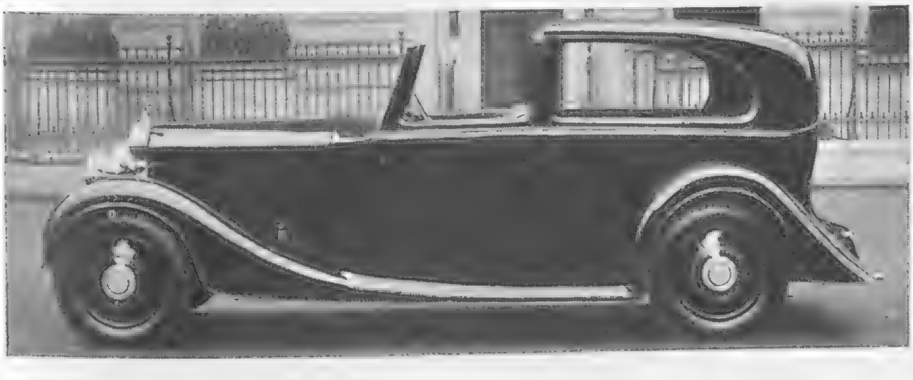
And the broker added that this final retort got him down. "If a man doesn't know how to look after his money, he is not entitled to it!" He admitted that this cynical philosophy is not unknown among the black-coated, striped-trousered official croupiers of the big Casino.

In times of depression the stock market always plays the rôle of Aunt Sally—everybody throws things at it. It was Dr. Johnson who called brokers "rogues who deal in shares." But if you investigate the august doctor's comment, you find it is oriented against the background of the South Sea Bubble, the Big Slump of yesterday. It is quite possible that Dr. Johnson had taken a flier in the market himself, and burnt his fingers. The market fascinates, intrigues and tempts with its siren song of money-for-nothing (perhaps), the most erudite of men, the loftiest philosophers, and the coiners of the noblest sentiments.

Earl Balfour, who was sustained in philosophical calm by the for tune accumulated by an ancestor who speculated successfully in the army-contracting business at the time of the British wars in India, was an incorrigible speculator. His fancy was the Wall Street market. His open position was often quite a big one.

But, then, there was something of Talleyrand in Balfour; and Talleyrand, last and proudest of the old-regime statesmen, conducted his whole

(*Continued on page* 119)



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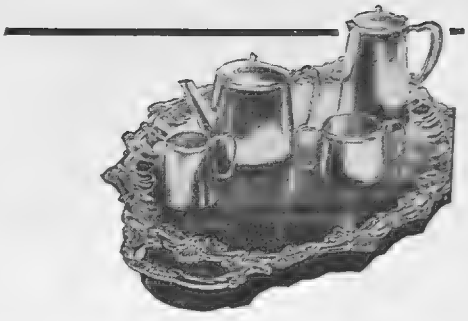

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JANUARY, 1938

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Mr. Michael Arlen has achieved independence through adroit action in the market. At the time of the big boom in American stocks, he was ill. He was not, however, too ill to fail to read the newspapers. He saw that the American utility stocks in which he had invested his hard-earned money were soaring. Instead of being delighted, he—the Armenian sophisticate, with the rhythm of money and markets in his blood—was appalled. He saw what had escaped the emotional, blind crowd: that stocks had parted company with earnings and dividends, actual or potential. They were not selling to yield, 3, 4, 5, or 6 per cent: they were selling—and this in a high prosperity time, a time of bumper profits—to yield something silly, like 1 or 2 per cent. "I am being ruined," groaned Mr. Arlen. "This is crazy. There will be a terrific crash. Everybody is mad. This is worse than baccarat at the sky-limit table." He sold.

The crash duly occurred. Five-sixths of the water was squeezed out of the American securities sponge during the next four years. Stocks which had been selling to yield 1 per cent nose-dived to a point where they yielded 10, 15, and 20 per cent. By October, 1930, stocks which had been worth an average $83 a year earlier were now worth $47. £5,500,000,000 had been pruned off security values. Prices fell through the floor in the spring of 1932.

The patient Mr. Arlen consulted his brother, a stock-broker in Wall Street. "This is nonsense," he said. "These stocks must in time rise, or else everything is finished; and then what use is money in the bank?" So he bought, at bottom, the stocks he had sold, at top; and assured himself an income of about £5,000 a year.

When I last met him, at a luncheon party, he talked international finance like a banker, explaining why he had just bought French *rentes*, while on my other side an international financier resolutely talked books as though he spent his life writing them.

Market Casino

There was then Mr. H. G. Wells. I had taken a high Treasury official to a lunch party at which a number of the advanced intelligentsia were gathered. I thought it would do the Treasury official good. This was in 1932, the slump-trough year; and we spoke of recovery and the reverse. Mr. Wells, his blue eyes twinkling, deplored the optimism of the Treasury official. He seemed grimly determined to deny the possibility of recovery. He had just come back from America, and what impressed him more than anything else was the sight of the Chrysler plant, silent, deserted—that mighty plant all set to roll off automobiles in a never-ending stream from the giant assembly belt, but there was nobody to buy them—nobody was buying anything.

I then spoke of some movements which had occurred in Wall Street, and of the views which had been expressed to me—most pessimistic views—by one of our most eminent economists. Mr. Wells's blue eyes twinkled until it positively sparkled. He said that he had been in the market during that spring panic, when the bottom dropped out of everything. "I made more money than the sales of all my books to date in America have brought me." he declared, beaming.

I have noted that men of intellect who discover they can make money in the market as well as, if not better than, the vulgar men of business and finance, invariably take a high pride in their achievement, and like to carry it as a banner. Steffans, the celebrated American radical, the up-lift writer, the reformer and exposer of graft and sham, and an almost Christ-like man withal, wanted a holiday in Italy. So he took a punch at the market, and won his stake. He tells the story with gusto.

On the other hand, if Pierpont Morgan, or John D. Rockefeller, or any one of a thousand financial potentates one can recall, made a killing in the market, no one has ever heard of it—at least, from them.

They know so much, the men of money and the markets, they think it best to lie low, and say nothing.

End

Healthy Circulated Warmth

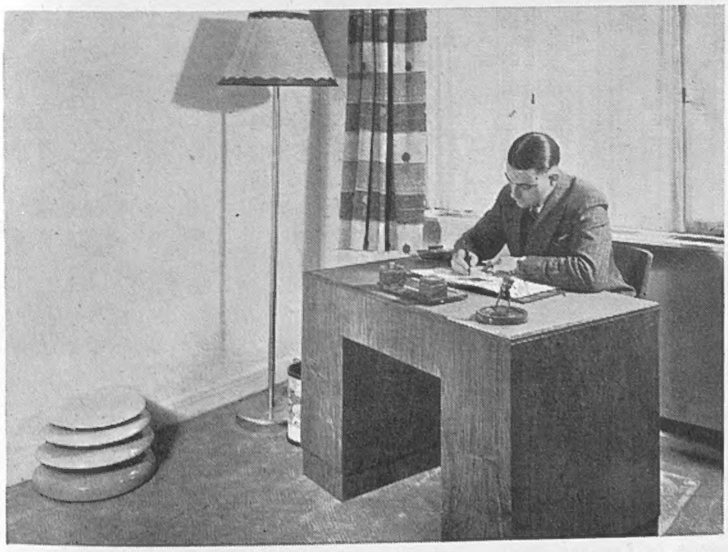
Chill January days increase the British tendency to huddle over the fire with scorching face and icy back, trying to compete with the vagaries of the weather which is our island heritage.

A new method of healthy circulated warmth now available for those who do not enjoy the comfort of central heating will be surely welcome to solve this problem; so that no longer need we endure the agony of freezing feet and feverish brow, burning face and chilly spine.

I refer to the H.M.V. room heater. This, in appearance, is essentially modern, and the enclosed elements warm the air immediately surrounding them. This warm air is diffused by an electric fan, quietly and continuously, so that the whole room is quickly heated with a healthy, uniform, circulated warmth from side to side and from floor to ceiling.

The heat can be regulated to half or full heat—full heat to warm the room quickly, and half heat to maintain a comfortable warmth.

The H. M. V. room heater is portable, economical and safe; it distributes warmth without itself becoming hot enough to burn or scorch. In the summer the heating element can be switched off and the fan used to circulate and freshen the air in the room and to introduce cool air from outside.



Instant warmth the moment you arrive

TYROL

Snow and Sun All Winter Sports.
2,000 Beginners' Slopes – 3,000 Ski Trails. World-famed Ski Schools.
Information and booklets at all Tourist Agencies and Official Tourist Bureau of Innsbruck, Tyrol.

You can do 15,000 ft. downhill Ski-ing a day with the new
GALZIG–Cable-Railway (6,900 ft.)
from **St. Anton am Arlberg (4,300 ft.)**
1000 Beds.
Hannes Schneider's Ski-ing School.

BERWANG (4,008 ft.)
All Winter Sports. Modern Comfort.
Snow from middle of December to middle of April.
Pension S. 8 to 16 – Booklet.

SEEFELD (3,600 ft.)
The sunny Terrace of Tyrol with its ideal Ski-ing slopes.
Toni Seelos' World-famed Ski School.

Clear-up that
HEAD-COLD

NOW MY HEAD FEELS CLEAR AS A BELL!

Here is a way that doctors and nurses recommend to relieve the stuffy, clogged-up, heavy feeling of a head-cold. Simply put a few drops of Vick-Vatronol up each nostril.

Swiftly, the drops spread through the hidden nasal passages. They soothe irritation, reduce swollen membranes and clear away clogging mucus—make your head feel as clear as a bell.

Prevents Many Colds

Used in time, Vick-Vatronol even *prevents* many colds. It stimulates Nature's own defences to throw them off before they pass the "sneezy" stage. Keep a bottle handy. 1/6d.

VICK-VATRONOL
Brand Nasal Medicament

Coralie's

METHOD OF NAIL CULTURE IS UNSURPASSED

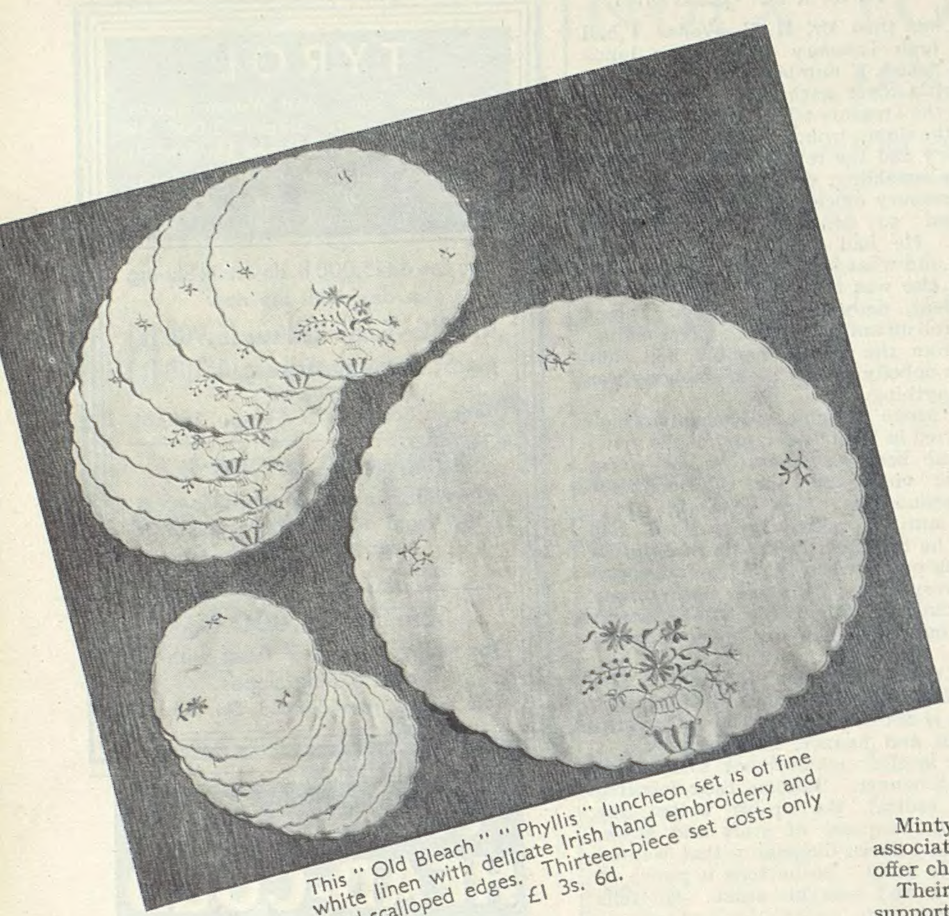
● For many years Society have entrusted the health and beauty of their nails to the unfailing attention and unique method of Coralie. You may have a personal interview and advice from this famous specialist by telephoning Regent 7561 for an appointment. Breaking nails, bad cuticles and all nail troubles are especially cared for.

● If you cannot visit Coralie's delightful salon personally, all her preparations, including the renowned Healthinale, are obtainable at leading stores, chemists and hairdressers, or direct from the

HAND & NAIL INSTITUTE
2 OLD BOND STREET LONDON, W.1

WE ARE HAPPY TO GIVE EDITORIAL ENDORSEMENT TO THESE REPUTABLE ADVERTISED PRODUCTS

CONFIDENTLY RECOMMENDED



This "Old Bleach" "Phyllis" luncheon set is of fine white linen with delicate Irish hand embroidery and hand-scalloped edges. Thirteen-piece set costs only £1 3s. 6d.

Gifts of linen are always appreciated by housewives, and whether you are the chatelaine of some ancient heritage or the proud tenant of a one-room flatlet, you will find much to tempt you in the "Old Bleach" range of household linen.

Particularly charming are the four-seasons' tablecloths with matching napkins. They are made on an ecru linen ground appropriately embroidered in artistic colours. There are tulips and narcissi for spring, roses and daisies for summer, falling leaves for autumn, and holly and mistletoe with snowy-white spots for winter.

The "Street-Vendors" guest towels make delightfully inexpensive gifts at 5s. 11d. per pair. There are four subjects—a "Punch and Judy" show, an ice-cream man, an organ-grinder and a balloon seller, all embroidered in carefully chosen colours on white linen huck.

The "Phyllis" luncheon set illustrated is of fine white linen with delicate Irish hand embroidery and hand-scalloped edges, and the thirteen-piece set costs only £1 3s. 6d.

Lingerie ribbons that are strong, hard-wearing, washable and have no tendency to fray are essential in these days when the narrowest shoulder straps support our brassières, slips and other underwear.

Cash's ribbons have all these qualities, and are available in a variety of widths and in attractive shades of ivory, blue, pink, helio, beige, eau-de-Nil, peach, maize and black. They are also made in a number of different materials, including double satin, single satin, indestructible cotton, silk and cotton mixture. Some are plain, while others are decorated with stripes, floral designs and novelty weavings, and prices range from a modest 1½d. a yard to 6½d., according to width and quality.

While on the subject of Cash's products, don't forget that personal and household linen that is marked with Cash's woven names seldom goes astray. Any name can be woven in red, navy, black, helio, blue, green, yellow or brown lettering, and the colours are guaranteed fast. Your draper will show you styles of lettering, will place your order and deliver it when it is completed.

None of us expects a suit that is taken at random from the peg to fit us perfectly, so why should we expect to fit into any chair with absolute comfort without first taking our height into consideration?

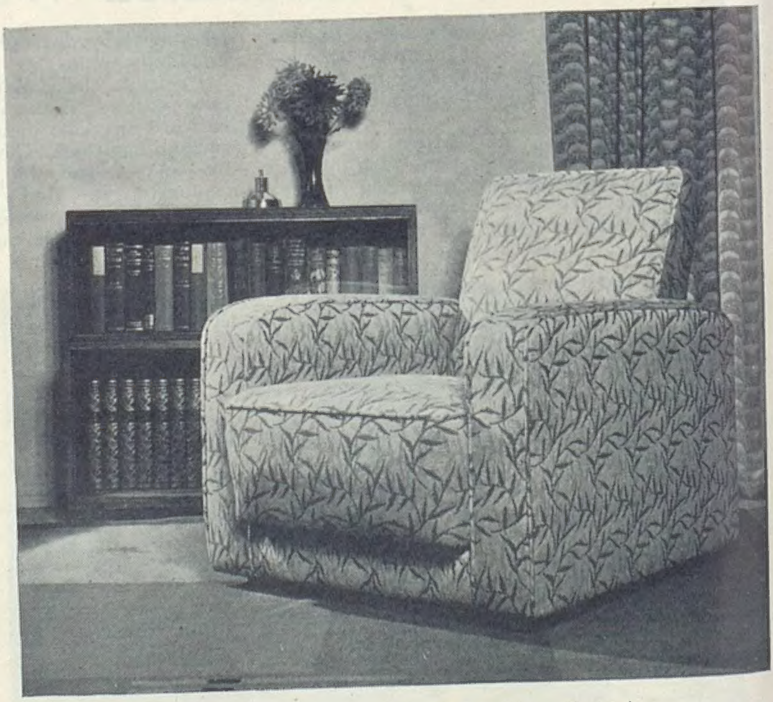
Minty, the well-known Oxford firm, whose chairs have long been associated with the famous university, have realised this fact, and offer chairs in three different lengths—small, medium and large.

Their chairs are synonymous with comfort, and are designed to support and rest the whole body. The all-hair upholstery is of the highest possible standard, and seats and backs are fitted with specially designed interlaced springing, suspended on resilient steel webbing.

Each Minty chair and settee is made in three separate units, which greatly facilitates cleaning, renovations and the making of loose covers.

The "Merton Major," illustrated on this page, is the newest Minty model, and is obtainable from £4 15s., matching settees being from £8 19s. 6d.

As a wedding present, a New Year's gift or a practical contribution towards the furnishing of any home, a Minty chair will stamp the donor as one whose discrimination and taste are indisputable.



The latest Minty model is the "Merton Major" obtainable from £4 15s. Matching settees from £8 19s. 6d.

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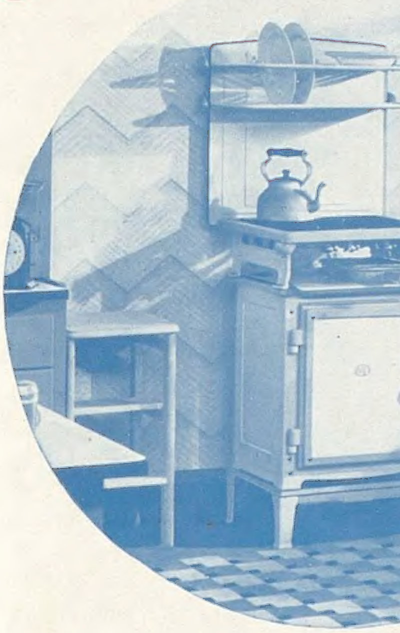
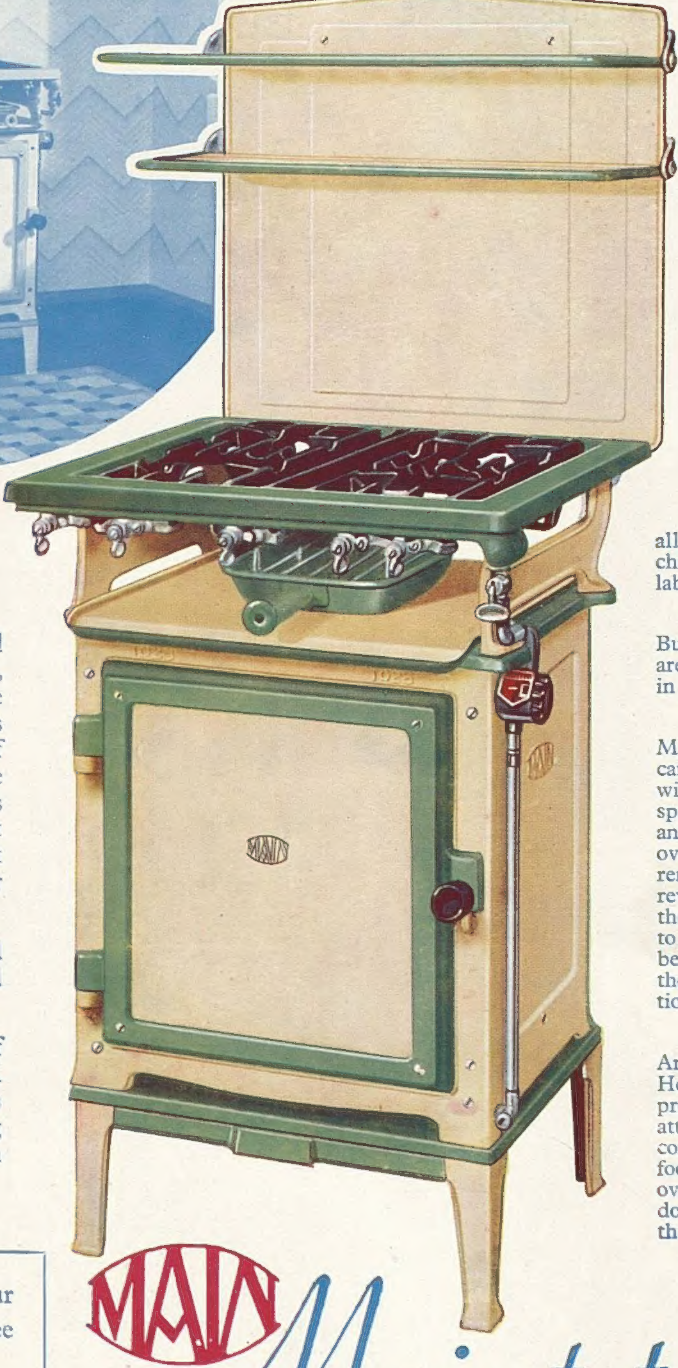
It would make such a difference to your kitchen





Such an improvement — a MAIN Gas Cooker all gleaming enamel and chromium plate — time and labour saving.

But even more important are its efficiency and economy in use.

MAIN Gas Cookers have carefully-designed hotplates with a selection of ideally-spaced burners for boiling and grilling. The enamelled ovens (with their patent removable shelf supports and reversible grid shelves) are the result of scientific research to ensure that the food will be cooked to perfection under the most economical conditions.

And the MAINSTAT Oven Heat Control has solved the problem of cooking without attention, because it takes complete charge after the food has been placed in the oven, and automatically cuts down the gas when necessary, thus preventing waste.

Offering a choice of Enamelled finishes — green and cream, blue and white, or dapple grey — MAIN Gas Cookers are obtainable in a variety of oven sizes, with alternative hotplates for each size. It is thus a simple matter to select the Cooker that will best suit the requirements of your household.

The officials at your local Gas Showrooms will be glad to help you in your choice.

Meantime, obtain a copy of our FREE RECIPE BOOK (which illustrates several types of MAIN Cookers), by filling up and posting the Coupon below.

Please send me a copy of your FREE RECIPE BOOK, post free

Name ....

Address ....

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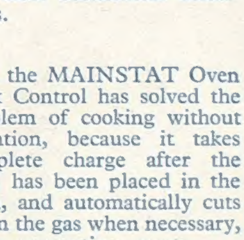
R. & A. MAIN LIMITED (Dept. 37)
48 Grosvenor Gardens, LONDON, S.W.1.

MAIN

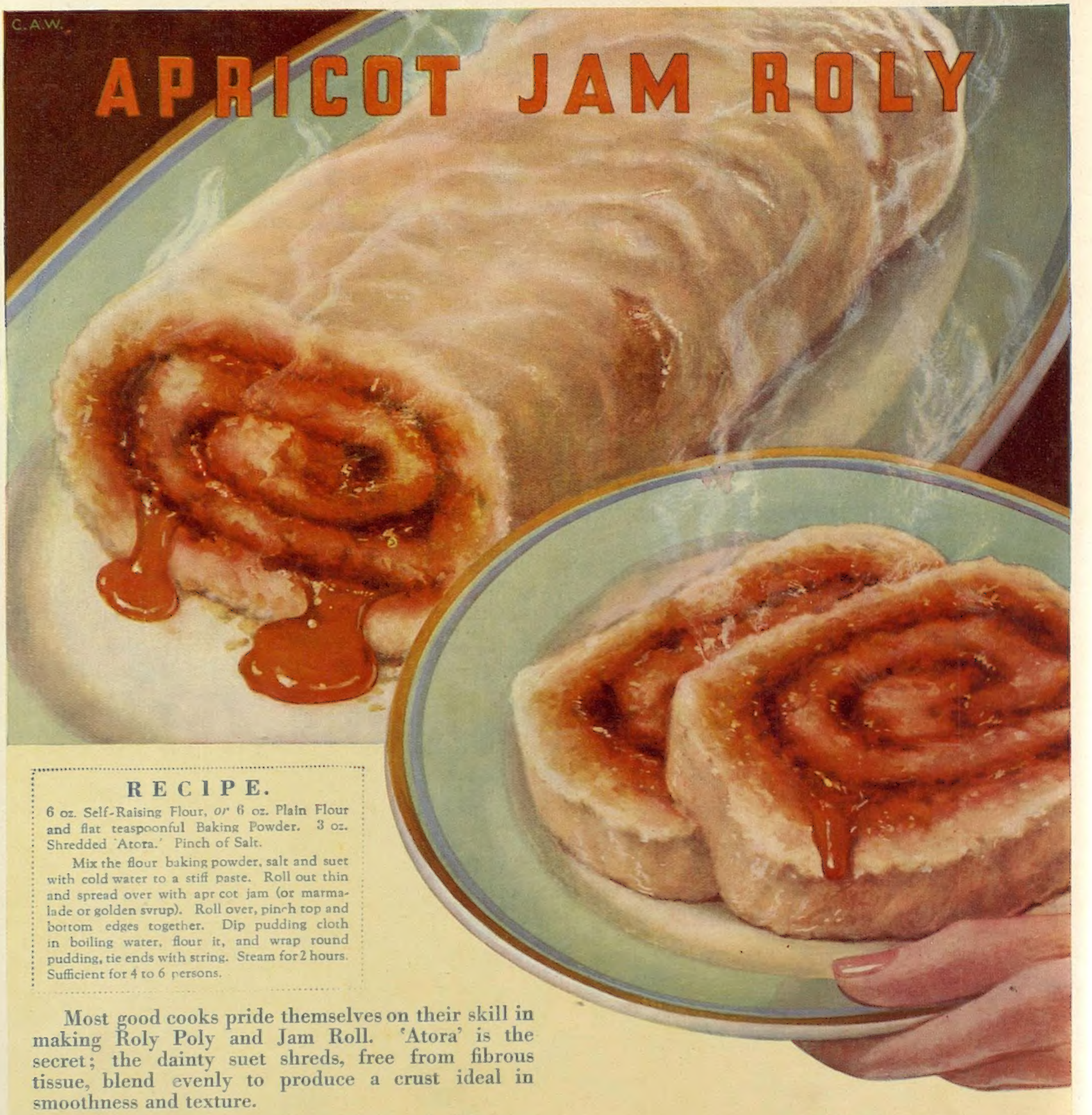
Mainstat

OVEN-HEAT CONTROLLED

GAS COOKERS



APRICOT JAM ROLY



RECIPE.

6 oz. Self-Raising Flour, *or* 6 oz. Plain Flour and flat teaspoonful Baking Powder. 3 oz. Shredded 'Atora.' Pinch of Salt.

Mix the flour baking powder, salt and suet with cold water to a stiff paste. Roll out thin and spread over with apricot jam (or marmalade or golden syrup). Roll over, pinch top and bottom edges together. Dip pudding cloth in boiling water, flour it, and wrap round pudding, tie ends with string. Steam for 2 hours. Sufficient for 4 to 6 persons.

Most good cooks pride themselves on their skill in making Roly Poly and Jam Roll. 'Atora' is the secret; the dainty suet shreds, free from fibrous tissue, blend evenly to produce a crust ideal in smoothness and texture.

This is an actual pudding from the wonderful range in the famous 'Atora' recipe book. 'Atora' spells perfection in puddings—puddings that delight the eye as well as the palate with their dainty appearance and feathery lightness.

Hugon's
ATORA
THE GOOD BEEF SUET

The 'Atora' booklet gives the finest recipes for all the favourite puddings, old and new. Send postcard to-day for free copy to Hugon & Co. Ltd., Openshaw, Manchester, 11.

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